AUTUMN 1967 / $1.75

THE American Scholar

YOUTH 1967 • the Challenge of Change

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
RALPH J. GLEASON
DANIEL AARON
TOM HAYDEN
IVANHOE DONALDSON
RICHARD ROVERE
DWIGHT MACDONALD
MICHAEL ROSSMAN
SHERMAN B. CHICKERING
ROBERT COLES
MARILYN NOBLE
W. EUGENE GROVES
MARILYN SWARTZ
GEOFFREY N. BERRY
CATHERINE B. OSBORN
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
GEOFFREY A. WOLFF
ANTHONY BURGESS

Prizewinners in the American Scholar Essay Contest

ALICE WALKER
MARC KAMINSKY
SAMUEL ELLENPORT
LAWRENCE RAAB

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fall Books from Ohio State

Washington Gladden

Prophet of the Social Gospel

By Jacob H. Dorn

The first comprehensive account of the spectatcular career of the Congregational minister who rose to national fame during the often violent but always exhilarating transition from orthodoxy to a more flexible faith based on principles of social justice and service to mankind that took place between the Civil War and World War I—a career that embodied the salient features of what was probably the most dynamic period in the history of religion in America. $8.00

Nuclear Weapons Safety and the Common Defense

By Joel Larus

An investigation of the at least twenty serious nuclear accidents in which the United States has been involved since Hiroshima, including the loss of four hydrogen bombs over Palomares, Spain, in 1966, that concentrates on what must shortly become a major concern of the nations of the world: development of a realistic program, effective in both military and political contexts, for reducing, in the face of arms proliferation, the possibility of an accidental nuclear disaster. $6.50

The Common Aid Effort

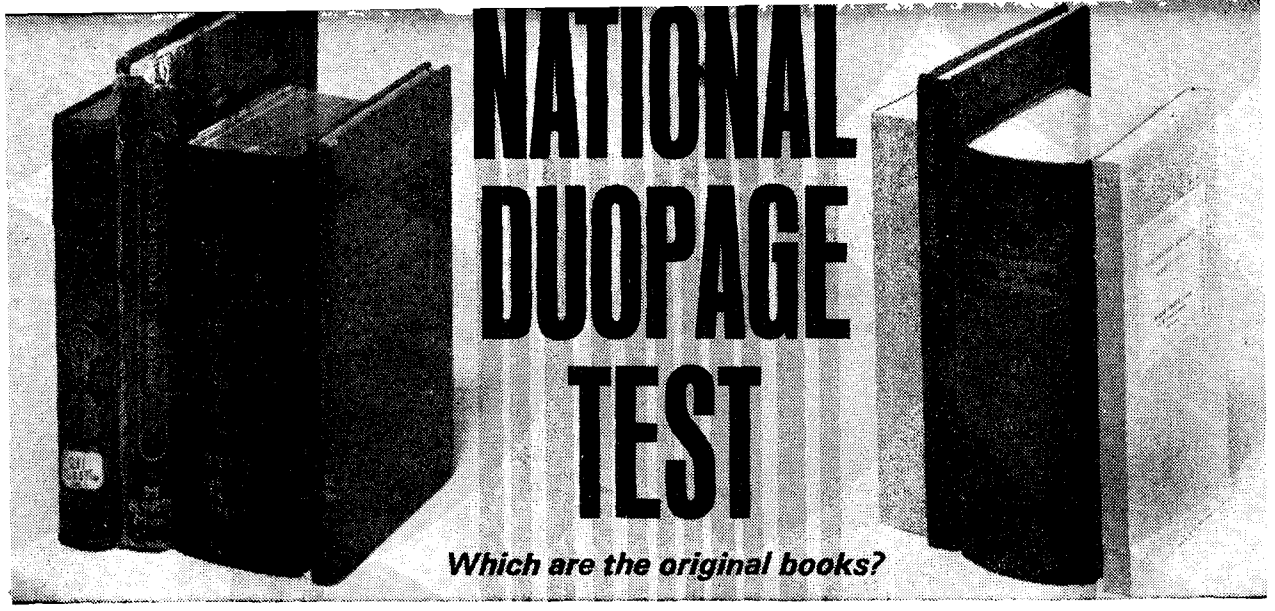
The Development Assistance Activities of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development

By Milton J. Esman and Daniel S. Cheever

A systematic examination of one recent attempt, in the face of increasing tensions between the richer and poorer areas of the world, to foster greater co-operation among the industrialized nations in providing economic and technical assistance to the less-developed countries who have organized to make increasingly heavy demands on their affluent neighbors. $7.50

Ohio State University Press
2070 Neil Avenue
Columbus 43210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



How much do you know about the way DUOPAGE book reproduction works for you?

Take the national Duopage test and send it to us. We'll send you the answer sheet . . . *and* a free Duopage book reprint . . . you don't have to pass!

(A hint . . . the answer to all questions can be found in the preface of all Duopage catalogs published by Micro Photo Division, Bell & Howell Company. Write for free copies.)

TRUE AND FALSE

	T	F
1. A DUOPAGE book is printed on both sides of the paper—just like a regular book.	☐	☐
2. If the out-of-print book you want is not listed in any of the Micro Photo catalogs, it can still be ordered reproduced by the DUOPAGE process.	☐	☐
3. Full-size DUOPAGE books are produced from microfilm when order is received, and books are not stocked.	☐	☐
4. DUOPAGE books are provided in either soft or Class A library binding.	☐	☐
5. Foreign publications as well as American are available by the DUOPAGE process.	☐	☐

To get answer sheet and sample copy of 95 page paper bound Duopage book reprint, *Nature,* published in 1836 by R. W. Emerson . . .

Send test to:

MICRO PHOTO DIVISION
1700 SHAW AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO 44112

MULTIPLE CHOICE

1. The best application for the DUOPAGE book reproduction process is for quantities of: (check one)
   ☐ 1-100 books ☐ 1000-3000 books ☐ 5000-10,000 books
2. DUOPAGE book reproductions can be used to: (number in order of importance)
   ☐ Publish original material
   ☐ Duplicate books for use in other departments
   ☐ Reproduce deteriorating books
   ☐ Obtain copies of out-of-print books
3. Material which can be reproduced by DUOPAGE includes: (check two)
   ☐ Your own microfilm ☐ Typed manuscripts ☐ Photographs
4. The DUOPAGE book reproduction process involves: (check two)
   ☐ Xerography ☐ Lithography ☐ Office copiers ☐ Microfilm ☐ Letterpress
5. Price per 9" page/side for a DUOPAGE book reproduction is: (check one)
   ☐ 25¢ ☐ 5¢ ☐ 50¢

Name (Please Print)_____

Affiliation/or Individual_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

BELL & HOWELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Motors is people making better products for people.

Jack Schweibold took off. And landed two world records.

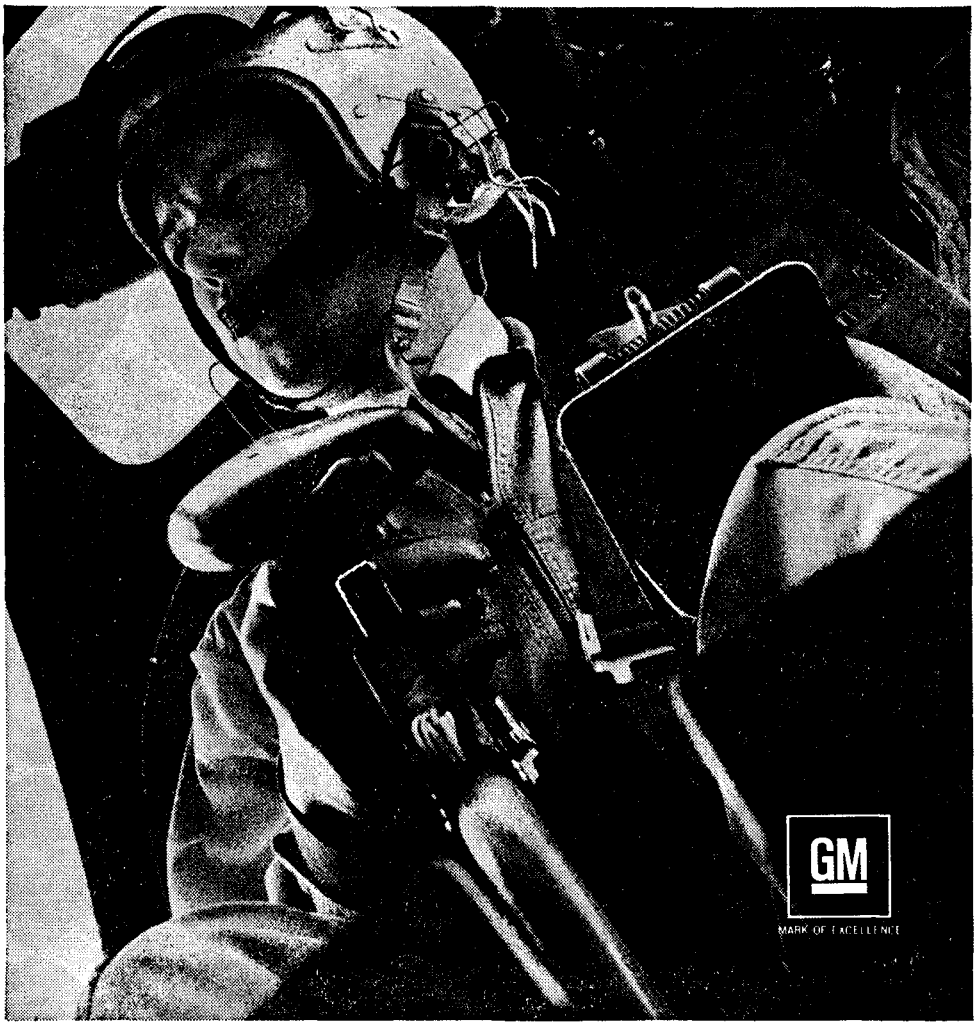
When General Motors' Allison Division developed a gas turbine for the Army that doubles a chopper's speed, range and payload with half the engine weight, it was test pilot Jack Schweibold's job to prove it.

Not only did he prove it, but he set new world helicopter records for closed-circuit distance and longest solo flight to boot. GM people like Jack Schweibold won't settle for less than the best from themselves.

Which is why you never have to settle for less than the best from General Motors.

And why, for example, you get a better buy in a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac car.

Jack Schweibold, Test Pilot, Allison Division, Indianapolis, Indiana.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE

American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION BY PHI BETA KAPPA

In the right state the scholar is *Man Thinking*
—EMERSON

EDITORIAL BOARD

HANNAH ARENDT
JACQUES BARZUN
DANIEL BELL
RALPH ELLISON
ERIK H. ERIKSON
PHILIP P. HALLIE
AUGUST HECKSCHER
JOHN HERSEY
RICHARD HOFSTADTER
GERALD HOLTON
ALFRED KAZIN
HENRY A. MURRAY
WILLIAM M. ROTH
RICHARD H. ROVERE
HARLOW SHAPLEY

HIRAM HAYDN, *Editor*
H. BENTLEY GLASS, *Consulting Editor*
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH, *Contributing Editor*
MARY MOORE MOLONY, *Managing Editor*
JUDITH MICHAELS BETSY WILLIAMSON ANNA SEVIER

DOROTHY KERR, *Director of Circulation and Promotion*
CARLEY STRAUGHAN MARILYN HOFF

Advertising Representative: MRS. WILLIAM A. JAMES, 217 Canner Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511

Published quarterly since 1932 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa. Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., 2901 Byrdhill Road, Richmond, Virginia 23205. Second-class postage paid at Richmond, Virginia. Copyright © 1967 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Send all change of address notices, undeliverable copies, subscription orders and other mail to *Editorial and Circulation Offices:* 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009.

Subscription Rates: $1.75 a copy, $5.00 one year, $9.00 two years, $11.00 three years, foreign and Canadian $.50 a year additional for postage.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

[redacted]

NELL EURICH

SCIENCE IN UTOPIA

A Mighty Design

Mrs. Eurich traces and puts in historical perspective the evolution of some of mankind's most vital beliefs as recorded in utopian literature. Focusing on the seventeenth century, she presents the first study to concentrate on the role of science in providing the anticipated blessings. $7.95

[redacted]

MAURICE CROSLAND

THE SOCIETY OF ARCUEIL

A View of French Science at the Time of Napoleon I

Although the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte produced few great works of art or literature, it did foster the talents of a unique group of scientists—the society of Arcueil. In this detailed study, Mr. Crosland examines the impetus which the Emperor's patronage gave to the activity of such scientists as Berthollet, Chaptal, Laplace, and Gay-Lussac. $15.00

[redacted]

W. L. WILEY

THE FORMAL FRENCH

Concentrating on the period from the sixteenth century through the middle of the eighteenth, Mr. Wiley examines the basic French tendency toward formalism as it had found expression in almost all phases of French life: in art and architecture, in manners, and in social and political institutions. Illus. $6.75

[redacted]

JOHN FINLEY

THREE ESSAYS ON THUCYDIDES

First published as separate articles more than a generation ago, these essays, now available for the first time in a single volume, remain a landmark in Thucydidean scholarship. They present two converging arguments concerning the unity of Thucydides' *History* and explaining the seeming contradiction of an archaism of style. *Loeb Classical Monographs.* $3.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY WILKINSON BRAGDON

WOODROW WILSON

The Academic Years

This study fills the long felt need for an authoritative assessment of Woodrow Wilson's professional career until his election as Governor of New Jersey in 1910. The author tells the story of Wilson's varied roles as as educator and traces the development of his political and economic philosophies. *Belknap Press.* $9.95

WALTER MUIR WHITEHILL

DUMBARTON OAKS

The History of a Georgetown House and Garden, 1800-1966

Famous as the site of the 1944 conference that led to the founding of the United Nations, Dumbarton Oaks is a landmark with a fascinating, but little-known, history. "Whitehill . . . a man of wit and wide-ranging erudition, tells us about Dumbarton Oaks in considerable detail."—*Washington Post.* Illus. *Belknap Press.* $6.95

ROBERT M. FOGELSON

THE FRAGMENTED METROPOLIS

Los Angeles, 1850-1930

Between 1850 and 1930 Los Angeles underwent perhaps the most extraordinary expansion in American urban history, and, at the same time, succumbed more than any other American metropolis to the disintegrative forces of suburbanization and progressivism. These two processes are the themes of Mr. Fogelson's book. *Joint Center for Urban Studies.* $11.95

SHEPPARD FRERE

BRITANNIA

A History of Roman Britain

Frere "has passed [the sources] through the filter of a keenly critical and independent mind. The result is no mere general summary of his own and other scholars' searches, but an integrated commentary and comprehensive judgment on the whole Romano-British scene."—*The Times Literary Supplement.* Illus. $15.00

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEGRA STEWART

GERTRUDE STEIN AND THE PRESENT

Neither a biography nor a psychoanalytical study of Gertrude Stein, this book attempts to trace the development and expression of her thought. Miss Stewart sees in Gertrude Stein's speculations fascinating psychological, linguistic, and theological implications that have a contemporary relevance that is often overlooked. $4.95

RICHARD RULAND

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

Premises of Critical Taste

Mr. Ruland's study in the history of taste looks closely at the work of a few important critics in an effort to understand the literary likes and dislikes of two generations and to point out the continuing relevance of the issues these critics raised about the relations between art and life in our society. "Admirable . . . wholly engrossing and intellectually provocative."—*The N. Y. Times.* $6.95

DAVID WILKINSON

MALRAUX

An Essay in Political Criticism

Mr. Wilkinson attempts to define and assess the political concepts of André Malraux through a chronological dissection of the themes implicit in his work. His critical analysis illuminates the essential continuity and significance of Malraux' thought and reveals a man who is complex but comprehensible. $5.95

ANTHONY COMSTOCK
Edited by
ROBERT BREMNER

TRAPS FOR THE YOUNG

Anthony Comstock (1844-1915), the premier anti-vice crusader in American history, wrote *Traps for the Young* in order to publicize his activities and justify his methods. This volume of his exhortations both expresses and caricatures the moral sense of his epoch. *A John Harvard Library Book.* $4.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAVID H. FINNIE

PIONEERS EAST

The Early American Experience in the Middle East

This is the first cohesive account of the contacts between the U. S. and the Middle East up to the mid-19th century. The author successfully challenges the prevalent view that American interests in the area were marginal, and provides a fresh appraisal of American Protestant missionary activity in the Middle East. *Harvard Middle Eastern Studies, 13.* Illus. $7.50

JAMES R. BRANDON

THEATRE IN SOUTHEAST ASIA

In this first general survey of traditional and modern theatre in the eight countries of Southeast Asia, the author discusses the cultural background of modern theatre, elements and methods of production, and the training of performers. Enhancing his text with many lively photographs, he examines the theatre as a social institution and as an instrument of communication. $12.50

Edited and Translated by DAVID L. SNELLGROVE

FOUR LAMAS OF DOLPO

Tibetan Biographies

On a visit to the remote land of Dolpo—formerly a part of Western Tibet—Mr. Snellgrove discovered the handwritten autobiographies of four Tibetan lamas, three from the 15th and one from the 17th centuries. Presented here in translation, they are the only documents that provide a direct and spontaneous account of Tibetan religious life as seen from the inside. Illus. $14.50

MAURICE MEISNER

LI TA-CHAO AND THE ORIGINS OF CHINESE MARXISM

"Li Ta-chao [is] for the first time the subject of a full-length biography . . . Meisner's book throws important light on the emergence of Chinese radicalism, and on the man who more than anyone else introduced Mao to Communism."—*The New York Times Book Review.* *Harvard East Asian Series, 27.* $4.95

In Canada/Saunders of Toronto Ltd.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINCIPLES AND PERSONS

An Ethical Interpretation of Existentialism

By FREDERICK A. OLAFSON

What are the ethical implications of contemporary existentialism? In this historical and critical analysis of the concept of moral autonomy as interpreted in the philosophies of Martin Heidegger, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Professor Olafson argues that these writers have worked out a powerful ethical theory as distinct from a set of ethical attitudes. $7.50

BELOVED LADY

A History of Jane Addams' Ideas on Reform and Peace

By JOHN C. FARRELL

Jane Addams is well known as one of the originators of social work in the United States, as an early advocate of a "War on Poverty," and as the proponent of ideas that led to the creation of the modern welfare state. This study traces the relation between her philanthropic principles and her Progressive politics, her feminism, and her efforts to achieve world peace. $6.95

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS IN CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY

By LUDWIG EDELSTEIN

Professor Edelstein challenges the belief that the idea of progress is of modern origin. In this new interpretation of Greek culture he shows that the Greeks had a well-defined concept of human progress and that the Hellenistic period in particular made important contributions to the sciences. $8.00

NEW JOHNS HOPKINS PAPERBACKS

Money, Class, and Party

An Economic Study of Civil War and Reconstruction

By ROBERT P. SHARKEY

A study of the violent political and economic controversy that raged around the issuance of greenbacks during the Civil War and Reconstruction period.

"Superbly organized, lucidly written, and based upon extensive research in primary sources, MONEY, CLASS, AND PARTY is an important revisionist work which definitively knocks the props out from under Beard's argument."—**The American Historical Review**
JH-39/$2.95

William Marshal

Knight-Errant, Baron, and Regent of England

By SIDNEY PAINTER

William Marshal was a member of the feudal caste that dominated medieval society. He typified the manners, activities, and pre-occupations of the English nobleman. Unlike most of his peers, however, he was able to rise from landless knighthood to a rich barony and thence to become regent for the young King Henry III and the most powerful man in the realm. This biography by one of the world's great medievalists draws on chronicle material rarely found in an age of individual anonymity. JH-38/$2.95

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CIRCLE OF PARADOX

Time and Essence in the Poetry of Juan Ramón Jiménez

By PAUL R. OLSON

Since Juan Ramón Jiménez was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1956 he has become increasingly recognized as a major contemporary poet. In this first book-length study of Jiménez's poetry to be published in English, Professor Olson demonstrates the poet's intense sensitivity to the need to save something from the ravages of time. This Jiménez attempted by synthesizing the paradoxical dimensions of time and essence, the changing and the unchanging, in images that culminate in the circle as the ultimate symbol of conceptual paradox. $7.50

THE FICTIONS OF SATIRE

By RONALD PAULSON

In this study of the English Augustan satirists and the Latin and other satires that served as their models, Professor Paulson shows how rhetoric relates to imitation in an art form which must at once present and persuade. By analyzing the works of Horace, Juvenal, Lucian, Apuleius, Petronius, Rabelais, Cervantes, and the English Elizabethan and Civil War satirists, the author reveals the elements they bequeathed to those who rode the high crest of the satiric wave in England—the Tories Dryden, Pope, and Swift, and the Whigs Addison and Steele—before the art of satire became submerged in the deepening trough of sentimental romanticism. $7.00

NEW JOHNS HOPKINS PAPERBACKS

E. E. Cummings

The Art of His Poetry

By NORMAN FRIEDMAN

In this comprehensive analysis of the themes, forms, stylistic devices, and working methods of a major American poet, the author dispels the myths surrounding Cummings' art, traces the evolution of his style, and examines the creative processes underlying his meticulous craftsmanship. A new bibliography is provided. "Mr. Friedman's succinct and sensible commentary is doubly welcome."—**American Literature** JH-35/$2.25

A Celebration of Poets

Edited by DON CAMERON ALLEN

A poet's view of other poets is of special interest, both for what it reveals of his subjects and for what it reveals of himself. In these essays Marianne Moore, Mark Van Doren, Yvor Winters, and R. P. Blackmur discuss their own art as well as that of Edwin Muir, Edith Sitwell, and Thomas Hardy. John Holmes, May Sarton, Richard Eberhart, Richard Wilbur, and Randall Jarrell are concerned to identify the nature of poetry, the roles of the poet and critic, and the function that poetry serves in life and society.

JH-34/$2.25

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS
Baltimore, Maryland 21218

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you were twelve we were only a $286 million corporation.

Hardly tiny, to be sure. But not exactly a giant in the huge fibers-chemicals-plastics industry.

Like you, we had some serious growing to do. Decisions to make. Plans for the future. And some plain hard work.

We both grew tall in ten years.

You're now a professional with a degree in chemistry, chemical or mechanical engineering, physics; or marketing or accounting. Ready for a rewarding career.

And we are ready for you. Today, Celanese is a robust, diversified giant with sales above $1 billion. In those ten years they zoomed from $286.4 million —while profits grew to almost $67 million.

No other major corporation in our industry has grown so fast. Or offers you so sure a chance for career growth.

You won't be dropped in a slot at Celanese. We'll encourage you to explore a variety of projects. To help you broaden your professional viewpoint. And you'll move ahead as fast as you allow us to push you.

We need competent, imaginative, flexible individuals. Because we're that kind of company. You might say our business is managing molecules. We start with cellulose and hydrocarbons. Turn them into fibers, plastics, coatings—and a great number of chemical intermediates. Many new products for new, expanding markets. Like new-generation plastics that surpass the qualities of metals, wood and glass. And coatings. Epoxies—one of the most important developments in resins since World War II. And our fibers are a major force in fashion.

You'll like what you find at Celanese. Start by discussing us with your faculty and placement officer. See our representative when he is on your campus. Or write to: John B. Kuhn, Manager of University Recruitment, Celanese Corporation, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10036.

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Volume 36 *Autumn, 1967* Number 4

CONTENTS

FOREWORD		527
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO	*Joseph Wood Krutch*	532
Nirvana Now	*Daniel P. Moynihan*	539
"Faith and Practice," *Poem*	*John Balaban*	549
"The Civil Rights Movement: What Good Was It?"	*Alice Walker*	550
Like A Rolling Stone	*Ralph J. Gleason*	555
Three Poems	*Wong May*	564
Confrontation: The Old Left and the New	*Daniel Aaron, Tom Hayden, Ivanhoe Donaldson, Richard Rovere, Dwight Macdonald*	567
American Foreign Policy and Mass Democracy	*Samuel Ellenport*	589
The Movement and Educational Reform	*Michael Rossman*	594
Spring on Morningside, *Poem*	*Melville Cane*	601
How We Got That Way	*Sherman B. Chickering*	602
We Are Also American Youths	*Robert Coles*	608
Cambridge, *Poem*	*Edward Kessler*	613
Musings of an Academic Anachronism	*Marilyn Noble*	614
Diano Marino to Aix en Provence, *Poem*	*Hollis Summers*	619
Radical Affirmatives	*Marc Kaminsky*	621
Who's Having the Identity Crisis: Businessmen or Students?	*W. Eugene Groves*	631
LONDON LETTER	*Anthony Burgess*	636
Beyond the Man of the Year	*Marilyn Swartz*	639
ART AND LETTERS		
Criticism as Exploration	*Geoffrey N. Berry*	646
Halves, *Poem*	*Ann Cameron*	656
And We Were Left Darkling: Notes on *King Lear*	*Lawrence Raab*	657
Artificial Paradises: Baudelaire and the Psychedelic Experience	*Catherine B. Osborn*	660
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND		
Harvard Advocate Centennial Anthology	*Geoffrey A. Wolff*	669
Reviews by *Roberta Farr, Steven Kelman, Roger Ebert, Laurence R. Veysey, Heather Ross Miller, Robert Starobin, Mark DeVoto, Philip Kopper, Elizabeth Kugler, Allen Weinstein, George W. Knowles* and *Daniel Franko Goldman*		676
THE READER REPLIES		715
INDEX		717

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

The Unfinished Revolution

RUSSIA 1917-1967

By ISAAC DEUTSCHER. "The most perceptive and illuminating work of its kind, either currently in print or likely to be published in the foreseeable future. I know of no other account which presents with such insight and in such highly readable prose a survey of the origins and course of the Russian Revolution, the current structure of Soviet society, the dilemmas and problems of the Kremlin, the course of Sino-Soviet relations, and the issues of present and prospective relations between the Soviet Union and the West."—FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, Williams College $3.75

The Russian Empire

1801-1917

By HUGH SETON-WATSON, *University of London.* This third volume in *The Oxford History of Modern Europe* surveys the development of the Russian empire from the reign of Alexander I to the abdication of Nicholas II. The focus is on political and social history—the history of institutions, classes, political movements, and individuals. The book draws on a large body of Russian documentary material, and the important work of Soviet and foreign scholars in recent decades. *17 maps.* $10.00

Friends Not Masters

A POLITICAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By MOHAMMAD AYUB KHAN, *President of Pakistan.* Here is a rare event; a book written by a head of state and head of government when in office. It is both Mohammad Ayub Khan's biography and an intimate description of the major events in the history of Pakistan. The major part of the book describes the revolution of 1958, the reforms the author introduced, and Pakistan's attitudes towards India and the world. Of special importance are the chapters on foreign policy explaining the author's reaction to increasing Indian military capability after the Indo-Chinese clashes of 1962. *33 halftones, 2 maps.* $7.50

The Oxford Companion to the Theatre

THIRD EDITION

Edited by PHYLLIS HARTNOLL. Since it was originally published in 1951, THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE has been the only one-volume encyclopedia of world theatre. It covers the history of the theatre from ancient Greece to modern America, from Acoustics and Architecture through Costume, Lighting, Make-Up, and Scenery. Compiled originally by a team of more than fifty experts, the present book has been thoroughly revised with articles by thirty new contributors. The new additions bring this great reference work right up to the moment. *80 plates.* $15.00

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford University Press

The Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth

THE EARLY YEARS (1787-1805), SECOND EDITION

Edited by ERNEST DE SELINCOURT; *revised by* CHESTER L. SHAVER, *Oberlin College.* This revision of the late Ernest de Selincourt's *The Early Letters of William and Dorothy Wordsworth* contains fifteen letters which he published in a supplementary volume and forty not previously collected, of which fourteen are now published for the first time. The text of the first edition has been improved by corrections and additions, based on a re-examination of all available manuscripts of the originals, and by rearranging a few letters which stood in the wrong chronological order. $14.40

Shelley at Work

A CRITICAL INQUIRY, SECOND EDITION

By NEVILLE ROGERS, *Ohio University.* Mr. Rogers' demonstration of the controlled evolution of Shelley's mind has stood the test of time and subsequent scholarship. This new edition contains not only minor textual corrections but also important revisions and additions based on his more recent researches. Chief among them is a new investigation of Shelley's thought patterns based on his working methods, and applied to the mystery of *The Triumph of Life,* Shelley's last, unfinished poem, and other works. *3 plates.* $12.00

William Blake: Tiriel

FACSIMILE AND TRANSCRIPT OF THE MANUSCRIPT; REPRODUCTION OF THE DRAWINGS AND A COMMENTARY ON THE POEM

Edited by G. E. BENTLEY, JR., *University College, Toronto.* A facsimile of the manuscript poem, the earliest of Blake's surviving Prophecies, and reproductions of all the identifiable designs are contained in this volume. Until now the designs have never been reproduced because they were independent of the text and were thus scattered. Professor Bentley provides essays on the sources and significance of the poem, on the relation between the designs and text, and on the history of the manuscript and the drawings. *25 plates.* $9.60

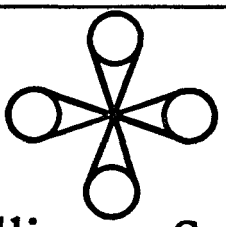
Milton and the Renaissance Hero

By JOHN M. STEADMAN, *Huntington Library and Art Gallery.* In this study, Dr. Steadman reassesses the theological limits reflected in Milton's poetry in terms of the contradictions in Renaissance ideas of heroism and the conventional patterns for the character of an epic or tragic hero, and emphasizes Milton's innovations on the epic tradition. The first six chapters analyze the poet's treatment of the most important formulae for an epic hero, while another chapter relates his heroic images to the Biblical "archetypes" and classical "prototypes." $5.60

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bollingen Series

announces a new volume in

Archetypal Images in Greek Religion

By C. Kerényi

Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim

ELEUSIS

Archetypal Image of Mother and Daughter

The Sanctuary of Eleusis, near Athens, was the center of a religious cult that endured for nearly two thousand years and whose initiates came from all parts of the civilized world. Its Mysteries have long fascinated scholars and writers, and in this work Professor Kerényi examines them from the position not only of Greek myth but also of human nature. He brings forward parallels from other mythologies and also notes in the Greeks a natural capacity to see visions. 80 halftone and line illustrations. Bollingen Series LXV: 4 $5.00

Other volumes published

Prometheus
Archetypal Image of Human Existence.
Bollingen Series LXV: 1 $5.00

Asklepios
Archetypal Image of the Physician's Existence.
Bollingen Series LXV: 3 $5.00

Publications are proposed on Dionysos, Zeus, and Hera.

Sponsored by Bollingen Foundation

Published by

Princeton University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOREWORD

Youth 1967: The Challenge of Change

A great deal is said and written about youth by their elders. Yet young people have little opportunity to speak for themselves to an audience of diverse ages and interests. In this issue of the SCHOLAR we have sought to give them a hearing, and at least equal space with Daniel Moynihan, Anthony Burgess, Joseph Wood Krutch and a few others of the over-thirty generation. Tom Hayden and Ivanhoe Donaldson are given equal time with Richard Rovere and Dwight Macdonald in "Confrontation: The Old Left and the New," one feature of the issue. And THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND is entirely devoted to books by young authors—appraised by young reviewers.

The authors in this issue belong for the most part to the under-thirty generation. A number of them, as a matter of fact, are under twenty-five. These last include the winners of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Essay Contest for Young Writers: Alice Walker, who won first prize, Marc Kaminsky, who won second prize, and Samuel Ellenport and Lawrence Raab, who tied for third prize.

In initiating this essay contest we imposed no restrictions on subject matter so that we might induce members of the youngest mature generation to express, without inhibition, whatever views they hold of our changing world. From the winning essays, which appear in this issue, and from the titles of the essays that received Honorable Mention, listed on page 593, something of the range of interests and concerns of these young writers will be apparent.

It is tempting when one tries this kind of experiment to question whether there are generalizations one might make about the contributors that will reflect truths about the rest of their generation. Tempting, but unwise. While we accordingly have no pronouncements to make about youth as a whole, we believe that those young writers who contributed to the issue—and indeed most of those who entered their essays in the contest—set forth their views with notable honesty and directness. There are, we think, in the pages of this issue, some answers of bright promise to the challenge of change.

HIRAM HAYDN
MARY MOORE MOLONY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from the University of Chicago Press

Belief and Disbelief in American Literature

Howard Mumford Jones

This book examines the beliefs of American writers from the Revolution to the present. Mr. Jones asks what a reading of some representative American classics reveals about the religious faith or lack of faith on the part of those who wrote them. He discusses the deism of Tom Paine, the implications of the American landscape as interpreted by Irving, Bryant, and Cooper, Emerson's Transcendentalism, Whitman's doctrine of cosmic process and cosmic optimism, the pessimism of Mark Twain, and, finally, Frost's awe of cosmic vastness.

1967 LC:67-25521 188 pages, $4.95

The Blue Swallows

Poems by Howard Nemerov

Marius Bewley, writing in *Partisan Review* of an earlier collection of poems, compared Howard Nemerov to Thoreau: "Poem after poem in the present volume has sent me back to *Walden,* and everywhere I have been impressed by a similarity that is not, certainly, parallelism, but which exists in a serenity of temperament, a water-clear and air-cool vision of reality that both writers share." James Dickey writes, in *The Sewanee Review,* "He is one of the funniest and the wittiest poets we have. . . . But the enveloping emotion that arises from his writing is helplessness."

1967 LC:67-25516 116 pages, $4.50

Poetry

The Golden Anniversary Issue

Edited by Henry Rago

The fiftieth-anniversary edition of *Poetry* sold some 15,000 copies within two months of its appearance. Unobtainable since 1962, this superb collection is now published as a *Phoenix* paperback. It includes poems by fifty-seven of the best contemporary poets in the United States and Great Britain, including John Ciardi, E. E. Cummings, Robert Frost, Thom Gunn, Howard Nemerov, Ezra Pound, Stephen Spender, Karl Shapiro, Denise Levertov, J. V. Cunningham, William Carlos Williams, Muriel Rukeyser, Randall Jarrell, and Kenneth Rexroth.

1967 160 pages Paper $1.95

Amyntas

Thomas Watson

The Lamentations of Amyntas

Abraham Fraunce

Critical Texts edited by Walter F. Staton, Jr. and Franklin M. Dickey

In the 1590's Thomas Watson—acclaimed as one of England's best poets—was so highly admired that the young Shakespeare was praised as "Watson's heir" in the writing of erotic verse. *Amyntas,* a pastoral lament, and his most considerable work of Latin poetry, is here reprinted for the first time from the unique copy in the British Museum. The almost line-by-line translation into English quantitative hexameters made by Abraham Fraunce in 1587 is given on facing pages. Issued by the Renaissance English Text Society.

1967 LC:66-14114 108 pages, $7.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters from Mesopotamia

A. Leo Oppenheim

Letters to and from debtors and between relatives, complaints of businessmen and of farmers victimized by bureaucracy, letters of state, diplomatic reports—all reveal the fabric of a civilization. This judicious selection mirrors ancient life in its day-to-day variety. Essential background material for an understanding of Mesopotamian culture is provided by the author, who is professor of Assyriology in the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago.

1967 LC:67-20576 240 pages, illus., $5.95

The Making of a Workers' Revolution

Russian Social Democracy, 1891–1903

Allan K. Wildman

Hoover Institution Publications

This is the first major social study of the formative years in the development of Russian Social Democracy, focusing on the interaction during the 1890's between intellectuals and workers. The author assesses the historical importance of the movement in preparing the way for the Bolshevik-Menshevik split, and in the mobilizing of social forces which shaped the 1905 Revolution. He concentrates on memoirs, underground publications, and police sources, to give an accurate cross-section of the social make-up of the movement, participants' motivations, and techniques of action. "History of Menshevism" series, Leopold H. Haimson, General Editor.

1967 LC:67-25086 304 pages, $7.95

Paradise of Snakes

An Archetypal Analysis of Conrad's Political Novels

Claire Rosenfield

In this analysis of *Nostromo, The Secret Agent,* and *Under Western Eyes,* the author shows how Conrad's use of traditional archetypal motifs intensifies the irony of his particular vision. The book opens with an impressive essay on the nature of myth. Albert Guerard has called this introduction "the clearest, sanest summary of the subject that I have read . . . a genuine contribution to the history of ideas." The title of the book, taken from *Nostromo,* is a prophecy of the constant threat of corruption over the Conradian universe.

1967 LC:67-25522 205 pages, $6.50

The Arts and the Public

Edited by James E. Miller, Jr. and Paul D. Herring

Working artists and critics debate such questions as: Are academic critics too removed from reality? What can critics learn from artists? What is the critic's role in fostering public understanding of the arts? Contributors: (Fiction) Saul Bellow, Anthony West, Wright Morris, Leon Edel; (Drama) Alan Schneider, Albert Bermel, Robert W. Corrigan; (Art) Richard F. Brown, Max Kozloff, Harold Rosenberg. William Arrowsmith summarizes, and Paul D. Herring edits the comments of other participants.

1967 LC:67-26094 288 pages, $6.50

University of Chicago Press, Chicago 60637

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exploration Into God

JOHN A. T. ROBINSON

BISHOP OF WOOLWICH

Bishop Robinson's *Honest to God,* first published in 1963, has had a tremendous impact on modern Christian thought. Now the Bishop has written a new book filling in the core areas of his Christian commitment, areas only lightly touched on in the earlier work. Lucidly written and deeply serious, *Exploration into God* seems likely to be even more widely discussed and influential than its predecessor. $4.95

Enemies and Friends

THE UNITED FRONT IN CHINESE COMMUNIST HISTORY

LYMAN P. VAN SLYKE

For over forty years the united front has played an important part in the political strategy of the Chinese Communist Party. This book traces the theory and practice of the united front in China since 1922, with emphasis on its three most important manifestations: the Kuomintang-Communist alliance in the 1920's, the military alliance against Japan in 1937–45, and the Party's post-1949 campaigns to transform China's society and economy. $8.50

The China White Paper

AUGUST 1949

With a New Introduction by Lyman P. Van Slyke. A reissue of the original State Department publication, with an extensive Index prepared for this edition. A 400-page summary of American China policy down to the summer of 1949; and over 600 pages of official documents, most of which were highly classified until the date of publication.

November. Paper, 2 volumes, $5.95; cloth, 1 volume, $15.00

Talleyrand

DUFF COOPER

A reissue. "Mr. Duff Cooper has written a biography so enthralling that it is impossible to put it down. His style is of the simplest; he eschews fireworks, he avoids rhetoric. Something of the spirit of his subject seems to have entered into him, and the views he expresses on character and politics are marked by a complete absence of prejudice and an admirable sense of historical proportion."—*The Spectator.* November. $8.50

Order from your bookstore, please

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA COLUMBIA

THE MIDDLE-CLASS NEGRO IN THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD

ELI GINZBERG, with VINCENT BRYAN, GRACE T. HAMILTON, JOHN L. HERMA, and ALICE M. YOHALEM

This important book is about Negro youth who are "on their way" and the world they expect to find. The authors studied young Negroes from middle-class homes in Atlanta and New York, and found that their goals are conditioned by their family backgrounds and education rather than by the factor of race. The material for the book was drawn from personal interviews, conducted by Negro interviewers. $5.00

EDUCATION AND TRAINING FOR FULL EMPLOYMENT

SEYMOUR L. WOLFBEIN

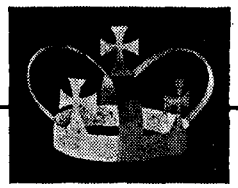
Against the ideal of social and economic planning in the interest of the poor, minority groups, and the unemployed, the author presents an evaluation of the manpower programs, private and public, which are intended to reduce and even eliminate unemployment. Mr. Wolfbein considers institutional training, on the job training, special programs of the Manpower Development and Training Act, education, and how and if these programs are succeeding. $6.95

ELECTRONIC JOURNALISM

WILLIAM A. WOOD

William Wood explores the value of radio and television as news media and analyzes their development. He then describes the various forms of "electronic journalism"—the daily news programs, in-depth reports, and the editorial. Additional areas covered are electronic journalism's power to persuade, its role in manipulating history, how it functions at the community level, how news on the air is regulated, the men of electronic journalism, and the responsibility they show. In conclusion he forecasts changes ahead. $5.00

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
440 WEST 110TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10025


COLUMBIA COLUMBIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Don't Mind My Saying So. . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Intellectual and artistic fads sometimes show which way the wind is blowing. Take, for instance, the three most conspicuous at the moment: camp, McLuhanism and the hippie cult of drug-induced benevolence. All are most prevalent among the young or youngish, and each has something in common with the others.

Camp is chic and McLuhanism is solemn. But they seem to have the same appeal. Both are ways of indulging bad taste—say for vulgar movies in the case of camp and rock 'n roll in the case of McLuhanism—while pretending that if you enjoy them in the right way you are really being *avant-garde*. Call Batman "camp," and you can take in it the same pleasure as that enjoyed by hoi polloi. Prefer television to literature, and you don't have to admit to intellectual laziness. You can insist instead upon a stupendous generalization: the age of the written word is past and the age of the image is just coming in.

The connection between hippie attitudes and McLuhanism may seem less obvious, but I have beside my typewriter a copy of *Oracle,* an organ of the Haight-Ashbury group. Here are some excerpts from its lead editorial:

> Marshall McLuhan makes no sense at all, not as I was taught to define sense in my inadequately cynical youth. . . . Yet somehow he embarrassingly manages to explain to perfection an overwhelming array of things which used to make even less sense than he does and were somewhat threatening as well, things like pop, op, and camp; the psychedelic revolution, the pot and acid explosion; the Haight-Ashbury community, and especially what we keep on calling rock-and-roll until we can find some name more appropriate for it.
>
> Not that McLuhan mentions any of these things. He simply gives us the clue. Synthesis and synaesthesia; non-typographic, non-linear, basically mosaic, and hippy modes of perception; involvement of the whole sensorium; rolls instead of jogs; participation in depth; extended awareness; preoccupation with textures, with tactility, with multisensory experiences —put them together and you have a weekend on Haight Street.
>
> Rock is an intensely participation and non-typographic art form, forerunner of something much like McLuhan's covertly projected spherical society. Rock is the first head music we've had since the end of the baroque period . . . Extremely typographic people are unable to experience it, which is why the rock folk are so young generally.

I apologize for the length of this quotation but, aside from what it says explicitly, it exhibits the same paradox as do McLuhan's own writings: the latter writes a book to prove that books are passé; the hippies demonstrate (rather more strikingly than McLuhan himself does) that those who claim not to be "type-heads" can use language with admirable clarity. I am not always sure what McLuhan is talking about. Whoever wrote the editorial in *Oracle* makes himself delightfully clear.

Of the three fads, McLuhanism is the only one treated with respect by some at least of the established intellectual community. Yet its only originality seems to consist in the fact that it hails as intellectual advances all the phenomena of mass man and mass society that have hitherto distressed nearly all thoughtful people. Mr. McLuhan is the first to extol inarticulateness and illiteracy as the virtues of a dawn-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing new day. And that is transvaluating values with a vengeance.

Innumerable critics have described more or less vividly the homogenization of mass society (which McLuhan calls "participation"); the exploitation and corruption of the common man by the hucksters who would persuade him to buy what he does not need and who soften him up for exploitation by entertainments enticing him down to a level of vulgarity he would never have reached unaided. But McLuhan is the first man outside an advertising agency and not a Vice-President in Charge of Programming to regard all this as some sort of progress.

He assures us that when a child of today goes to school he is "interrupting his education," but to say that is merely to accept in its most extreme form the conception of education that the most anti-intellectual of professional "educators" have tended to defend, namely, that it is purely acculturation or adjustment to the existing mores of the community, and should result in an acceptance of its standards.

Does anyone remember having read this sentence: "From the advertiser, either directly or from his sponsored TV programs, most Americans learn far more than they ever learn in school about the prevailing mores and standards of value, about current tastes, beliefs and preferred activities."

Was this sentence actually written—as it might well have been—by Mr. McLuhan? Not at all. It was written by one Joseph Wood Krutch. Mr. Krutch's next sentence was: "If what we most need to learn are the obvious external aspects of The American Way of Life and how we may follow it, then advertising is our best teacher." Had he left off the "if," he might have been offered one hundred thousand dollars to expound his thesis during an academic year at a Catholic university.

No one is likely to deny that you can learn more about the language habits of your peer group by associating with them than you can from the textbooks that used to be used in schools. In the same way, one can certainly learn more about television, the movies and pop music by spending time with them instead of studying Shakespeare in the classroom. The only question is simply whether or not the aim of education is the adjustment of the individual to the common denominator of his society or whether it is to produce that maladjustment which consists of the cultivation of tastes, standards and habits different from and superior to those prevailing.

If education means this last, then McLuhan's pseudo paradox collapses. And I call it a pseudo paradox because, like so many of the others that constitute the texture of McLuhanism, it cannot, like a true paradox, be resolved and thus revealed as genuine truth. His pretended paradoxes are merely the result of standing on his head and saying that the sun (now that we have entered a new era) rises in the west. When a child looks at "Batman" or listens to the ten items on the "Hit Parade," he is, in sober fact, interrupting his education—which is exactly what most intelligent people believed until Mr. McLuhan came along to tell them that if a child has a sneaking preference for these interruptions, then he is a member of the newest *avant-garde*.

"There is," he tells us, "nothing sterile about television except the eye of the beholder. . . . Television reintegrates the human senses, thereby making books obsolete." And that is precisely what the hippie editor was saying. There is, however, one thing the hippies do not seem to have learned from television or in any other way, and it is creating a problem. According to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, they are now contributing to city clinics approximately twenty cases of infectious hepatitis and thirty-five of venereal diseases per day. But, of course, it must be remembered that holy men have often been dirty and disease-ridden.

What we are threatened with is the end of the revolt against mass man and mass taste. The intellectual is now urged to accept what he has hitherto resisted. The homogenized society is to be the society of the future and to submit to it is to be carried forward on the wave of the future.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When television was new, Fred Allen predicted that it would presently produce a race of men with eyes like cantaloupes and no brains at all. Children who are encouraged not to interrupt their education by going to school may well be giving evolution a shove in that direction.

Psychologists who attempt to understand the uniqueness of the human mind have usually agreed that the chief difference between it and the mind of even the highest of other animals is its power of conceptual thinking, and they have also agreed that conceptual thinking is impossible without words. To me it seems that for all of Mr. McLuhan's talk about nonlinear perception and integrated society what he is actually anticipating is the decline of conceptual thinking.

Voltaire wrote to Rousseau, "You almost persuade me to go on all fours." Mr. McLuhan seems to have persuaded some academics and most hippies (as well as some people who are neither) that they ought to become illiterate or, to use the hippie's delightful word, to cease being "type-heads." But why does he use words to convince us that words are obsolete? Since he agrees with the hippies that rock 'n roll is more important than literature, why does he act like a type-head? The fact that his book has created a cult seems to suggest that there is a good deal of effectiveness in the old methods of communication. But if he believes that the newer ones are better, why, instead of writing the book, didn't he take up drums or the electric guitar?

Actually, the new media that he admires have not developed new kinds of comprehension. They are merely improved methods for exploiting the lower cerebral processes of the mind. They are more suited to subliminal manipulations (or what is more brutally called brainwashing) than to sincere communication, and they are admirable tools for those who care less about truth than about what can be sold—in either the literal or the colloquial sense of that word.

The medium is the message only in the sense that the message is limited by the capacity of the medium—to what it can communicate—and the fact remains that while other media may be more effective as conditioners of the subrational mind, none of them is so effective as the word (especially the written word) in communicating conceptual thoughts. If you limit yourself to television, you will find that there are a great many things that it cannot communicate, and that the kind of verbal discourses it permits are, as discourses go, relatively clumsy and ineffectual. Thus the message of the medium becomes simply "what cannot be communicated by television is no longer worth communicating."

A few months ago Mr. McLuhan risked consistency by appearing on N.B.C.'s "Today Show." Next morning Hugh Downs, the master of ceremonies, discussed the occasion with his coadjutor, Miss Walters. Mr. Downs said that he was not convinced that television was better than the printed word for the communication of new ideas. When he had first read Marx and Freud, he felt that he had understood with some clarity what they were saying. But after listening to his recent visitor, he still was not sure that he understood the message. Thereupon, Miss Walters remarked dryly that she had not been sure that Mr. McLuhan understood himself.

As for me, whenever I am confronted with one of the oracular utterances that he produces (or rather repeats) in such profusion, I am reminded of a story told me years ago by Mortimer Adler. He had sat next to Alice Toklas at a lecture given by Gertrude Stein at the University of Chicago. When it was over, Miss Toklas turned to him with an expression in which ecstasy and awe were mixed in equal proportions. "Tonight," she exclaimed, "Dearie has said things which will take even her six months to understand." Will it possibly take Mr. McLuhan even longer?

I have never been quite sure whether we are supposed to welcome the new electronic, nonlinear, nonconceptual, Beatle-dominated world or simply to regard it as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

inevitable. But perhaps the question would be dismissed as meaningless since McLuhanism seems to share with Marxism the assumption that all culture is a function of evolving technology, and that value systems are therefore irrelevant. We must simply (as some wag once put it) "cooperate with the inevitable."

But if there is any chance that the human mind and the human will are in any sense real, then it is important, sometimes, that they be used to refuse cooperation with the so-called inevitable. And it is on that assumption that I, at least, am determined to take my stand.

When I read, for example, "The Beatles are trying to tell us by the anti-environment they represent just how we have changed and in what way," I call out, Whoa! Just who are included in this "us"? Speak for yourself, say I. Or, as Mr. Goldwyn—who was remarkable for his power to achieve expression outside the limits of conventional verbal license—once said, "Include me out."

You may insist that I should be moving in the direction that the Beatles suggest—which I take to be something like the bacchic frenzy of certain ancient Greek youths and maidens—but I insist just as firmly that, however perverse I may be, I should reject the implication that we ought always to yield. In the long run, it may be that what we refuse to let happen to us is much more important than what we submit to.

Errors of fact we are all sometimes guilty of and as a reviewer I have always been reluctant to put much stress on those I happen to have caught. There, I say to myself, but for the grace of God go I. There, as a matter of fact, I have sometimes gone and been equally guilty. But perhaps one may say that the more nearly omniscient a writer pretends to be the more glaring his errors become. Also in this case we have a clear example of the fact that the thing communicated is sometimes more important than the method of communication.

In any event, consider two remarkable sentences from *Understanding Media* which purport to refer to the Renaissance's *camera obscura* and to use it as an illustration. "But the early spectators saw these images upside down. For this reason the lens was introduced—in order to turn the picture right side up."

Now as communication this is admirably clear, a model in fact. But the thing communicated is completely and complicatedly false. The lens was not introduced for the purpose of turning the image right side up. As a matter of fact, and as anyone who has ever looked at the ground glass of a view camera ought to know, the image is still upside down. Moreover, designers of optical equipment will be glad to learn that turning an image right side up can be done by simply "introducing a lens." Hitherto, they have been compelled (as in the case of a terrestrial telescope) to introduce quite a complicated group of lenses which will produce a virtual rather than an actual image, then passed on to the eye. When Mr. McLuhan studied optics, he must have paid more attention to the medium than to the message.

Despite all the talk about "failure to communicate" and the need for better and faster means, my own opinion is that we suffer far less from defective means of communication than from a lack of things worth communicating. If, as is so commonly said, Communists and Democrats fail to communicate, that really means that they differ in their aims, values, ideals and standards. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Kosygin do not fail to communicate, according to the proper meaning of the word. It's just that neither likes what the other one is saying. And I doubt that a shared enthusiasm for rock 'n roll would do much to bring them into agreement about Vietnam or Israel.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell University Press

GENTLEMEN ON THE MAKE

Elizabethans Errant

The Strange Fortunes of Sir Thomas Sherley and His Three Sons

By D. W. DAVIES. With wit and urbanity Mr. Davies reconstructs the lives of a family of Elizabethan rogues, weaving together strands of information from manuscript collections located throughout Europe—many of them sources that have been hitherto untapped. The astonishing tale that results links the notorious Sherleys to the great events and issues of their day and captures the flavor of Elizabethan moral, social, and political affairs. *6 illustrations. 368 pages.* PG.EJ

RESPONSIBLE SCHOLARS

The Morality of Scholarship

Essays by NORTHROP FRYE, STUART HAMPSHIRE, *and* CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN. *Edited and with a Foreword by* MAX BLACK. What is the present state of the traditional humanizing goal of the humanities? Does the role of the scholar as scholar sometimes conflict with his responsibilities as a citizen? It is such questions that the authors were invited to discuss on the occasion of the frmal inauguration of the Society for the Humanities at Cornell. Their provocative essays, now made available to a wider audience, mark an auspicious beginning for the new Studies in the Humanities series. *108 pages.* $4.50

YOUNG JEAN-JACQUES

The Early Rousseau

By MARIO EINAUDI. Rousseau's reputation has steadily grown until he is today regarded by many as the most important thinker of the eighteenth century. In this stimulating book Professor Einaudi compares Rousseau's early and late works and rebuts the critics who find the early works unworthy of serious consideration. Indeed, he argues, full understanding of the mature Rousseau can be gained only through appreciation of the writings completed between 1737 and 1756. *312 pages.* $7.95

Cornell University Press

ITHACA, NEW YORK 14850

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tibet: A Political History

by Tsepon W. D. Shakabpa

"A well-written and thoroughly engaging study. I believe it is a valuable contribution to the body of English language literature on this remote but vital area of the world. . . . It will be of interest to historians concerned with Tibet and to those interested in studying the history of British policy in India and of Sino-Indian relations."—Chester Bowles.

$10.00

Wilderness and the American Mind

by Roderick Nash

For much of their history, Americans regarded the wilderness areas of the continent as a moral and physical wasteland, to be conquered and fructified in the name of civilization, Christianity, and progress. The gradual intellectual transformation which replaced this attitude with one of appreciation is the concern of this book. **$6.50**

O-kee-pa

A Religious Ceremony and Other Customs of the Mandans

by George Catlin

edited with an Introduction by John C. Ewers

This centennial edition of George Catlin's complete and illustrated account of the O-kee-pa, a unique four-day religious ceremony performed by the Mandan Indians of the Upper Missouri, reappraises Catlin's work as a major contribution to descriptive ethnography. The book contains Catlin's **Folium Reservatum,** an account of the sexual aspects of the ceremony which originally was circulated only to scholars, and full-color reproductions of his original chromolithographs. **$12.50**

The Works of Colonel John Trumbull

Artist of the American Revolution

by Theodore Sizer

This revised Edition of the original 1950 publication includes a complete checklist of Trumbull's works, and the number of photographed items is more than double that of the earlier edition. The revision affords a comprehensive estimate of Trumbull's increasing importance among early American artists and of his particular significance as a painter of the Revolutionary era. **$12.50**

available through your bookstore

Yale University Press YA LE
New Haven and London

in Canada: McGill University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NORTON "Books that Live"

Important new books for Fall

COMPLETE PROSE TALES OF PUSHKIN

Translated by GILLON AITKEN. A completely new and brilliantly readable translation of all the prose writings of the author who holds the supreme position in Russian literature. Mr. Aitken, an editor in a London publishing firm, is a highly gifted translator. 495 pages. $6.95

THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR

The Struggle for European Hegemony 1600-1660

By S. H. STEINBERG. This distinguished study of the political history of the seventeenth century puts the Thirty Years' War in an altogether new perspective. A volume in THE FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN HISTORY Series. Illustrated with maps. $4.50

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

A New Verse Translation

By MARIE BORROFF. One of the outstanding literary achievements of the Middle Ages, *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* has been inaccessible to all but the specialist because of the difficult dialect in which it was written. This translation by a poet who is also a distinguished Middle English scholar provides, at long last, a truly readable and accurate version of a great Arthurian romance. $4.50

THROUGH THE MINEFIELD

An Autobiography

By CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON. The biographer of Dylan Thomas—and a noted novelist and critic—now recalls his own cosmopolitan, volatile and rebellious youth. The result is personal history of striking candor, warmth and humor, brilliantly recapturing the life he has led in the United States, France, Germany and England. $5.95

NEW DIMENSIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY

By WALTER W. HELLER. The former Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Presidents Kennedy and Johnson is by common consent the man most responsible for transforming the "dismal science" into a vital political art. This important new book is no "ivory tower" study but an absorbing, wide-ranging, richly rewarding account of economics in action. *Paper only,* $1.75

CONTEST OVER JAPAN

By HERBERT FEIS. A Pulitzer Prize-winning historian who has been an influential advisor to the U. S. Government traces the dramatic conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union over the occupation of Japan. Mr. Feis makes clear the relation of the developing cold war in Europe to the contest in Japan and brings into focus the role played by General Douglas MacArthur as Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces. $5.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

W. W. NORTON & COMPANY, INC.
New York, N. Y. 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nirvana Now

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

One of the defining qualities of the period of current history that began, roughly, with the assassination of President Kennedy has been the emergence of widespread, radical protest on the part of American youth. As it happens, this development has been congruent, and in some measure associated, with even wider protest against the current course of American foreign policy, but there is a distinction between those who differ with decisions made by the existing system, and those who reject the system itself. There is at this moment a high level of both kinds of protest, but the latter is the more singular, and almost certainly the more significant.

Following a period when college youth in particular were repeatedly accused of quiescent conformism, this development has taken the World War II generation rather by surprise. More than one college president given to deploring "the silent generation" appears in retrospect not half so bold, and considerably less prescient than he would have had his charges suppose. Never to trust anyone under thirty has become almost a first principle of prudence for academic administrators, and not a bad rule for politicians. It is yet to be seen, however, what if anything we shall learn from this surprising and unexpected development.

Of necessity, we tend to interpret present events in terms of past experience, there being, despite the efforts of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, as yet but little future experience to guide us. I would, however, argue that we have so far been looking to misleading analogues. We have been seeing in the flamboyance of the hippies, the bitterness of the alienated college youth, the outrageousness of the New Left, little more than mutants of the old bohemianism, the never-ending conflict of generations, and perhaps the persistence of neo-Marxist radicalism. We may be wrong. Just possibly, something more important is abroad. We may be witnessing the first heresies of liberalism.

In its familiar setting heresy refers to religious views contrary to the established dogma of a church. It will seem odd to use it to describe such assertively nonreligious phenomena as the Students for a Democratic Society. Some also will object that inasmuch as the doctrines of liberalism are derived from experience, rather than right reason, there can be no final liberal view about anything, and therefore no finally heretical dissent from such views. I suggest, however, that the phenomenon of protest we observe today is more psychological than doctrinal in origin, and that to the youth of this time secular liberalism presents itself as every bit as much a system of "established and commonly received doctrine" as did Christianity, for example, when it was the legally prescribed belief of the Holy Roman Empire, or the Massachusetts Bay Colony. To be sure, the doctrines of liberalism can be elusive. It is a conviction, Learned Hand might say, that is not too sure of itself—save on the point that it is vastly to be preferred to any creed that is. Liberals are not without tracts—hardly—but tend more to look to institutions as repositories of their beliefs, liberalism being in every sense as much a *way* of doing things, as it is a set of propositions as to what is to be done. It is not without its schisms and assuredly not without its confusions. But in all its essen-

✪ DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN is director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Harvard University. Mr. Moynihan is the author, with Nathan Glazer, of *Beyond the Melting Pot*. This essay was the 1967 Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Harvard University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tials of an optimistic belief in progress, in toleration, in equality, in the rule of law, and in the possibility of attaining a high and sustained measure of human happiness here on earth, liberalism is the nigh universally accepted creed of the ruling elites of the Western world. Religious faith persists, even grows. But it does so as a private matter: supernatural beliefs have almost no influence on the course of events. Secular liberalism is triumphant. Not surprisingly, then, given especially the great value liberalism places on skepticism and inquiry, liberalism itself is beginning to be questioned.

It is notorious, of course, that among the most eminent of the literary men of this century the liberal values of the larger society have been viewed with a detachment ranging from indifference to detestation. But these were men born in the nineteenth century, and raised in a world that still had, or thought it had, some options with respect to forsaking the traditionalist, hierarchical, Christian past and embracing the new creed. To these writers it had been a mistake to do so; they withheld their own assent. Thus it may have been incongruous, even perhaps unpatriotic, for a St. Louis boy such as Mr. Eliot to show such enthusiasm for the Church of England and the Royal Family, but it was not absurd. American youth today have no such option. The liberal present is the only world they know, and if it is not to their liking, as for many it is not, their only alternative is to consider how it might evolve into something new, there being no possibility of reverting to something old. What follows is very like a spiritual crisis, and in the manner of individuals and communities that have confronted such in the past, some lapse into indifference and quietism, others escape into varied forms of stabilized hysteria, while still others turn to confront doctrine itself, and in a mood of intensely felt revelation reject the very foundations of orthodoxy.

What indeed is most striking about the current surge of protest is the degree to which it reenacts in matters of style and structure the great heresies that have assailed the religious establishments of other ages. "The sun shone," Samuel Beckett writes in the opening passage of *Murphy*, "having no alternative, on the nothing new."

The forms of youthful protest at this time are many, and not all, of course, visible. But there are three clusters of behavior that are sufficiently coherent as to suggest a central tendency in each, and to offer the possibility of analogies with earlier phenomena.

The most familiar-seeming, and for that reason possibly the most deceptive of the new tendencies, is that of the New Left itself. It is familiar because it has taken a familiar form: the organization of a group defined by political objectives. Yet in truth something profoundly new may be present here, for the object of the New Left is not to capture the system but to transform it. The older radicalisms were inextricably involved with things-as-they-are, and, owing especially to Marx's view of economic determinism, they largely deprived the radical challenge to liberal capitalism of any *moral* basis: the system had a destiny that was working itself out regardless of any intentions, good or evil, on the part of mortals so innocent of the laws of economics as to suppose they, rather than things, were in the saddle. The Old Left was so utterly "materialistic" and "realistic" as to use those very terms to describe one of its defining dogmas. As Richard Blumenthal, of the Harvard Class of 1967, recently observed in the *Nation,* it is precisely this "crass materialism" that the Students for a Democratic Society reject. It is precisely the "dehumanizing" of modern society that they resent. Society's "main and transcending" concern, Tom Hayden writes, "must be the unfolding and refinement of the moral, aesthetic and logical capacities of men in a manner that creates genuine independence." However that is to be achieved, Blumenthal adds, it is not likely to be by way of "a house in the country and a two-car garage." The movement is purposely "anti-ideological, even anti-intellectual." It is precisely that rational commitment to logic and consistency—of the kind that can

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lead from game theory at the RAND Corporation to the use of napalm in Vietnam —that these young persons abhor.

Of late they have set about building things called "independent power bases" among the poor (a concept one fears may have been borrowed from the Strategic Air Command), but the striking fact about the famous Port Huron Statement adopted by S.D.S. in 1962 is that it barely, and then only indirectly, touches on problems such as poverty. It is addressed exclusively to middle-class intellectuals and college students: the "people of this generation, bred in at least modest comfort, housed now in universities, looking uncomfortably to the world we inherit." The world about them was so content with material affluence as to suppose it had attained stability, where in truth there was only stagnation. The theme of the Port Huron Statement is that men must *live*, not simply exist. "Some would have us believe that Americans feel contentment amidst prosperity—but might it not better be called a glaze above deeply felt anxieties about their role in the new world?" Man, they declared, had acquired a role of consumer rather than creator. His capacity for love, for creativity, for meaningful relations with others was being lost amidst the machinery of government. S.D.S. proclaimed a social system in which men would not only share one another's fate, but participate, each one, in shaping that destiny: "We believe in generosity of a kind that imprints one's unique individual qualities in the relation to other men, and to all human activity." For such a goal the Gross National Product is indeed a crude indicator of success.

Who are these outrageous young people? I suggest to you they are Christians arrived on the scene of Second Century Rome. The quality of life of that time remains difficult to assess, not least because triumphant Christianity did so much to put an end to it. James Anthony Froude, however, in his great Victorian essay "Origen and Celsus," gives us a glimpse of that world in his reconstruction of the mind of the Epicurean Celsus, a contemporary of Marcus Aurelius, who composed a tract concerning the illogicalities and misstatements of fact in Christian doctrine of such apparent force that Origen himself undertook to refute him. The second century was not unlike the twentieth, and, leaving aside the somewhat gratuitous assumptions of Europeans that they are the Greeks of this age, let there be no doubt that we are the Romans. It was a world, Froude writes, in which "Moral good and moral evil were played with as fancies in the lecture-rooms; but they were fancies merely, with no bearing on life. The one practical belief was that pleasure was pleasant. The very memory disappeared that there was any evil except bodily pain. . . ." It was a tolerant world that knew too much about itself to expect words and deeds invariably to conform. "Into the midst of this strange scene of imposture, profligacy, enthusiasm and craving for light," Froude continues, "Christianity emerged out of Palestine with its message of lofty humility."

Who were these Christians? They were first of all outrageous. They were "bad citizens, refusing public employment and avoiding service in the army; and while . . . they claimed toleration for their own creed, they had no toleration for others; every god but their own they openly called a devil. . . ." They had no temples, no altars, no images, and boasted just that. "Fathers and tutors, they say, are mad or blind, unable to understand or do any good thing, given over to vain imaginations. The weavers and cobblers only are wise, they only have the secret of life, they only can show the way to peace and happiness." Of learning they had little and cared less. Nor had they any great interest in respectable people who observed the rules of society and tried to keep it running; they cared only for the outcast and miserable. To be a sinner, they seemed to say, was the one sure way to be saved. They were altogether of a seditious and revolutionary character.

Such people were a bafflement to Celsus. If he spoke bitterly about them, he observed, it was because he was bitter. One can imagine him thinking, if not quite putting to paper, "Do they not see how precarious is the balance of things; how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

readily it might all be brought down?" He was every bit an admirable, reasonable man. "He considered," Froude writes, "that human affairs could be best ordered by attention and obedience to the teaching of observed facts, and that superstition, however accredited by honorable objects or apparent good effects, could only be mischievous in the long run. Sorcerers, charlatans, enthusiasts were rising thick on all sides, pretending a mission from the invisible world. Of such men and such messages Celsus and his friends were inexorable antagonists." His is the tone of the sensitive, and in ways holy, Inquisitor speaking before the trial of the Maid in Shaw's *Saint Joan:* "If you have seen what I have seen of heresy, you would not think it a light thing even in the most apparently harmless and even lovable and pious origins. Heresy begins with people who are to all appearances better than their neighbors. A gentle and pious girl, or a young man who has obeyed the command of our Lord by giving all his riches to the poor, and putting on the garb of poverty, the life of austerity, and the rule of humility and charity, may be the founder of a heresy that will wreck both Church and Empire if not ruthlessly stamped out in time." The Christians, Celsus declared, were welcome to stay and become part of the commonwealth, but if that was to be their choice, they must live by its rules. Otherwise be gone. Nothing was required that a reasonable man need find objectionable: to salute the sun, or to sing a hymn to Athene did no harm to anyone. Whatever private views one might have on the subject were one's own affair. But society had a right to allegiance.

Point by point Celsus took on Christianity. Point by point he won the intellectual argument, and lost the moral and spiritual one. For he was thinking about the world, and Christians were thinking about the soul. "Most persons," Froude notes, "would now admit that Celsus spoke with wise diffidence when he hesitated at the assumption that the universe and all that it contained was created solely for the sake of man. Origen is perfectly certain that God had no other object. Sun, moon, and stars, and earth and everything living upon it were subordinated to man. In man alone, or in reference to man, the creation had its purpose and meaning." God commanded that the world provide that which is needed by man: as he is weak there must be compassion; as he is sinful there must be the forgiveness of sins; and above all, as he is Godlike, his life must be seen as sacred. If that condition has never been achieved, neither has the Western world ever been the same since first embracing the belief that it should be. Can there be any mistaking that the New Left speaks to the rational, tolerant, reasonable society of the present with the same irrationality, intolerance and unreasonableness, but possibly also the same truth with which the absurd Christians spoke to Imperial Rome? Even Froude, professed and militant Christian, was not less a product of Imperial Britain, and in his grasp of Celsus' arguments, a certain affinity shows through. One recalls the curious moral judgments on display in his own essay, "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century."

> Among reasonable beings right is forever tending to make might. Inferiority of numbers is compensated by superior cohesiveness, intelligence, and daring. The better sort of men submit willingly to be governed by those who are nobler and wiser than themselves; organisation creates superiority of force; and the ignorant and the selfish may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness. . . . And the right of a people to self-government consists and can consist in nothing but their power to defend themselves. No other definition is possible. . . . When resistance has been tried and failed—when the inequality has been proved beyond dispute by long and painful experience—the wisdom, and ultimately the duty, of the weaker party is to accept the benefits which are offered in exchange for submission.

In truth, is there not a touch of this in the liberal doctrines of the American Empire, with its panoply of technical assistance, constitutional conventions, mutual assistance treaties and development loans, accompanied as it seems to be by the untroubled, or at least willing, use of as-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tonishing degrees of violence to help others perceive the value of going along?

The young people of the New Left know what they want; a larger, more diffuse group can best be described as knowing what they do not want, which is what they have. These are so-called alienated students of the present generation. The psychiatrist Seymour L. Halleck recently described them as "existing in a state of chronic identity crisis. . . . [their] constant cries of 'Who am I, I don't know what I believe, I have no self' are accompanied by anxiety which while subdued is nevertheless pervasive and relentless." Affluence means nothing and the increase in personal freedom that comes with growing up is as much as anything a threat to which the individual responds with "a peculiar kind of apathy and withdrawal. . . . Having failed to develop an internalized value system which allows him to determine his direction in life, he is paralyzed when the external world removes its guidelines and restraints." Such persons, Dr. Halleck reports, will occasionally involve themselves in campus protest movements and sustain the interest for a short while, but not long, which is perhaps just as well as "When he does become involved with the activist groups he can be characterized as the most angry and irrational member of that group." Sex and drugs are outlets, but joyless ones. They have everything, but nothing works.

Have we not seen this person through history, turning away from a religion that was failing him, rejecting its laws and opting instead for standards of conduct derived wholly from internal personal resources? The object of a liberal secular society being to induce human happiness, it more or less follows that those who reject it will choose to be unhappy and evoke their spirituality in despair more than ecstasy, but *mutatis mutandis,* are we not witnessing the emergence of secular antinomianism?

Not a precise, but an interesting parallel is to be seen in Sabbatianism, the mystical Jewish heresy that sprang up in the Holy Land in the seventeenth century and spread through large sections of Sephardic and then Ashkenazic Jewry. Gershom G. Scholem described this heresy in the Hilda Stich Stroock Lectures delivered in New York in 1938. Judaism faced a series of crises at this time: persecution, apostasy and, for some reason, a sudden impatience with the Lord: how long were the Jews to wander in exile? Scholem writes: "Doctrines arose which had one thing in common: That they tried to bridge the gap between the inner experience and the external reality which had ceased to function as its symbol." Sabbatai Zevi, a Cabalistic ascetic, and almost certainly a manic depressive, proclaimed himself the Messiah in Gaza in 1665, and eventually won a great following even though—and seemingly because—he went on to become an apostate! A singular quality of the man was that under the influence of his manic enthusiasms he would commit acts counter to religious law. Harmless enough at first, this practice developed among his radical followers into full-fledged antinomianism. "The Torah," the radical Sabbatians were fond of declaring, "is the seed-corn of Salvation, and just as the seed-corn must rot in the earth in order to sprout and bear fruit, the Torah must be subverted in order to appear in its true Messianic glory." This developed in time into a doctrine of the holiness of sin when committed by an elect who are fundamentally different from the crowd. It was of course a profound affront to Rabbinical Judaism, and in its extreme forms acquired a sinister cast indeed, but Scholem writes, "The religious . . . and moral nihilism of the radicals is after all only the confused and mistaken expression of their urge towards a fundamental regeneration of Jewish life, which under the historic conditions of those times could not find a normal expression." The heresy plagued Jewry for a century or more, and seems to have some influence in the rise of the openly antireligious doctrines of the French Revolution. Nathan M. Pusey has voiced his own serious doubts about "the idea that the way to advance civilization is to start over," but one cannot deny the attraction of just this view for persons who find themselves inexplicably not getting

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from society exactly those satisfactions society most confidently promises them.

Of course, far the most visible of the new protestants are those who do not protest at all, who simply smile, wave daffodils, cover the walls of their *quartiers* with graffiti suggesting we "Legalize Living," and wear their own variety of campaign buttons the quintessential of which demands with purest obstinacy, "Nirvana Now." These are the hippies. Lilies of the field. Bearded and sandaled, they live on air, and love and, alas, drugs. They seek not to change our society, but simply to have nothing to do with it. They are in quest of experiences wholly mystical and internal on the one hand, and tribal on the other. The modern American style of the effective individual functioning in a coherent but competitive society is not for them. Hunter S. Thompson in the *New York Times Sunday Magazine* recently reported an interview with such a young woman living in the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco: "I love the whole world," she said, "I am the divine mother, part of Buddha, part of God, part of everything." How did she live? "From meal to meal. I have no money, no possessions, money is beautiful only when it's flowing; when it piles up it's a hang-up. We take care of each other." Did she use drugs? Yes: "When I find myself becoming confused I drop out and take a dose of acid. It's a shortcut to reality; it throws you right into it." Did she pray? "Oh yes, I pray in the morning sun. It nourishes me with its energy so I can spread love and beauty and nourish others. I never pray *for* anything; I don't need anything. Whatever turns me on is a sacrament: LSD, sex, my bells, my colors . . . that is the holy communion, you dig?"

Perhaps not. Yet those assertions would have seemed perfectly clear and altogether admirable to a member of the Brethren of the Free Spirit (or the Spiritual Libertines), a mystical Christian heresy that permeated vast areas of medieval Europe, notably the teeming cities of Flanders and the lowlands, from the twelfth century onward almost to our time. Perhaps because its adepts lived in communities within larger polities, and never took over regions for themselves, and also, being clearly heretical, tended at most times to be more or less underground, little attention has been given the Brethren. But they appear to have significantly influenced the political, if not the religious, development of Europe.

In their mystical craving for an immediate experience of God, their antinomianism, and emphasis on ecstasy, the Brethren of the Free Spirit were not unlike the Jewish Sabbatians, or for that matter the early Christians. Indeed a certain correspondence obtains among all these movements. When they took matters to an extreme of public display, the Brethren, like those before and after them, both fascinated and horrified the orthodox. "The core of the heresy," Norman Cohn writes in *The Pursuit of the Millenium*, ". . . lay in the adept's attitude towards himself: he believed that he had attained a perfection so absolute that he was incapable of sin." Sexual promiscuity became a matter of principle, and marriage was denounced as an impure state. Eroticism and ecstasy were valued beyond all things as symbols of having achieved what was in truth a state of self-deification. In an age when wealth suddenly appeared in Europe, these heretics characteristically preached a communism of property, and chose to be utterly penniless: in Cohn's words, an elite of amoral supermen.

As with Celsus, we are forced to learn most about the views of the Brethren from denunciations by their enemies. Documents from Cromwell's England, a time when the Brethren, known as Ranters, were flourishing, leave no doubt, again in Cohn's words, that the " 'Free Spirit' really was exactly what it was said to be: a system of self-exaltation often amounting to self-deification; a pursuit of total emancipation which in practice could result in antinomianism and particularly in anarchic eroticism; often also a revolutionary social doctrine which denounced the institution of private property; and aimed at its abolition." The Quakers at first saw them as kindred spirits —and the two were often lumped together

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by others—but efforts at rapprochement were unavailing. The saintly George Fox came upon a group of them as fellow prisoners at Charing Cross. He proposed, we cannot doubt, that they meditate together on the love of God. They called instead for beer and tobacco. A comedy of 1651 by Samuel Sheppard describes the "Character of the roaring Ranters of these Times" in terms that are familiar to say the least:

> . . . our women are all in common.
> We drink quite drunk together, share our Oaths,
> If one man's cloak be rent, all their Cloaths.

A chorus goes:

> Come away, make no delay, of mirth we are no scanters,
> Dance and sing all in a Ring, for we are Jovial Ranters

And the verses fearfully so:

> All lie down, as in a swown,
> To have a pleasing vision.
> And then rise with bared thighs,
> Who'd fear such sweet incision?
>
> About, about, ye Joviall rout,
> Dance antick like Hob-goblins;
> Drink and roar, and swear and whore,
> But yet no brawls or squoblings.

It is said the youth of Haight-Ashbury are not much addicted to scholarship, and they may be pardoned for giving to their service corps the name of "Diggers," after the primitivist community established near Cobham in Surrey in 1649-50. (Such folk have an instinct for agreeable settings.) But they are nonetheless mistaken. Hippies are Ranters.

Supposing all this to be so, does it matter? I believe it does. In the first place these persons matter: they number some of the fine spirits of the age. A liberal must regret the loss of belief in another as much as a decent churchman would. In the second place, these youths are trying to tell us something. It was Chesterton, surely, who described heresy as truth gone astray.

Seen in large terms, it is clear that these protests have been generated by at least three problems facing our society, each one of which can be said to arise from tendencies that are distinctively those of secular liberalism.

The first tendency is that our optimism, belief in progress, and the possibility of achieving human happiness on earth, combined with our considerable achievement in this respect at home, have led us to an increasingly dangerous and costly effort to extend our system abroad. We are in the grip of what Reinhold Niebuhr has called "The Myth of Democratic Universality," the idea that democracy is a "universal option for all nations." The irony, of course, is that it is just because our own history has been so unique that we are led to suppose that the system that has emerged from it can be made worldwide. It is an effort doomed to fail.

No civilization has ever succeeded in doing anything of the kind, and surely none whose qualities are as historically conditioned as ours should even try. But it is not just that we shall fail: something more serious is involved. In his inaugural lecture at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Michael Oakeshott, succeeding Harold Laski, made a remark of some significance here. ". . . To try to do something which is inherently impossible," he said, "is always a corrupting enterprise." That, in a word, is what I believe has happened to us overseas. As our efforts repeatedly fall short of their pronounced goals, we begin covering up, taking shortcuts, and in desperation end up doing things we would never conceivably start out to do. Princes of the Church, modest sons of small-town grocers, begin proclaiming holy wars in Asia, while the man in the street acquires an appallingly troubled vision of those who protest. In the words of a Columbia student, describing the mood of a crowd watching a peace march: "War is virility; love of peace is bohemianism and quite probably a sexual perversion."

Liberals have simply got to restrain their enthusiasm for civilizing others. It is their greatest weakness and ultimate arrogance. Bertrand Russell suggests that the great Albigensian heresy, with its quest for per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sonal holiness and cult of poverty, was due at least in part to "disappointment of the failure of the crusades." Very likely it will be the success rather than the failure of *our* crusades that will most repel youth. Nathan Glazer has suggested that this generation is already marked by the belief that its government is capable of performing abhorrent deeds.

Not the least reason the American commitment to the diffusion of liberal democracy abroad has become a corrupting enterprise is that those values are not yet genuinely secure at home. This is an ugly fact we somehow never finally confront. At just those moments when we seem about to do so, something, somehow, comes along to distract us. Yet there persists in American opinion a powerful component that is illiberal, irrational, intolerant, anti-intellectual, and capable if unleashed of doing the most grievous damage to the fabric of our own society. A century of universal education has not destroyed this tendency, it has only made it more articulate. And it can drive the liberal elite to astonishing distortions. During this past year we have had to begin admitting that during the height of the cold war the United States government began secretly using intelligence funds to support organizations of liberal and even left-leaning students and intellectuals. This was done out of a sincere and almost certainly sound conviction that the activities of these groups would aid in the struggle against totalitarianism. Observe the irony: the liberals running American foreign policy were forced to resort, in effect, to corrupt practices—totalitarian practices if you will—in order to advance liberal causes—*because the popularly elected Congress would never dream of doing so.* The man most commonly blamed, of course, is a decent enough Irish Democrat from Brooklyn: his voting record is impeccably progressive, but neither he nor his constituents share the elite enthusiasm for intellectuals. In the explanations of it all a note even of poignancy enters: can you imagine, writes one former member of the intelligence establishment, trying to get the F.B.I. to grant security clearances to the Boston Symphony Orchestra? The problem goes beyond an affinity for Culture. We have not been able to get rid of racism, or to secure an equal place for Negroes in our society. (An effort in which liberals themselves have not been unfailingly helpful: Woodrow Wilson restored segregation to federal employment policies.) And we begin to perceive that Negroes are not immune to some of the less attractive qualities of their persecutors. We have not been able to get rid of poverty, and begin to perceive that some of our more treasured liberal reforms may have had unanticipated consequences that may even make it more difficult to do so. (Thus, having destroyed the power of the working class political party organization in our cities, we now pour millions of dollars of federal funds into projects designed to overcome the psychic effects of "powerlessness" among the poor.) And we have not rid ourselves of a brutal streak of violence. If the Administration has escalated the conflict in Vietnam, remember that the largest body of opinion in the United States would bomb the yellow bastards into the stone age, and a solid quarter specifically favors using the atom bomb. Cohn reports that the Ranters really began to flourish after the execution of Charles I.

A third problem that has contributed to the rise of youthful protest is, I would suggest, that as the life of the educated elite in America becomes more rational, more dogged of inquiry and fearless of result, the wellsprings of emotion *do* dry up, and in particular the primal sense of community begins to fade. As much for the successful as for the failed, society becomes, in Durkheim's phrase, "a dust of individuals." But to the rational liberal, the tribal attachments of blood and soil appear somehow unseemly and primitive. They repress or conceal them, much as others might a particularly lurid sexual interest. It is for this reason, I would suggest, that the nation has had such difficulties accepting the persistence of ethnicity and group cohesion as a fact both of domestic and of world politics.

Thus it is possible not only to sympathize with the new protest, but to see much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that is valid in it. At the same time we are required to note that which is dangerous. The protest movement is likely to grow rather than otherwise, for the educated middle class from which it draws its strength is growing, and will soon be the dominant American social group. Moreover, the forms of protest are likely to have a striking impact for the very reason that their object is not to redirect the system, but to disrupt it, and this is never a difficult thing to do. It is entirely possible that this disruption could bring to power the forces of the right, and this is indeed an avowed strategy. *Nach Hitler uns.* As the traditional radical Tom Kahn wrote recently in *Partisan Review,* it would be silly to blame the 1966 liberal defeat in California on the New Left and the advocates of Black Power, but "it is enough to say that what they could do, they did." In some forms the rejection of existing society is merely confused, and essentially sophomoric. This winter at Harvard, for example, a document was distributed by a left group that brought to light the fact that in certain regions of Alaska community affairs are under the control of "local politicians, a control that in practice has often been responsive to local interests." At another level, it is anything but. This year, also at Harvard, when a member of the Cabinet came as an invited guest, but under arrangements that did not suit them, the students of the New Left took possession of his person. Such tactics in the early days of Fascist Italy appalled civilization. They are not less objectionable on the Harvard campus. Kahn has described the New Left as "panic disguised as moral superiority" and others have noted how that panic subtly induces a fascination with violence—the most grievous of all possible liberal heresies.

To see history as an earnest evolution from the peat bogs to John Stuart Mill, or to the 1964 Democratic platform, is a simplicity that will not much commend itself to anyone any longer. Having read Mill and having helped draft that platform, I am for one aware of greater shortcomings than, say, the former's need to read Wordsworth at the onset of middle age. But neither would I reject the theme of J. H. Plumb's new series, *The History of Human Society,* "that the condition of man now is superior to what it was." Things are better, and where they are best is in the liberal industrial democracies of the North Atlantic world. I hold these regimes to be the best accommodation to the human condition yet devised, and will demand to know of those who reject it, just what they have in mind as a replacement. By and large the central religious and philosophical traditions of the West have led us to where we are now. Some of the heresies against that tradition have helped, and some indeed have been incorporated into it. But just as many have evidenced ugly and dangerous tendencies, of which a terrible certainty about things is surely the foremost.

The ancient Gnostics were a charming people, and there is much to be learned from their contrast between the hidden, benevolent God, and the Old Testament, law-giving one. But as Scholem writes, "The term *Jewish God,* or *God of Israel,* is abusive and meant to be so. The Gnostics regarded the confusion between the two Gods, the higher, loving one, and the lower who is merely just, as a misfortune for religion. It is metaphysical antisemitism in its profoundest and most effective form which has found expression in these ideas and continues to do so." The Brethren of the Free Spirit are nothing if not a lovable folk, but Cohn notes, "They were in fact gnostics intent upon their own individual salvation; but the gnosis at which they arrived was a quasi-mystical anarchism—an affirmation of freedom so reckless and unqualified that it amounted to a total denial of every kind of restraint and limitation." They were in fact the "remote precursers" of Bakunin and of Nietzsche: "Nietzsche's Superman, in however vulgarised a form, certainly obsessed the imagination of many of the 'armed bohemians' who made the National-Socialist revolution; and many a Communist intellectual, whether he knows it or not, owes more to Bakunin than to Marx."

To protect dissent, no matter how noxious, is one thing. To be indifferent to its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

growth is another. Men who would undo the system may speak: but they must be answered. The less than soul stirring belief of the liberal in due process, in restraint, in the rule of law is something more than a bourgeois *apparat:* it involves, I argue, the most profound perception of the nature of human society that has yet been achieved, and, precisely in its acknowledgment of the frailty of man and the persistence of sin and failure, it is in the deepest harmony with the central tradition of Judeo-Christian theology. It is not a belief to be frittered away in deference to a mystique of youth.

What we must do first of all is listen. Young people are trying to tell us something. They are probably right in much of what they say, however wrong their prescriptions for righting matters. Then we must respond. American liberalism needs to bring its commitments in balance with its resources—overseas and at home. Some years ago Robert Warshaw noted that "So much of 'official' American culture has been cheaply optimistic that we are likely almost by reflex to take pessimism as a measure of seriousness." It is just this unthinking encouragement of bloated expectation that leads young persons to compare forecast with outcome and to conclude that hypocrisy and duplicity are at work. What is asked of us is honesty: and what that requires is a great deal more rigor in matching our performance to our standards. It is now the only way to maintain the credibility of those standards.

If we do this we shall find, of course, that there is altogether too much that is shoddy and derivative, and in a final sense dishonest, about American life. I suspect we will also find that the awareness of this fact is more diffused within the American electorate than it will have suited the mildly dissenting liberal *cognoscenti* to imagine. It is one thing to read in Richard Rovere's "Letter from Washington" in the *New Yorker* that "This city is awash with lies and deceptions . . ." It is another to learn, as Rovere with his unmatched toughness of mind would insist, that two-thirds of the American people believe the assassination of President Kennedy to have been part of a broader conspiracy. The Catholic philosopher Michael Novak, commenting in *Commonweal* on the growing rejection of the American system by the New Left, has suggested:

> Perhaps the rumors that wealthy businessmen hired former CIA agents to assassinate Kennedy are the mythical expression of a growing perception of reality: a majority of Americans, and certainly a very wealthy and politically powerful minority, do not wish to see a further social, or political revolution in America.

These are signs of danger, as much as are the rioting cities and turbulent campuses. The foundations of popular confidence in the American system are proving to be nothing like so solid and enduring as the confident liberal establishment has supposed. The ability to respond to signs of danger is the essential condition of the ability to survive. It is not too much to declare that our ability is now being tested: it is always being tested. If we respond well to these signs of danger—and if we find a meaningful role in helping to transform the system for those who now attack it—we are likely to evolve a society of considerable nobility. But the first requirement is to acknowledge that what we have so far made of our opportunity is very much less than we should have.

The story is told of the building of the great Catholic Shrine of the Immaculate Conception in Washington: generations of truck drivers, coal miners, and cleaning women contributed their pittances to the coffers of the American hierarchy which slowly amassed the fortune required to construct this most fabulous edifice. It was a building that had everything. Nothing was spared of precious metal and lustrous stone. Nothing was spared by way of design: elements of every architectural tradition in the world were skillfully incorporated in the soaring facade and billowing dome. At last it was finished, and there followed a triumphant week of procession and ceremony, chorus and sermon. Then silence fell. The next morning a child was praying in the crypt when a vision of Our Lady appeared. Smiling that most beatific of all smiles, She looked down and said, "Build a beautiful church on this site."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Faith and Practice"

JOHN BALABAN

Lo, I see four men loose, walking in
the midst of the fire.
—Daniel, 3:25

Christians have always been pilgriming;
setting out with clamshell-hat and clapper;
begging barefoot and beating their backs;
hard seeking fellows, scabbing their skins;
swigging down wormwood, gulping down gall.
Just as soon would they fry on pyres
of martyrdom as bathe in a river of mercy.
Yet, ever since pitch-dipped Christians
lighted Nero's dinner parties, we have
understood the purgation of fire. Fire
shall come to roast up Babylon; fire shall
teach Ezekiel; fire shall light Job's pain.
Nowhere but in the bible of the spirit
could Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego
crack jokes in Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace.
O Lord, I go into a land where napalm
makes men dance a crazy jig; where
Nero sets his sights by human flares.
I ask for clear water, good earth and air.

✪ JOHN BALABAN, who is a conscientious objector, has just gone to Vietnam to begin two years of voluntary teaching in the Vietnamese public schools. "The poem takes its title," Mr. Balaban writes, "from a traditional Quaker text."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Prize: Essay Contest

"The Civil Rights Movement: What Good Was It?"

ALICE WALKER

Someone said recently to an old black lady from Mississippi, whose legs had been badly mangled by local police who arrested her for "disturbing the peace," that the civil rights movement was dead, and asked, since it was dead, what she thought about it. The old lady replied, hobbling out of his presence on her cane, that the civil rights movement was like herself, "if it's dead, it shore ain't ready to lay down!"

This old lady is a legendary freedom fighter in her small town in the Delta. She has been severely mistreated for insisting on her rights as an American citizen. She has been beaten for singing movement songs, placed in solitary confinement in prisons for talking about freedom, and placed on bread and water for praying aloud to God for her jailers' deliverance. For such a woman the civil rights movement will never be over as long as her skin is black. It also will never be over for twenty million others with the same "affliction," for whom the movement can never "lay down," no matter how it is killed by the press and made dead and buried by the white American public. As long as one black American survives, the struggle for equality with other Americans must also survive. This is a debt we owe to those blameless hostages we leave to the future, our children.

Still, white liberals and deserting civil rights sponsors are quick to justify their disaffection from the movement by claiming that it is all over. "And since it is over," they will ask, "would someone kindly tell me what has been gained by it?" They then list statistics supposedly showing how much more advanced segregation is now than ten years ago—in schools, housing, jobs. They point to a gain in conservative politicians during the last few years. They speak of ghetto riots and of the recent survey that shows that most policemen are admittedly too anti-Negro to do their jobs in ghetto areas fairly and effectively. They speak of every area that has been touched by the civil rights movement as somehow or other going to pieces.

They rarely talk, however, about human attitudes among Negroes that have undergone terrific changes just during the past seven to ten years (not to mention all those years when there was a movement and only the Negroes knew about it). They seldom speak of changes in personal lives because of the influence of people in the movement. They see general failure and few, if any, individual gains.

They do not understand what it is that keeps the movement from "laying down" and Negroes from reverting to their former *silent* second-class status. They have apparently never stopped to wonder why it is always the white man—on his radio and in his newspaper and on his television—who says that the movement is dead. If a Negro were audacious enough to make such a claim, his fellows might hanker to see him shot. The movement is dead to the white man because it no longer interests him. And it no longer interests him because he can afford to be uninterested: he does not have to live by it, with it, or for it, as Negroes must. He can take a rest from the news of beatings, killings and arrests that reach him from North and South—if his skin is white. Negroes cannot now and will never be able to take a rest from the in-

✪ ALICE WALKER was born in Eatonton, Georgia, in 1944. She attended Spelman and Sarah Lawrence Colleges, and she is the author of a book of poems and a novel, both of which Harcourt, Brace & World will publish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justices that plague them for they—not the white man—are the target.

Perhaps it is naïve to be thankful that the movement "saved" a large number of individuals and gave them something to live for, even if it did not provide them with everything they wanted. (Materially, it provided them with precious little that they wanted.) When a movement awakens people to the possibilities of life, it seems unfair to frustrate them by then denying what they had thought was offered. But what was offered? What was promised? What was it all about? What good did it do? Would it have been better, as some have suggested, to leave the Negro people as they were, unawakened, unallied with one another, unhopeful about what to expect for their children in some future world?

I do not think so. If knowledge of my condition is all the freedom I get from a "freedom movement," it is better than unawareness, forgottenness and hopelessness, the existence that is like the existence of a beast. Man only truly lives by knowing, otherwise he simply performs, copying the daily habits of others, but conceiving nothing of his creative possibilities as a man, and accepting someone else's superiority and his own misery.

When we are children, growing up in our parents' care, we await the spark from the outside world. Sometimes our parents provide it—if we are lucky—sometimes it comes from another source far from home. We sit, paralyzed, surrounded by our anxiety and dread, hoping we will not have to grow up into the narrow world and ways we see about us. We are hungry for a life that turns us on; we yearn for a knowledge of living that will save us from our innocuous lives that resemble death. We look for signs in every strange event; we search for heroes in every unknown face.

It was just six years ago that I began to be alive. I had, of course, been living before —for I am now twenty-three—but I did not really know it. And I did not know it because nobody told me that I—a pensive, yearning, typical high-school senior, but Negro—existed in the minds of others as I existed in my own. Until that time my mind was locked apart from the outer contours and complexion of my body as if it and the body were strangers. The mind possessed both thought and spirit—I wanted to be an author or a scientist—which the color of the body denied. I had never seen myself and existed as a statistic exists, or as a phantom. In the white world I walked, less real to them than a shadow; and being young and well-hidden among the slums, among people who also did not exist—either in books or in films or in the government of their own lives—I waited to be called to life. And, by a miracle, I was called.

There was a commotion in our house that night in 1960. We had managed to buy our first television set. It was battered and overpriced, but my mother had gotten used to watching the afternoon soap operas at the house where she worked as maid, and nothing could satisfy her on days when she did not work but a continuation of her "stories." So she pinched pennies and bought a set.

I remained listless throughout her "stories," tales of pregnancy, abortion, hypocrisy, infidelity and alcoholism. All these men and women were white and lived in houses with servants, long staircases that they floated down, patios where liquor was served four times a day to "relax" them. But my mother, with her swollen feet eased out of her shoes, her heavy body relaxed in our only comfortable chair, watched each movement of the smartly coiffed women, heard each word, pounced upon each innuendo and inflection, and for the duration of these "stories" she saw herself as one of them. She placed herself in every scene she saw, with her braided hair turned blonde, her two hundred pounds compressed into a sleek size seven dress, her rough dark skin smooth and *white*. Her husband became dark and handsome, talented, witty, urbane, charming. And when she turned to look at my father sitting near her in his sweat shirt with his smelly feet raised on the bed to "air," there was always a tragic look of surprise on her face. Then she would sigh and go out to the kitchen looking lost and unsure of herself.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My mother, a truly great woman—who raised eight children of her own and half a dozen of the neighbors' without a single complaint—was convinced that she did not exist compared to "them." She subordinated her soul to theirs and became a faithful and timid supporter of the "Beautiful White People." Once she asked me, in a moment of vicarious pride and despair, if I didn't think that "they" were "jest naturally smarter, prettier, better." My mother asked this; a woman who never got rid of any of her children, never cheated on my father, was never a hypocrite if she could help it, and never even tasted liquor. She could not even bring herself to blame "them" for making her believe what they wanted her to believe: that if she did not look like them, think like them, be sophisticated and corrupt-for-comfort's-sake like them, she was a nobody. Black was not a color on my mother, it was a shield that made her invisible. The heart that beat out its life in the great shadow cast by the American white people never knew that it was really "good."

Of course, the people who wrote the soap opera scripts always made the Negro maids in them steadfast, trusty and wise in a home-remedial sort of way; but my mother, a maid for nearly forty years, never once identified herself with the scarcely glimpsed black servant's face beneath the ruffled cap. Like everyone else, in her daydreams at least, she thought she was free.

Six years ago, after half-heartedly watching my mother's soap operas and wondering whether there wasn't something more to be asked of life, the civil rights movement came into my life. Like a good omen for the future, the face of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., was the first black face I saw on our new television screen. And, as in a fairy tale, my soul was stirred by the meaning for me of his mission—at the time he was being rather ignominiously dumped into a police van for having led a protest march in Alabama—and I fell in love with the sober and determined face of the movement. The singing of "We Shall Overcome"—that song betrayed by nonbelievers in it—rang for the first time in my ears. The influence that my mother's soap operas might have had on me became impossible. The life of Dr. King, seeming bigger and more miraculous than the man himself, because of all he had done and suffered, offered a pattern of strength and sincerity I felt I could trust. He had suffered much because of his simple belief in nonviolence, love and brotherhood. Perhaps the majority of men could not be reached through these beliefs, but because Dr. King kept trying to reach them in spite of danger to himself and his family, I saw in him the hero for whom I had waited so long.

What Dr. King promised was not a ranch-style house and an acre of manicured lawn for every black man, but jail and finally freedom. He did not promise two cars for every family, but the courage one day for all families everywhere to walk without shame and unafraid on their own feet. He did not say that one day it will be us chasing perspective buyers out of our prosperous well-kept neighborhoods, or in other ways exhibiting our snobbery and ignorance as all other ethnic groups before us have done; what he said was that we had a right to live anywhere in this country we chose, and a right to a meaningful well-paying job to provide us with the upkeep of our homes. He did not say we had to become carbon copies of the white American middle-class; but he did say we had the right to become whatever we wanted to become.

Because of the movement, because of an awakened faith in the newness and imagination of the human spirit, because of "black and white together"—for the first time in our history in some human relationship on and off TV—because of the beatings, the arrests, the hell of battle during the past years, I have fought harder for my life and for a chance to be myself, to be something more than a shadow or a number, than I have ever done before in my life. Before there had seemed to be no real reason for struggling beyond the effort for daily bread. Now there was a chance at that other that Jesus meant when He said we could not live by bread alone.

I have fought and kicked and fasted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and prayed and cursed and cried myself to the point of existing. It has been like being born again, literally. Just "knowing" has meant everything to me. Knowing has pushed me out into the world, into college, into places, into people.

Part of what existence means to me is knowing the difference between what I am now and what I was then. It is being capable of looking after myself intellectually as well as financially. It is being able to tell when I am being wronged and by whom. It means being awake to protect myself and the ones I love. It means being a part of the world community, and being *alert* to which part it is that I have joined, and knowing how to change to another part if that part does not suit me. To know is to exist; to exist is to be involved, to move about, to see the world with my own eyes. This, at least, the movement has given me.

The hippies and other nihilists would have me believe that it is all the same whether the people in Mississippi have a movement behind them or not. Once they have their rights, they say, they will run all over themselves trying to be just like everybody else. They will be well-fed, complacent about things of the spirit, emotionless, and without that marvelous humanity and "soul" that the movement has seen them practice time and time again. What has the movement done, they ask, with the few people it has supposedly helped? Got them white-collar jobs, moved them into standardized ranch houses in white neighborhoods, given them intellectual accents to go with their nondescript gray flannel suits? "What are these people now?" they ask. And then they answer themselves, "Nothings!"

I would find this reasoning—which I have heard many, many times, from hippies and nonhippies alike—amusing, if I did not also consider it serious. For I think it is a delusion, a copout, an excuse to disassociate themselves from a world in which they feel too little has been changed or gained. The real question, however, it appears to me, is not whether poor people will adopt the middle-class mentality once they are well-fed, rather, it is whether they will ever be well-fed enough to be able to choose whatever mentality they think will suit them. The lack of a movement did not keep my mother from *wishing* herself bourgeois in her daydreams.

There is widespread starvation in Mississippi. In my own state of Georgia there are more hungry families than Lester Maddox would like to admit—or even see fed. I went to school with children who ate red dirt. The movement has prodded and pushed some liberal senators into pressuring the government for food so that the hungry may eat. Food stamps that were two dollars and out of the reach of many families not long ago have been reduced to fifty cents. The price is still out of the reach of some families, and the government, it seems to a lot of people, could spare enough free food to feed its own people. It angers people in the movement that it does not; they point to the billions in wheat we send free each year to countries abroad. Their government's slowness while people are hungry, its unwillingness to believe that there are Americans starving, its stingy cutting of the price of food stamps, make many civil rights workers throw up their hands in disgust. But they do not give up. They do not withdraw into the world of psychedelia. They apply what pressure they can to make the government give away food to hungry people. They do not plan so far ahead in their disillusionment with society that they can see these starving families buying identical ranch-style houses and sending their snobbish children to Bryn Mawr and Yale. They take first things first and try to get them fed.

They do not consider it their business, in any case, to say what kind of life the people they help must lead. How one lives is, after all, one of the rights left to the individual—when and if he has opportunity to choose. It is not the prerogative of the middle class to determine what is worthy of aspiration.

There is also every possibility that the middle-class people of tomorrow will turn out ever so much better than those of today. I even know some middle-class people of today who are not *all* bad. Often, thank

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

God, what monkey sees, monkey *avoids* doing at all costs. So it may be, concerning what is deepest in him, with the Negro.

I think there are so few Negro hippies today because middle-class Negroes, although well-fed, are not careless. They are required by the treacherous world they live in to be clearly aware of whoever or whatever might be trying to do them in. They are middle-class in money and position, but they cannot afford to be middle-class in complacency. They distrust the hippie movement because they know that it can do nothing for Negroes as a group but "love" them, which is what all paternalists claim to do. And since the only way Negroes can survive (which they cannot do, unfortunately, on love alone) is with the support of the group, they are wisely wary and stay away.

A white writer tried recently to explain that the reason for the relatively few Negro hippies is that Negroes have built up a "super-cool" that cracks under LSD and makes them have a "bad trip." What this writer doesn't guess at is that Negroes are needing drugs less than ever these days for any kind of trip. While the hippies are "tripping," Negroes are going after power, which is so much more important to their survival and their children's survival than LSD and pot.

Everyone would be surprised if the Israelis ignored the Arabs and took up "tripping" and pot smoking. In this country we are the Israelis. Everybody who can do so would like to forget this, of course. But for us to forget it for a minute would be fatal. "We Shall Overcome" is just a song to most Americans, *but we must do it.* Or die.

What good was the civil rights movement? If it had just given this country Dr. King, a leader of conscience for once in our lifetime, it would have been enough. If it had just taken black eyes off white television stories, it would have been enough. If it had fed one starving child, it would have been enough.

If the civil rights movement is "dead," and if it gave us nothing else, it gave us each other forever. It gave some of us bread, some of us shelter, some of us knowledge and pride, all of us comfort. It gave us our children, our husbands, our brothers, our fathers, as men reborn and with a purpose for living. It broke the pattern of black servitude in this country. It shattered the phony "promise" of white soap operas that sucked away so many pitiful lives. It gave us history and men far greater than Presidents. It gave us heroes, selfless men of courage and strength, for our little boys to follow. It gave us hope for tomorrow. It called us to life.

Because we live, it can never die.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Like A Rolling Stone

RALPH J. GLEASON

Forms and rhythms in music are never changed without producing changes in the most important political forms and ways.

Plato said that.

There's something happenin' here. What it is ain't exactly clear. There's a man with a gun over there tellin' me I've got to beware. I think it's time we STOP, children, what's that sound? Everybody look what's goin' down.

The Buffalo Springfield said that.

For the reality of politics, we must go to the poets, not the politicians.

Norman O. Brown said that.

For the reality of what's happening today in America, we must go to rock 'n roll, to popular music.

I said that.

For almost forty years in this country, which has prided itself on individualism, freedom and nonconformity, all popular songs were written alike. They had an eight-bar opening statement, an eight-bar repeat, an eight-bar middle section or bridge, and an eight-bar reprise. Anything that did not fit into that framework was, appropriately enough, called a novelty.

Clothes were basically the same whether a suit was double-breasted or single-breasted, and the only people who wore beards were absentminded professors and Bolshevik bomb throwers. Long hair, which was equated with lack of masculinity—in some sort of subconscious reference to Samson, I suspect—was restricted to painters and poets and classical musicians, hence the the term "longhair music" to mean classical.

Four years ago a specter was haunting Europe, one whose fundamental influence, my intuition tells me, may be just as important, if in another way, as the original of that line. The Beatles, four long-haired Liverpool teen-agers, were busy changing the image of popular music. In less than a year, they invaded the United States and almost totally wiped out the standard Broadway show—Ed Sullivan TV program popular song. No more were we "flying to the moon on gossamer wings," we were now articulating such interesting and, in this mechanistic society, unusual concepts as "Money can't buy me love" and "I want to hold your hand."

"Societies, like individuals, have their moral crises and their spiritual revolutions," R. H. Tawney says in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. And the Beatles appeared ("a great figure rose up from the sea and pointed at me and said 'you're a Beatle with an "a" ' "—Genesis, according to John Lennon). They came at the proper moment of a spiritual cusp—as the martian in Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* calls a crisis.

Instantly, on those small and sometimes doll-like figures was focused all the rebellion against hypocrisy, all the impudence and irreverence that the youth of that moment was feeling vis-a-vis his elders.

Automation, affluence, the totality of instant communication, the technology of the phonograph record, the transistor radio, had revolutionized life for youth in this society. The population age was lowering.

RALPH J. GLEASON is a critic of jazz and other lively arts for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. His forthcoming book, *The Love Generation*, will be published by Doubleday.

Copyright © 1967 by Ralph J. Gleason.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Popular music, the jukebox and the radio were becoming the means of communication. Huntley and Brinkley were for mom and dad. People now sang songs they wrote themselves, not songs written *for* them by hacks in grimy Tin Pan Alley offices.

The folk music boom paved the way. Bob Dylan's poetic polemics, "Blowin' in the Wind" and "The Times They Are A-Changin'," had helped the breakthrough. "Top-40" radio made Negro music available everywhere to a greater degree than ever before in our history.

This was, truly, a new generation—the first in America raised with music constantly in its ear, weaned on a transistor radio, involved with songs from its earliest moment of memory.

Music means more to this generation than it did even to its dancing parents in the big-band swing era of Benny Goodman. It's natural, then, that self-expression should find popular music so attractive.

The dance of the swing era, of the big bands, was the fox-trot. It was really a formal dance extended in variation only by experts. The swing era's parents had danced the waltz. The fox-trot was a ritual with only a little more room for self-expression. Rock 'n roll brought with it not only the voices of youth singing their protests, their hopes and their expectations (along with their pathos and their sentimentality and their personal affairs from drag racing to romance), it brought their dances.

"Every period which abounded in folk songs has, by the same token, been deeply stirred by Dionysiac currents," Nietzsche points out in *The Birth of Tragedy*. And Dionysiac is the word to describe the dances of the past ten years, call them by whatever name from bop to the Twist to the Frug, from the Hully Gully to the Philly Dog.

In general, adult society left the youth alone, prey to the corruption the adults suspected was forthcoming from the song lyrics ("All of me, why not take all of me," from that hit of the thirties, of course, didn't mean *all* of me, it meant, well . . . . er. . . . .) or from the payola-influenced disc jockeys. (Who ever remembers about the General Electric scandals of the fifties, in which over a dozen officials went to jail for industrial illegalities?)

The TV shows were in the afternoon anyway and nobody could stand to watch those rock 'n roll singers; they were worse than Elvis Presley.

But all of a sudden the *New Yorker* joke about the married couple dreamily remarking, when a disc jockey played "Houn' Dog" by Elvis, "they're playing our song," wasn't a joke any longer. It was real. That generation had suddenly grown up and married and Elvis was real memories of real romance and not just kid stuff.

All of a sudden, the world of music, which is big business in a very real way, took another look at the music of the pony-tail and chewing gum set, as Mitch Miller once called the teen-age market, and realized that there was one helluva lot of bread to be made there.

In a short few years, Columbia and R.C.A. Victor and the other companies that dominated the recording market, the huge publishing houses that copyrighted the music and collected the royalties, discovered that they no longer were "kings of the hill." Instead, a lot of small companies, like Atlantic and Chess and Imperial and others, had hits by people the major record companies didn't even know, singing songs written in Nashville and Detroit and Los Angeles and Chicago and sometimes, but no longer almost always, New York.

It's taken the big ones a few years to recoup from that. First they called the music trash and the lyrics dirty. When that didn't work, as the attempt more recently to inhibit songs with supposed psychedelic or marijuana references has failed, they capitulated. They joined up. R.C.A. Victor bought Elvis from the original company he recorded for—Sun Records ("Yaller Sun records from Nashville" as John Sebastian sings it in "Nashville Cats")—and then bought Sam Cooke, and A.B.C. Paramount bought Ray Charles and then Fats Domino. And Columbia, thinking it had a baby folk singer capable of some more sales of "San Francisco Bay," turned out to have a tiny demon of a poet named Bob Dylan.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So the stage was set for the Beatles to take over—"with this ring I can—dare I say it?—rule the world!" And they did take over so thoroughly that they have become the biggest success in the history of show business, the first attraction ever to have a coast-to-coast tour in this country sold out before the first show even opened.

With the Beatles and Dylan running tandem, two things seem to me to have been happening. The early Beatles were at one and the same time a declaration in favor of love and of life, an exuberant paean to the sheer joy of living, and a validation of the importance of American Negro music.

Dylan, by his political, issue-oriented broadsides first and then by his Rimbaudish nightmare visions of the real state of the nation, his bittersweet love songs and his pure imagery, did what the jazz and poetry people of the fifties had wanted to do—he took poetry out of the classroom and out of the hands of the professors and put it right out there in the streets for everyone.

I dare say that with the inspiration of the Beatles and Dylan we have more poetry being produced and more poets being made than ever before in the history of the world. Dr. Malvina Reynolds—the composer of "Little Boxes"—thinks nothing like this has happened since Elizabethan times. I suspect even that is too timid an assessment.

Let's go back to Plato, again. Speaking of the importance of new styles of music, he said, "The new style quietly insinuates itself into manners and customs and from there it issues a greater force . . . goes on to attack laws and constitutions, displaying the utmost impudence, until it ends by overthrowing everything, both in public and in private."

That seems to me to be a pretty good summation of the answer to the British rock singer Donovan's question, "What goes on? I really want to know."

The most immediate apparent change instituted by the new music is a new way of looking at things. We see it evidenced all around us. The old ways are going and a new set of assumptions is beginning to be worked out. I cannot even begin to codify them. Perhaps it's much too soon to do so. But I think there are some clues—the sacred importance of love and truth and beauty and interpersonal relationships.

When Bob Dylan sang recently at the Masonic Memorial Auditorium in San Francisco, at intermission there were a few very young people in the corridor backstage. One of them was a long-haired, poncho-wearing girl of about thirteen. Dylan's road manager, a slender, long-haired, "Bonnie Prince Charlie" youth, wearing black jeans and Beatle boots, came out of the dressing room and said, "You kids have to leave! You can't be backstage here!"

"Who are you?" the long-haired girl asked.

"I'm a cop," Dylan's road manager said aggressively.

The girl looked at him for a long moment and then drawled, "Whaaaat? With those boots?"

Clothes really do *not* make the man. But sometimes . . .

I submit that was an important incident, something that could never have happened a year before, something that implies a very great deal about the effect of the new style, which has quietly (or not so quietly, depending on your view of electric guitars) insinuated itself into manners and customs.

Among the effects of "what's goin' on" is the relinquishing of belief in the sacredness of logic. "I was a prisoner of logic and I still am," Malvina Reynolds admits, but then goes on to praise the new music. And the prisoners of logic are the ones who are really suffering most—unless they have Mrs. Reynolds' glorious gift of youthful vision.

The first manifestation of the importance of this outside the music—I think—came in the works of Ken Kesey and Joseph Heller. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* with its dramatic view of the interchangeability of reality and illusion, and *Catch-22,* with its delightful utilization of crackpot realism (to use C. Wright Mills's phrase) as an explanation of how things are, were works of seminal importance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one any longer really believes that the processes of international relations and world economics are rationally explicable. Absolutely the very best and clearest discussion of the entire thing is wrapped up in Milo Minderbinder's explanation, in *Catch-22*, of how you can buy eggs for seven cents apiece in Malta and sell them for five cents in Pianosa and make a profit. Youth understands the truth of this immediately, and no economics textbook is going to change it.

Just as—implying the importance of interpersonal relations and the beauty of being true to oneself—the under-thirty youth immediately understands the creed patiently explained by Yossarian in *Catch-22* that everybody's your enemy who's trying to get you killed, even if he's your own commanding officer.

This is an irrational world, despite the brilliant efforts of Walter Lippmann to make it rational, and we are living in a continuation of the formalized lunacy (Nelson Algren's phrase) of war, any war.

At this point in history, most of the organs of opinion, from the *New York Review of Books* through the *New Republic* to *Encounter* (whether or not they are subsidized by the C.I.A.), are in the control of the prisoners of logic. They take a flick like *Morgan* and grapple with it. They take *Help* and *A Hard Day's Night* and grapple with those two beautiful creations, and they fail utterly to understand what is going on because they try to deal with them logically. They complain because art doesn't make sense! Life on this planet in this time of history doesn't make sense either—as an end result of immutable laws of economics and logic and philosophy.

Dylan sang, "You raise up your head and you ask 'is this where it is?' And somebody points to you and says 'it's his' and you say 'what's mine' and somebody else says 'well, what is' and you say 'oh my god am i here all alone?' "

Dylan wasn't the first. Orwell saw some of it, Heller saw more, and in a different way so did I. F. Stone, that remarkable journalist, who is really a poet, when he described a *Herald Tribune* reporter extracting from the Pentagon the admission that, once the first steps for the Santo Domingo episode were mounted, it was impossible to stop the machine.

Catch 22 said that in order to be sent home from flying missions you had to be crazy, and obviously anybody who wanted to be sent home was sane.

Kesey and Heller and Terry Southern, to a lesser degree in his novels but certainly in *Dr. Strangelove*, have hold of it. I suspect that they are not really a *New Wave* of writers but only a *last* wave of the past, just as is Norman Mailer, who said in his Berkeley Vietnam Day speech that "rational discussion of the United States' involvement in Viet Nam is illogical in the way surrealism is illogical and rational political discussion of Adolf Hitler's motives was illogical and then obscene." This is the end of the formal literature we have known and the beginning, possibly, of something else.

In almost every aspect of what is happening today, this turning away from the old patterns is making itself manifest. As the formal structure of the show business world of popular music and television has brought out into the open the Negro performer —whose incredibly beautiful folk poetry and music for decades has been the prime mover in American song—we find a curious thing happening.

The Negro performers, from James Brown to Aaron Neville to the Supremes and the Four Tops, are on an Ed Sullivan trip, striving as hard as they can to get on that stage and become part of the American success story, while the white rock performers are motivated to escape from that stereotype. Whereas in years past the Negro performer offered style in performance and content in song—the messages from Leadbelly to Percy Mayfield to Ray Charles were important messages—today he is almost totally style with very little content. And when James Brown sings, "It's a Man's World," or Aaron Neville sings, "Tell It Like It Is," he takes a phrase and only a phrase with which to work, and the Supremes and the Tops are choreographed more and more like the Four Lads and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Ames Brothers and the McGuire Sisters.

I suggest that this bears a strong relationship to the condition of the civil rights movement today in which the only truly black position is that of Stokely Carmichael, and in which the N.A.A.C.P. and most of the other formal groups are, like the Four Tops and the Supremes, on an Ed Sullivan-TV-trip to middle-class America. And the only true American Negro music is that which abandons the concepts of European musical thought, abandons the systems of scales and keys and notes, for a music whose roots are in the culture of the colored peoples of the world.

The drive behind all American popular music performers, to a greater or lesser extent, from Sophie Tucker and Al Jolson, on down through Pat Boone and as recently as Roy Head and Charlie Rich, has been to sound like a Negro. The white jazz musician was the epitome of this.

Yet an outstanding characteristic of the new music of rock, certainly in its best artists, is something else altogether. This new generation of musicians is not interested in being Negro, since that is an absurdity.

The clarinetist Milton Mezzrow, who grew up with the Negro Chicago jazzmen in the twenties and thirties, even put "Negro" on his prison record and claimed to be more at home with his Negro friends than with his Jewish family and neighbors.

Today's new youth, beginning with the rock band musician but spreading out into the entire movement, into the Haight-Ashbury hippies, is not ashamed of being white.

He is remarkably free from prejudice, but he is not attempting to join the Negro culture or to become part of it, like his musical predecessor, the jazzman, or like his social predecessor, the beatnik. I find this of considerable significance. For the very first time in decades, as far as I know, something important and new is happening artistically and musically in this society that is distinct from the Negro and to which the Negro will have to come, if he is interested in it at all, as in the past the white youth went uptown to Harlem or downtown or crosstown or to wherever the Negro community was centered because there was the locus of artistic creativity.

Today the new electronic music by the Beatles and others (and the Beatles' "Strawberry Fields" is, I suggest, a three-minute masterpiece, an electronic miniature symphony) exists somewhere else from and independent of the Negro. This is only one of the more easily observed manifestations of this movement.

The professional craft union, the American Federation of Musicians, is now faced with something absolutely unforeseen—the cooperative band. Briefly—in the thirties—there were co-op bands. The original Casa Loma band was one and the original Woody Herman band was another. But the whole attitude of the union and the attitude of the musicians themselves worked against the idea, and co-op bands were discouraged. They were almost unknown until recently.

Today almost all the rock groups are cooperative. Many live together, in tribal style, in houses or camps or sometimes in traveling tepees, but always *together* as a *group;* and the young girls who follow them are called "groupies," just as the girls who in the thirties and forties followed the bands (music does more than soothe the savage breast!) were called "band chicks."

The basic creed of the American Federation of Musicians is that musicians must not play unless paid. The new generation wants money, of course, but its basic motivation is to play anytime, anywhere, anyhow. Art is first, then finance, most of the time. And at least one rock band, the Loading Zone in Berkeley, has stepped outside the American Federation of Musicians entirely and does not play for money. You may give them money, but they won't set a price or solicit it.

This seems to me to extend the attitude that gave Pete Seeger, Joan Baez and Bob Dylan such status. They are not and never have been for sale in the sense that you can hire Sammy Davis to appear, as you can hire Dean Martin to appear, any time he's free, as long as you pay his price. You have not been able to do this with Seeger, Baez and Dylan any more than Allen Ginsberg

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has been for sale either to *Ramparts* or the C.I.A.

Naturally, this revolt against the assumptions of the adult world runs smack dab into the sanctimonious puritan morality of America, the schizophrenia that insists that money is serious business and the acquisition of wealth is a blessing in the eyes of the Lord, that what we do in private we must preach against in public. Don't do what I do, do what I say.

Implicit in the very names of the business organizations that these youths form is an attack on the traditional, serious attitude toward money. It is not only that the groups themselves are named with beautiful imagery: the Grateful Dead, the Loading Zone, Blue Cheer or the Jefferson Airplane —all dating back to the Beatles with an A—it is the names of the nonmusical organizations: Frontage Road Productions (the music company of the Grateful Dead), Faithful Virtue Music (the Lovin' Spoonful's publishing company), Ashes and Sand (Bob Dylan's production firm—his music publishing company is Dwarf Music). A group who give light shows is known as the Love Conspiracy Commune, and there was a dance recently in Marin County, California, sponsored by the Northern California Psychedelic Cattlemen's Association, Ltd. And, of course, there is the Family Dog, which, despite *Ramparts,* was never a rock group, only a name under which four people who wanted to present rock 'n roll dances worked.

Attacking the conventional attitude toward money is considered immoral in the society of our fathers, because money is sacred. The reality of what Bob Dylan says—"money doesn't talk, it swears"—has yet to seep through.

A corollary of the money attack is the whole thing about long hair, bare feet and beards. "Nothing makes me sadder," a woman wrote me objecting to the Haight-Ashbury scene, "than to see beautiful young girls walking along the street in bare feet." My own daughter pointed out that your feet couldn't get any dirtier than your shoes.

Recently I spent an evening with a lawyer, a brilliant man who is engaged in a lifelong crusade to educate and reform lawyers. He is interested in the civil liberties issue of police harassment of hippies. But, he said, they wear those uniforms of buckskin and fringe and beads. Why don't they dress naturally? So I asked him if he was born in his three-button dacron suit. It's like the newspaper descriptions of Joan Baez's "long stringy hair." It may be long, but *stringy?* Come on!

To the eyes of many of the elder generation, all visible aspects of the new generation, its music, its lights, its clothes, are immoral. The City of San Francisco Commission on Juvenile Delinquency reported adversely on the sound level and the lights at the Fillmore Auditorium, as if those things of and by themselves were threats (they may be, but not in the way the Commission saw them). A young girl might have trouble maintaining her judgment in that environment, the Commission chairman said.

Now this all implies that dancing is the road to moral ruin, that young girls on the dance floor are mesmerized by talent scouts for South American brothels and enticed away from their happy (not hippie) homes to live a life of slavery and moral degradation. It ought to be noted, parenthetically, that a British writer, discussing the Beatles, claims that "the Cycladic fertility goddess from Amorgos dates the guitar as a sex symbol to 4800 years B.C."

During the twenties and the thirties and the forties—in other words, during the prime years of the Old Ones of today—dancing, in the immortal words of Bob Scobey, the Dixieland trumpet player, "was an excuse to get next to a broad." The very least effect of the pill on American youth is that this is no longer true.

The assault on hypocrisy works on many levels. The adult society attempted to chastise Bob Dylan by economic sanction, calling the line in "Rainy Day Woman," "everybody must get stoned" (although there is a purely religious, even biblical, meaning to it, if you wish), an enticement to teen-agers to smoke marijuana. But no one has objected to Ray Charles's "Let's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Go Get Stoned," which is about gin, or to any number of other songs, from the Kingston Trio's "Scotch and Soda" on through "One for My Baby and One More [ONE MORE!] for the Road." Those are about alcohol and alcohol is socially acceptable, as well as big business, even though I believe that everyone under thirty now knows that alcohol is worse for you than marijuana, that, in fact, the only thing wrong about marijuana is that it is illegal.

Cut to the California State Narcotics Bureau's chief enforcement officer, Matt O'Connor, in a TV interview recently insisting, à la Parkinson's Law, that he must have more agents to control the drug abuse problem. He appeared with a representative of the state attorney general's office, who predicted that the problem would continue "as long as these people believe they are not doing anything wrong."

And that's exactly it. They do not think they are doing anything wrong, any more than their grandparents were when they broke the prohibition laws. They do not want to go to jail, but a jail sentence or a bust no longer carries the social stigma it once did. The civil rights movement has made a jailing a badge of honor, if you go there for principle, and to a great many people today, the right to smoke marijuana is a principle worth risking jail for.

"Make Love, Not War" is one of the most important slogans of modern times, a statement of life against death, as the Beatles have said over and over—"say the word and be like me, say the word and you'll be free."

I don't think that wearing that slogan on a bumper or on the back of a windbreaker is going to end the bombing tomorrow at noon, but it implies something. It is not conceivable that it could have existed in such proliferation thirty years ago, and in 1937 *we* were pacifists, too. It simply could not have happened.

There's another side to it, of course, or at least another aspect of it. The Rolling Stones, who came into existence really to fight jazz in the clubs of London, were against the jazz of the integrated world, the integrated world arrived at by rational processes. Their songs, from "Satisfaction" and "19th Nervous Breakdown" to "Get Off of My Cloud" and "Mother's Little Helper," were antiestablishment songs in a nonpolitical sort of way, just as Dylan's first period was antiestablishment in a political way. The Stones are now moving, with "Ruby Tuesday" and "Let's Spend the Night Together," into a social radicalism of sorts; but in the beginning, and for their basic first-thrust appeal, they hit out in rage, almost in blind anger and certainly with overtones of destructiveness, against the adult world. It's no wonder the novel they were attracted to was David Wallis' *Only Lovers Left Alive,* that Hell's Angels story of a teen-age, future jungle. And it is further interesting that their manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, writes the essays on their albums in the style of Anthony Burgess' violent *A Clockwork Orange.*

Nor is it any wonder that this attitude appealed to that section of the youth whose basic position was still in politics and economics (remember that the Rolling Stone Mick Jagger was a London School of Economics student, whereas Lennon and McCartney were artists and writers). When the Stones first came to the West Coast, a group of young radicals issued the following proclamation of welcome:

> Greetings and welcome Rolling Stones, our comrades in the desperate battle against the maniacs who hold power. The revolutionary youth of the world hears your music and is inspired to even more deadly acts. We fight in guerrilla bands against the invading imperialists in Asia and South America, we riot at rock 'n roll concerts everywhere. We burned and pillaged in Los Angeles and the cops know our snipers will return.
>
> They call us dropouts and delinquents and draftdodgers and punks and hopheads and heap tons of shit on our heads. In Viet Nam they drop bombs on us and in America they try to make us make war on our own comrades but the bastards hear us playing you on our little transistor radios and know that they will not escape the blood and fire of the anarchist revolution.
>
> We will play your music in rock 'n roll marching bands as we tear down the jails and free the prisoners, as we tear down the State

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

schools and free the students, as we tear down the military bases and arm the poor, as we tatoo BURN BABY BURN! on the bellies of the wardens and generals and create a new society from the ashes of our fires.

Comrades, you will return to this country when it is free from the tyranny of the State and you will play your splendid music in factories run by the workers, in the domes of emptied city halls, on the rubble of police stations, under the hanging corpses of priests, under a million red flags waving over a million anarchist communities. In the words of Breton, THE ROLLING STONES ARE THAT WHICH SHALL BE! LYNDON JOHNSON —THE YOUTH OF CALIFORNIA DEDICATES ITSELF TO YOUR DESTRUCTION! ROLLING STONES—THE YOUTH OF CALIFORNIA HEARS YOUR MESSAGE! LONG LIVE THE REVOLUTION!!!

But rhetoric like that did not bring out last January to a Human Be-In on the polo grounds of San Francisco's Golden Gate Park twenty thousand people who were there, fundamentally, just to see the other members of the tribe, not to hear speeches —the speeches were all a drag from Leary to Rubin to Buddah*—but just to *BE.*

In the Haight-Ashbury district the Love Generation organizes itself into Job Co-ops and committees to clean the streets, and the monks of the neighborhood, the Diggers, talk about free dances in the park to put the Avalon Ballroom and the Fillmore out of business and about communizing the incomes of Bob Dylan and the Beatles.

The Diggers trace back spiritually to those British millenarians who took over land in 1649, just before Cromwell, and after the Civil War freed it, under the assumption that the land was for the people. They tilled it and gave the food away.

The Diggers give food away. Everything is Free. So is it with the Berkeley Provos and the new group in Cleveland—the Prunes—and the Provos in Los Angeles. More, if an extreme, assault against the money culture. Are they driving the money changers out of the temple? Perhaps. The Diggers say they believe it is just as futile to fight the system as to join it and they are dropping out in a way that differs from Leary's.

The Square Left wrestles with the problem. They want a Yellow Submarine community because that is where the strength so obviously is. But even *Ramparts,* which is the white hope of the Square Left, if you follow me, misunderstands. They think that the Family Dog is a rock group and that political activity is the only hope, and Bob Dylan says, "There's no left wing and no right wing, only upwing and down wing," and also, "I tell you there are no politics."

But the banding together to form Job Co-ops, to publish newspapers, to talk to the police (even to bring them flowers), aren't these political acts? I suppose so, but I think they are political acts of a different kind, a kind that results in the Hell's Angels being the guardians of the lost children at the Be-In and the guarantors of peace at dances.

The New Youth is finding its prophets in strange places—in dance halls and on the jukebox. It is on, perhaps, a frontier buckskin trip after a decade of Matt Dillon and Bonanza and the other TV folk myths, in which the values are clear (as opposed to those in the world around us) and right is right and wrong is wrong. The Negro singers have brought the style and the manner of the Negro gospel preacher to popular music, just as they brought the rhythms and the feeling of the gospel music, and now the radio is the church and Everyman carries his own walkie-talkie to God in his transistor.

Examine the outcry against the Beatles for John Lennon's remark about being more popular than Jesus. No radio station that depended on rock 'n roll music for its audience banned Beatles records, and in the only instance where we had a precise measuring rod for the contest—the Beatles concert in Memphis where a revival meeting ran day and date with them—the Beatles won overwhelmingly. Something like eight to five over Jesus in attendance, even

* The Be-In heard speeches by Timothy Leary, the psychedelic guru, Jerry Rubin, the leader of the Berkeley Vietnam Day movement, and Buddah, a bartender and minor figure in the San Francisco hippie movement who acted as master of ceremonies.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though the Beatles charged a stiff price and the Gospel according to the revival preacher was free. Was my friend so wrong who said that if Hitler were alive today, the German girls wouldn't allow him to bomb London if the Beatles were there?

"Nobody ever taught you how to live out in the streets," Bob Dylan sings in "Like a Rolling Stone." You may consider that directed at a specific person, or you may, as I do, consider it poetically aimed at plastic uptight America, to use a phrase from one of the Family Dog founders.

"Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide," Martha and the Vandellas sing, and Simon and Garfunkel say, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls, in tenement halls." And the Byrds sing, "A time for peace, I swear it's not too late," just as the Beatles sing, "Say the word." What has formal religion done in this century to get the youth of the world so well acquainted with a verse from the Bible?

Even in those artists of the second echelon who are not, like Dylan and the Beatles and the Stones, worldwide in their influence, we find it. "Don't You Want Somebody To Love," the Jefferson Airplane sings, and Bob Lind speaks of "the bright elusive butterfly of love."

These songs speak to us in our condition, just as Dylan did with "lookout kid, it's somethin' you did, god knows what, but you're doin' it again." And Dylan sings again a concept that finds immediate response in the tolerance and the antijudgment stance of the new generation, when he says, "There are no trials inside the Gates of Eden."

Youth is wise today. Lenny Bruce claimed that TV made even eight-year-old girls sophisticated. When Bob Dylan in "Desolation Row" sings, "At midnight all the agents and the superhuman crew come out and round up everyone that knows more than they do," he speaks true, as he did with "don't follow leaders." But sometimes it is, as John Sebastian of the Lovin' Spoonful says, "like trying to tell a stranger 'bout a rock 'n roll."

Let's go back again to Nietzsche.

> Orgiastic movements of a society leave their traces in music [he wrote]. Dionysiac stirrings arise either through the influence of those narcotic potions of which all primitive races speak in their hymns [—*dig that!*—] or through the powerful approach of spring, which penetrates with joy the whole frame of nature. So stirred, the individual forgets himself completely. It is the same Dionysiac power which in medieval Germany drove ever increasing crowds of people singing and dancing from place to place; we recognize in these St. John's and St. Vitus' dancers the bacchic choruses of the Greeks, who had their precursors in Asia Minor and as far back as Babylon and the orgiastic Sacea. There are people who, either from lack of experience or out of sheer stupidity, turn away from such phenomena, and strong, in the sense of their own sanity, label them either mockingly or pityingly "endemic diseases." These benighted souls have no idea how cadaverous and ghostly their "sanity" appears as the intense throng of Dionysiac revelers sweeps past them.

And Nietzsche never heard of the San Francisco Commission on Juvenile Delinquency or the Fillmore and the Avalon ballrooms.

"Believe in the magic, it will set you free," the Lovin' Spoonful sing. "This is an invitation across the nation," sing Martha and the Vandellas, and the Mamas and the Papas, "a chance for folks to meet, there'll be laughin', singin' and music swingin', and dancin' in the street!"

Do I project too much? Again, to Nietzsche. "Man now expresses himself through song and dance as the member of a higher community; he has forgotten how to walk, how to speak and is on the brink of taking wing as he dances . . . no longer the *artist*, he has himself become *a work of art.*"

"Hail hail rock 'n roll," as Chuck Berry sings. "Deliver me from the days of old!"

I think he's about to be granted his wish.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Three Poems

WONG MAY

Dear Mama

By the same token I leave you,
I leave myself (with you). The
going forth

henceforth a grafted green
fit to live or die.
By the same token I leave

you living, dying, or
unfit for both, waiting

for my return: your
big eyes, short arms
that I inherited, failed.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Loved You

The 8 p.m. summer half-dark
you were stricken then with
this whip of sweat. My
hated power over the small

of your back, this streak
of lean, that streak of fat,
was not what it seemed, was
more than what I was willing

to admit: the curtains
were dragged down

with our weight, such
the importance of our

bodies: what the jays
outside with so much

fierceness avoided saying,
boxed our ears to a burst
of stars and fled.

I recall the shattered glass.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Summer Guide

I distrust, mistrust you equally:
the whole field of sun-
flowers charged, choked,
can't stand themselves
their earth electrified

their sky steers away rapid
west-west-wise. You distrust,
mistrust yourselves equally:

Your roots' stirrings beyond
all right or wrong, water-wise,
your faces

sun-drawn, tired now, accurate.
Guide me, misguide me
like blind

leads blind, after light
after dark through this
warm sun moist
blood-wise beyond
all taste or distaste

✪ WONG MAY, who is twenty-four, is from Singapore. She is studying at present in the Poetry Workshop at the University of Iowa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SYMPOSIUM

Confrontation: The Old Left and the New

Is the alleged rift between the New Left and the Old primarily a matter of generations? How do the political views and motivations of today's Left compare with those of the Left of the thirties? Has the Old Left anything of value to say to the New? To discuss these questions, THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *assembled a panel composed of two members of the New Left, Tom Hayden and Ivanhoe Donaldson, and two members of the Old Left, Dwight Macdonald and Richard Rovere. They met on March 6, 1967, at the Poetry Center of the Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. in New York, which co-sponsored the symposium. Moderating the discussion was Daniel Aaron, professor of English and director of the American Studies Program at Smith College, and author of* Writers on the Left.

MR. AARON: We might as well begin. Ladies and gentlemen, before I introduce the speakers there will be a brief prologue. I want to tell you very briefly how this panel came about. A little over a year ago Malcolm Cowley and Kenneth Burke suggested to Hiram Haydn, the editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, that it might be a good idea if the magazine invited some of the writers who had attended the American Writers Congress in 1935 to come back after thirty years to discuss that very dramatic event. They thought it might be interesting to have the story of the 1935 Congress recorded on tape and to find out in the process how some of the activists (I think that's what they would be called today) regarded their days of radical commitment. Four of the original attendants of that 1935 Congress—of course, there were a great many more—but the four who came to the recording session were Malcolm Cowley and Kenneth Burke (who had suggested the session, as I've said) and Granville Hicks and William Phillips. Muriel Rukeyser had planned to attend, but she was ill and so couldn't come. THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR published the tape recording of the informal symposium in the Summer, 1966, issue which some of you may have seen. I mention this symposium because at the end of the discussion during which I served as a kind of stooge or question feeder—and that's my role tonight, by the way—Malcolm Cowley, a bit prematurely, I think, compared himself to one of the last trees standing in the old forest, and he spoke of the new generation that was coming forward, a generation that spoke a language that he couldn't understand. And then William Phillips broke in and said that we ought to talk about—and I quote him—"some of the concrete qualities and views of the new generation." I think it might be interesting for you (it won't take very long) if I quote the last couple of minutes of this symposium. This is William Phillips talking:

> I'd like to make one observation I think might be suggestive about how intellectuals and writers function in relation to politics. In the thirties, I think we were acting on an implicit idea, the Marxian idea of the writer and the intellectual as the alienated man. And as the alienated man he naturally was outside of society. But having a little bit of class consciousness, he sided with the radical forces of society. That was his political role, in alliance with the working class and other active and strong social forces. Later the writer continued to give his opinions on politics, mainly because he was a celebrity, not because he was an alienated member of society, or because he was an ally of some progressive historical force, but because he'd written a television play or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

something. He was a celebrity, he was famous, and if he was famous, he was supposed to say something about what was going on, usually in protest to what was going on.

Today, I think we've got a different situation, and you will notice that the New Left doesn't feature established intellectuals and writers as such; it features people who want to do something, activists. They want to go to Mississippi or they want to demonstrate. Some things they're doing are wonderful, some foolish, but they are acting, not theorizing. They burn their draft cards, they march, they have sit-ins. They don't have their poets or their novelists issuing statements to the press. In this respect they've emancipated themselves from some of the Marxian assumptions taken for granted by most of the people who belonged to the League of American Writers.

MR. BURKE: I get about six petitions a week. They ask me to sign these damn things; I don't know where they come from.

MR. PHILLIPS: Not the New Left. No, not the young Left, they aren't circulating petitions for you to sign.

MR. HICKS: Didn't Irving Howe's statement in last Sunday's *Times* [December 5, 1965] sound essentially the same?

MR. PHILLIPS: Irving Howe is not a member of the New Left. Both Howe and the New Left would agree on this. As a matter of fact, some students once said to me, "You're not"—I told this to Irving Howe—"You're not like Irving Howe, you listen to us. Irving Howe doesn't listen to us, he's always telling us what to think."

MR. HAYDN: Perhaps it's time to wind this up.

MR. BURKE: Can we agree on one thing? Thank God for the enemy.

MR. AARON: I think that the whole question of the Left in the 1930's and the Left today might be the subject of another meeting which THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR could sponsor, and that would be a very interesting one indeed. I hope, Mr. Haydn, that you might be enough interested in it to sponsor us at another meeting.

MR. HAYDN: Don't think I won't call on you.

Well, Mr. Haydn kept his promise. And that's why THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR is sponsoring this evening's discussion—with a different set of characters, of course. This was deliberate. Since we held this symposium on the Old Left, a year—a little over a year and a half ago—the New Left has been scrutinized and analyzed and praised and attacked and sentimentalized and patronized in a number of publications, all the way from the New York *Times* to *Studies on the Left*. The *Partisan Review* and the *New Republic* have devoted issues to this question of the New Left. There was a much discussed article by Mr. Hal Draper in *New Politics* that provoked a number of very sharp rejoinders that some of you may have seen. So far as I know, (however, I'm probably wrong) this may be the first time that representatives of the *so-called*—and I'll underscore that word because I think two of our panelists resent the designation—the so-called New Left have met with representatives of the so-called Old Left to discuss on the same platform some of the questions that have been raised in these articles that I've just alluded to. Does the so-called New Left reject the radical generation of the 1930's? Is everybody over thirty suspect? If so, why? What chiefly differentiates the Old Left from the New? Do they share any assumptions? Are there any continuities that link them? Has the Old Left anything of value to say to the New Left? Do the experiences of radicals during the 1930's provide any directives or any warnings for the radicals of today?

Well, these are just a few of the questions that I posed to our panelists, and I don't know whether they're going to speak to them directly or not. Perhaps they'll come up in the discussion as we go on tonight. But, at any rate, I can't think of any four people who are better qualified to answer them. Mr. Tom Hayden has been affiliated, as you know, with the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) since its inception. He's also been deeply involved in the civil rights struggle and in the movement protesting the war against Vietnam. In fact, he's just written a book with Staughton Lynd, *The Other Side*, as you've surely seen in the reviews. Mr. Ivanhoe Donaldson is one of the leaders of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), an activist of activists, who, so I've heard, has probably been arrested for civil rights agitation more times than anybody in this auditorium. Mr. Richard Rovere has been a staff writer for the *New Yorker* for many years. He's the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

author of a number of notable books. His brief but authentic connection with the Old Left makes his presence here tonight, I think, very relevant, very valuable. Finally, Mr. Dwight Macdonald, who, I suppose, has never really stopped writing about politics since the middle thirties, when he belonged in a sort of way to the Left opposition. Like Mr. Rovere, he was an outspoken opponent of McCarthyism. And I would like to say now that—it is a personal opinion but one I believe in very strongly—his magazine *Politics* was surely one of the most brilliant and the most courageous journalistic experiments in the history of American dissent.

This is what we're going to do. Each speaker is going to talk for about five or ten minutes. After the last speaker has finished, I think that will be Mr. Macdonald, then the panelists will have a chance to cross-examine each other or make any comments that they want to make on what has been said. After that, I think what I'll do is simply raise certain questions that they may not have approached as directly as I think they might have (although I don't want to be intrusive here) and ask them to comment, each one of them, on these questions. Some of the questions may seem silly to you and silly to them, and if so, I'm sure they'll say so. And then when things get dull, we'll ask you to participate. So, we'll start with the first speaker, Mr. Tom Hayden.

MR. HAYDEN: Well, the people who now are called the New Left, I think, have turned out to be correct in expecting and acting on the assumption that what was happening in the United States was more the construction of an international empire than a welfare state. And now the question is whether or not the original worst fears and worst predictions of the people called the New Left will turn out to be so true that there won't be any operating room for any Left, New or Old.

At the beginning of the 1960's, we had two things happening simultaneously that made us feel change was possible, although difficult, within the American system. One was the installation of the new government in Washington, which promised reform and brought a feeling of reform to the country. And at the same time we had the birth of a civil rights movement in the South and a supporting student movement in the North, which reinforced in many ways the atmosphere that was already being generated by the new President. Now looking back on that, there are certain things that I think are important to remember. First of all, those people who started doing voter registration work, or direct action in the South, had schizophrenic or ambivalent feelings. On the one hand, feeling that we were all alone; on the other hand, feeling that there was a government in Washington that, when push came to shove, might support us. It was in a token way, but there was some legitimacy being given from the very top of our society to the things that we were doing in the South. On the other hand, it was obvious that civil rights workers were alone and that people were getting killed for trying to implement the Constitution. So at the beginning there was a set of mixed feelings about whether or not the country could be expected to support change. It took specific form in questions like whether or not the Justice Department could be trusted, like whether or not the money being privately put up by the Kennedy Administration for voter registration activity in the South was for real or an illusion.

Now, since the assassination and since the expansion of the Vietnam war, I think another perspective could be applied to that original problem that the new activists faced. And the new perspective is that that whole sense of the country being on its way to change was primarily artificial or accidental, rather than something that had genuine roots. It has a pretty simple explanation. First of all, at the beginning of the 1960's, when the young people got active, the civil rights issue was focused primarily on the right to vote and was located primarily in the South. Secondly, there was a certain point in international development when the Soviet Union and the United States felt mutually that there could be a tapering off or a stabilization of the arms race. So there was a sense of peace

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the air from 1960 to '63. Third, when the assassination occurred, one of the reactions to it, my own feeling anyway, was that there was a deep feeling of guilt or a guilt complex in the country that was looking for a way to express itself on behalf of the things that people felt that John F. Kennedy symbolized. And so you had some irrational support in the country for doing something about civil rights and peace, support based on an unusual combination of circumstances, rather than a real consensus. Then the Republicans put up Barry Goldwater for the Presidency and the country at that point was not ready for Goldwater, or felt it wasn't. And so Johnson gave him a real beating, partly with the help of that very deep guilt feeling. One of the consequences of that 1964 election was the establishment of a balance of power in Congress that was more liberal than conservative for the first time since the 1930's. So you had the political base for putting through a lot of the legislation, anti-poverty legislation and so forth—Great Society legislation—that the country sort of wanted, some of the legislation that had been warming over since the New Deal, and which had always lacked two or three or five or ten votes for passage.

But looking back on that series of events you see how deeply accidental they were in combination. The civil rights issue now is focused around matters that can't be so easily conceded by the white majority and it's located geographically in the North. Peace seems to be an exceptionally hollow word, and it looks as if the country is on a permanent war basis, not so much in relation to the Soviet Union but in relation to revolutionary or Communist-led revolutionary countries in the Third World. A lot of the guilt has subsided, and the 1966 elections definitely showed a restoration in the makeup of Congress. So, in a certain sense, the country has come back down off the horse of reform, that it was put on by a combination of freak circumstances, and we're now facing a situation much more serious than a lot of us thought at the beginning of the sixties. I would still define America as a liberal state with conservative, corporate goals. But even the liberal surface now is wearing thin, and we can see how very conservative indeed are America's basic interests.

This is serious, not only for the world, I think, but serious for the young radicals, because a lot of them got some of the basis for their hope from the fact that what they were doing was given legitimacy by Kennedy and by the people at the top. So now a whole new basis for hoping for anything has to be installed, or else you will get a real decline of political interest among the young. There's another reason this is serious. Instead of remaining rejected and isolated where it could decide on a new course in this new situation, the New Left is in danger of being swallowed up as a cultural artifact. The country apparently does not want the changes we propose, but it wants the image of being tolerant and friendly toward protest. Now anybody who is a spokesman—whatever that is—for the New Left—whatever that is—is harangued and harassed and asked precisely to do the things that the moderator spoke of. The New Left has now become a piece of fiction or a cut-out caricature. And the whole idea that we were building something of our own and using, developing, our own definitions for success and failure gets deeply corrupted or warped when you have to spend considerable amounts of your time interpreting yourself to the mass media or suffering at the hands of the mass media, as things go. And most of these things usually turn out to be a series of slightly older people trying to convince the younger people that their road is the correct one. That affects literally every analysis of the New Left whether it's —whatever shade of the Left or the moderates or the liberals that you're speaking of. So you start to lose track of your original agenda which was to try to work with people to build up popular institutions at the grass-roots level, where people will be able to deal on a basis of some strength with the country that's giving them trouble. You begin instead to fall into a framework of debate for the purposes of your own expansion and survival. You're faced with the choice of becoming so legitimate that you can't do any work or being given

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some kind of status as a freak in society to be listened to or related to, when the real issue is that no amount of effort by the Old Left or the New Left or the old liberals or the new liberals or whatever shade of social changer you're talking about has had a substantial success. To appear on panels of this sort is not a real sign of success, but of having "made it."

Real success means real social change. But no one has been able to prevent the development over the last long period of time, and especially now, of what I have to call an American empire. And that specifically means a country that's run on the principle of maintaining an absolute dominance for a fairly small number of people with a lot of money, a lot of prestige, a lot of military equipment—in almost every sphere, whether it's the war on poverty where maximum feasible participation of the poor was cancelled out as too drastic a strategy, or the Demonstrations Cities Program where they eliminated the phrase "demonstrations" because they thought that would give people dangerous ideas, or in much more serious situations like the one in Vietnam and in Southeast Asia where, try as we might to grasp at straws of hope that the government wants to negotiate a settlement, it becomes clearer and clearer that the most bitter prophets among us were always correct about what the United States was planning to do in Vietnam, or whether at a place like Berkeley where try as they might no amount of student power seems able even to obtain due process for students who are under some kind of pressure from the administration. So far the administration will not yield on the issue of whether or not a student dismissal proceeding should be treated as an adversary hearing where lawyers can come and the whole issue can be argued out. In other words, on the smallest questions and the largest questions the country tends to reveal an absolute will to dominance. The only space for people who want to change the system seems to be in theaters like this, or in magazines, but not in the world where power is accumulated, resources are built up, organizations grow strong. In that world, the philosophy of the country seems to be: If you give these protesters an inch, they'll take a mile. Or it is: Give them a bone. This, I think, is what's really on everybody's mind, whether they're Old or New Left, and I'd like to see the discussion really oriented to that this evening. What do you do in a situation where progressive movements, whether radical or liberal, have consistently failed, not simply for five years, but for many years before that, to prevent the establishment of a corrupt and imperial hegemony over the rest of the world, which is the obvious situation that we're currently facing?

MR. AARON: Thank you, Mr. Hayden. Mr. Donaldson.

MR. DONALDSON: I'm not sure who the concept of "the New Left" applies to, and I don't know what "the Old Left" means. But I do think that, in the past, people interested in social change were geared to national politics; what you have today is people interested in how one participates in the institutions with which we live, daily. That—indirectly, of course—touches on the question of how the government begins to move.

The key to me, of course, is the whole question of the situation of black people in the society today and their relationship to what's happening. Now, one could look at the peace movement and begin to wonder. You can get up and picket around the issue of Cuba one day, then the following week you get up and picket around Laos, and then the third week, Santo Domingo, and the fourth week, Vietnam, and then you go to Thailand, and then maybe you jump down to Rhodesia, and all the way down to South Africa, maybe up across to Korea, and you might worry about a little problem down in Argentina, a little problem in Guatemala, here and there, without ever feeling that you ought to destroy the entire foreign policy on which all those operations are based—without examining the power structures and the question of *who does our foreign policy represent,* what are its interests. It's hard to understand, for example, how one peace group can picket against the draft and across town another peace group picket against Vietnam—without amalgamating

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those efforts, without seeing the vested interests underlying both situations. I think that young people, particularly young black students, are concerned about the overtones of the entire foreign policy, the entire institution called America. Their interest is not in just the question of peace in Vietnam, because if you follow a strictly peace line, the question arises of what about Rhodesia, what about South Africa, what about Santo Domingo and what about all the other places where we have military establishments, and where liberation wars may be desirable. How does one deal with the entire complex and not just with what appears to be visible in the headlines today? We're decaying internally because we do not look at the entire complex. Take wealth. The wealthy man does not work except when he is looking after his money or, today, running for political office, or other such things. Yet people attack folks on welfare and say that they're lazy, they're this, and they're that. I see no difference between a person who's on welfare and a person who gets a million dollars except in the kind or quantity of bread that's available to them. A Kennedy gets a million dollars from his father for his head-start when he turns twenty-one; the welfare mother gets her sixty dollars a month and she's attacked. I want to know what's the difference, because I can't understand it. How can people talk about comforts, TV's and cars; how can a factory worker talk about better wages; how can college graduates compete for better salaries—without relating to the fact that a great deal of the national wealth is vested in moving for worldwide domination? To the fact that that wealth is vested in military defense? To the fact that we are a country that has moved not only to supplement Europe, but to dominate the entire nonwhite world? That this is a country in which when mothers uptown talk about black power, we tell them that they're racists?

Historically, the strongest black movements in the United States have moved toward internalization within the black community. A. Philip Randolph had his greatest power in 1941, when he talked about an all-black march on Washington. Today his political power is rooted, broadly speaking, in the white community. He has legitimacy, he has establishment, but where is his power? Can his power do something about Harlem? Marcus Garvey had political power; he had a political base. The Baptist preacher has power, to deal with resources. But most black so-called leaders have no power because they're busy with coalitions; with things like who they can call up on the phone directly, who they can get quoted with in the papers. That doesn't solve the kinds of problems that we're raising.

Then there's the problem that youth faces. What is the role of youth in a society that gradually grows younger everyday? By 1980, half of the American population will be under twenty-one. How does one begin to deal with that? How does youth survive in a society that seems to them a waste of time? People talk about the LSD crowd, the copouts, and I wonder: why *should* they participate? What is there for them? In the book, *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden,* there is a psychoanalyst who cured someone in Germany; two years later, that person was killed in a concentration camp. And I have to wonder who is really sick, that person or society. We tell people that murder is wrong, yet Cardinal Spellman goes to Vietnam and says, in effect, "Kill for the sake of God." Negroes are told that they should be nonviolent, in a society that's violent. These things are too contradictory.

How does anyone deal with the question of image versus reality? I didn't vote in the '64 elections because I felt the election was a myth. Goldwater had the image, and Johnson, let's say, represented the reality. The fact of the matter is, there was no difference. People said, Goldwater is so terrible; he's this, he's that, and a whole fear developed in the country around what Goldwater was, and what he could do. Then Johnson gets elected and carries out Goldwater's program. It seems, therefore, that the country is basically conservative; it basically moves toward conformity and it doesn't know how to deal with individuality; it doesn't know how to deal with differences.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That is also the whole problem of this panel. "Old Left" and "New Left." People have to be categorized. As far as I'm concerned, the term "New Left" was developed by people who don't work around me. They have to prove that there's a box they can put us in. It's just like the basic fear of this society is some crazy notion that Communism is the world's greatest evil. The religion of this country is anti-Communism. The way to put a man down is to point at him and say, "Well, you're a Commie." And he either becomes defensive or he has to move around it or he shuts up and says, "No, I'm not." That religion is another myth. It doesn't allow people space in which to develop and move, or to be different. The basic idea seems to be that if you can't categorize a man, then there's something wrong with that man.

We see myth again in the way urban problems are approached. People recognize that the city government of New York is not adequate to deal with the problems of the city. In no way. We have a city that's growing in population, but we talk about streamlining the bureaucracy; we talk about anything that's not so far out that people would begin to reject it. I think they ought to destroy the city government and talk about multi-governments, within the city, which could begin to meet people's needs on local levels. Create establishments that people can participate in. Create establishments that people can manipulate, that they can force to meet their kinds of needs. Otherwise we're just propagating myths.

My concern in the 60's is how we can manipulate institutions to meet the needs that we see and to meet the needs of people whom we relate to and work with, so that we can survive. One of the needs is to force education not to produce robots, but to find styles and ways in which we can use the minds of young people coming out of the schools today to solve the dilemmas of our society. We ought to recognize by now that the universities are not solving the problem; they're not producing thinkers, they're producing robots to meet the needs of the Establishment. The curriculum is so designed.

The reality is that we are a conservative society and we're a decaying society. We're a society that's built a world empire and will go the way that all world empires go: we'll fold and crumble. We must begin to create; we must begin to exploit our own individualities. We must not attack mere arms of the Establishment, like Vietnam; we must move to conquer the fundamental establishment altogether. I'm not interested, for example, in debate over whether one should support Kennedy or Johnson. Differences in personalities are nice, but don't speak to the problem of the political structure. You begin to wonder where all this romance comes from, about the differences in political personalities. We have to look at political establishments, and they are all the same, and it is the establishment structure we must change.

MR. AARON: Mr. Rovere.

MR. ROVERE: I'm afraid we're going to be ships passing in the night, for a while at least. Mr. Donaldson's last word was that political establishments were all the same, and if that's so, we might as well all go home, I suppose, right now. I've put down a few notes and generalizations, opinions about the New Left and Old Left, and in the light of the way we've begun they may not seem too relevant, but at least they won't take much time.

Like the New Left, the Old Left was not a single movement. It was divided in many ways and by many things. But a simple and convenient approach is to distinguish, as the C.I.A. does even today, between the Communist and the non-Communist movements. In the 30's there was a good deal of movement back and forth between the two—one day in 1939 I left the Communist Left and joined the non-Communist Left within a few hours—and now and then a certain amount of collaboration. But at any given time the distinction was fairly plain. The Communist Left was well-financed, well-disciplined and noisy, but it got nowhere and contributed nothing, or almost nothing, apart from giving some of its members a valuable lesson in and a distaste for totalitarian politics. The non-Communist Left was, I think, rather more successful than is nowadays generally rec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ognized. It contributed a few leaders like Walter Reuther to the trade union movement, economists and theoreticians who were influential in four Democratic administrations, some present-day leaders of the civil rights movement, among them A. Philip Randolph. It helped to develop some of the sharpest critics of American society, among them Dwight Macdonald, Murray Kempton and—should I say it?—Irving Howe, and a few others. Since some of these have more or less attached themselves to the New Left, it may be observed that at least a kind of tenuous continuity exists. I'm inclined to think that perhaps the most important difference between the two is to be found in differing degrees of alienation. Unless I am mistaken, and right now I don't think I am, there is on the New Left a spirit of undiscriminating rejection of society that never really existed on the Old Left, except possibly in the minds of a few doctrinaire Marxists. In saying this, you may think I am saying that the New Left is more radical, or more left, than the Old Left. I would not be adverse to putting it that way if the facts supported it. But it is not really what I have in mind. On the Old Left, it seems to me, the spirit was more a kind of selective hostility toward particular institutions. Thus, Norman Thomas wished to scrap the economic system but not the political system, which, by and large, he valued. The Old Left made war on American society when it judged its promises to have been breached by racism, denial of civil liberties, or anything else. The Old Left approached the society or community, which is a word I rather prefer, in a spirit that I, for one, find quite congenial. It looked for signs of weakness and of health in particular institutions, and then sought ways of remedying the weaknesses without impairing the strengths. I may be wrong in thinking that the spirit of the New Left is, in this respect, quite different. But I often get the impression that its spokesmen are so filled with disgust and contempt that they feel that the kind of analytical exercise that I would consider rational and necessary is, in fact, irrational and unnecessary. This, of course, has generally been the way with revolutionaries. But I would submit that a useful and effective radicalism has to be informed by cool, tough criticism. The least effective radicals have generally been those who have uncritically accepted some generalizing system. In the case of the New Left it might even be a nonsystem, since, I understand, ideologies don't count for much in it. About the societies they are trying to destroy or create, that part of the Old Left that surrendered its intelligence and confronted the world with slogans had no impact on any American institution, to say nothing of American life as a whole. But those who believed that there was a role for rationality in radical politics accomplished at least some of their ends.

MR. AARON: Dwight?

MR. MACDONALD: I agree with Mr. Hayden on two points that he made. One of them was the more general point that the poverty program has become a mockery and also that Vietnam is more and more pushing this country into the position of being a global imperialism rather than a welfare state. I agree with this entirely. I don't agree about Berkeley, at least as I understood his point. He wants to have any student who's fired from Berkeley—wants to have what they call an adversary proceeding in a legal sense and have lawyers making a point for him, and, I suppose, a district attorney and so on. I see no reason for so much fuss and bother about firing a student. I mean, if he didn't do his work. It seems to me this would make things even more difficult than they are now in colleges.

I agree with Mr. Donaldson that the 1964 elections were a fraud, and I wish the hell I hadn't voted for Johnson. And I rarely vote at elections, actually, but I did at this time because I thought of Goldwater. But, as we know, in important matters Johnson is not very different from Goldwater. I thought it was rather significant that Mr. Donaldson, when he was trying to think of a long-ago period of history that the Old Left might remember, took the McCarthy period, which actually, in my life anyway, is a very, very recent thing. But I'm sure that to him it seems to be way back in the old days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I must also disagree finally with Mr. Dan Aaron who said that I belonged in a sort of way to the Left opposition. Hell, I was a Trotskyist party member for years. I don't think that's "in a sort of way."

In 1946 I published a two-part essay in my magazine, *Politics,* called "The Root Is Man." And roughly what I tried to do in this lengthy article was to show that Marxism was no longer a serious guide to political action today, and the reason it isn't is because it's become so ambiguous. You have things like China and Russia today claiming to be Marxists and so on. And I prophesied that any kind of really serious revolutionary or radical action—by radical, I mean something that makes a fundamental difference in the structure of society—that any such action in the future in this country would be done by small groups without any idea of appealing to the masses in the way that all Marxist parties do. I predicted that these groups would be anarchistic and individualistic. Well, now this prophecy has come true in form. But it hasn't come true in content. It's like the witches' prophecy in *Macbeth,* you know. Macbeth thought he was sitting pretty but actually those witches told the truth, but it wasn't really the truth. I've been wondering about the Students for a Democratic Society, SNCC, CORE, and other aspects of the New Left. I've been wondering why I feel rather disappointed in them. I think because I assumed that these groups would have the same intellectual and moral style, as you might say, that my own generation had. And let me say what I mean by this. One, intellectually, that they would take the bourgeois culture as a mark to surpass and not as something to be rejected. I have the feeling that these New Left people don't really read very much and almost have a principled objection to thinking, as we used the term in my day anyway. And also that they, as Rovere has said here quite rightly, that they are so alienated from our society and culture that they are rejecting the whole idea of any kind of serious political thinking and investigation as being extremely bourgeois, which I think it probably is, as as matter of fact. I have nothing against the bourgeoisie. I'm a bourgeois myself. I've always been a bourgeois, and I think that the bourgeoisie have actually led all the great revolutions in the history of the Western world from 1779 up to the present. And secondly, the moral question. This is partly from their principled refusal to learn from the past, from history, because you have to go to a library, probably, and look up all those big dull books. But, anyway, it also seems to me that certain moral questions that we had gone into pretty thoroughly in the 30's now seem to be absolutely open again. I mean, they don't seem to have very much interest in them and also they don't seem to have learned anything. Now, for instance, the question of means and ends. This is something that we had a lot of discussion about because we saw what had happened under Stalin in Russia to a great program. You couldn't quarrel with the ends, but the means used to achieve these ends seemed to us to have infected the ends, so that the means were all that was left, really. And yet now—I won't say the two people here, the two comrades here, I should say —I'm not saying that you have this view but anyway there is sort of a general idea in this so-called New Left that one has sympathy more for China than for Russia, and on the grounds, which I think are completely mistaken, that China is a more revolutionary country, especially in the last year with these lunatic teen-age New Left young Red guards running around. It's true it's much more revolutionary than that nice old comfortable bourgeois state of Soviet Russia. But anyway, they seem to prefer China to Russia and they then have also to prefer Stalinist Russia to post-Khrushchev Russia, which I think is just simply perversity. At least I hope it's just perversity—if it's anything more than that, I'd be very sad. The New Left differs from the Old Left, well, first of all, the one positive way—it is more concrete. And I think that this is a very great thing, that they really try to do something themselves, instead of merely making the historical record the way that we did in the 30's and 40's. I think that the whole business of SNCC and CORE, and the whole business

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in Mississippi and Alabama, the way that they tried to do something about the race question in the South, was extremely good, and also Mr. Hayden's Newark Project seems to me to be a very, very good idea. We didn't do those kinds of things. I think this is certainly to their credit. But one thing I think is perhaps not so much to their credit, maybe because I'm an old person: it seems to be entirely a youth movement. In the old days—by the old days I mean actually as far ago as 1937, and '8 and '9—in the old days a big proportion of the membership of the left-wing parties was certainly young people. Even I was kind of young then. But the top leaders were all grown up, more or less mature. I say more or less because they really weren't very mature, but that's another question. But anyway they were grown up; they were grown-ups, you know. In the 1940's in the split of the Trotskyist party, for instance, the two rival leaders, Max Schachtman and James P. Cannon, were both of them solid, sober, middle-aged bourgeois citizens—ah, fairly solid. And their political careers went all the way back to the twenties. But the New Left, however, it's really a children's crusade, you know. Really. But then it is not organized by some cynical pope at all; no, it's a crusade in which the children, the kids themselves, are the leaders. So, everybody in the New Left seems to be under thirty, which I consider extremely young. That's too young really to be taken seriously. Now, I'm not in favor of the 1950's younger generation where people didn't do very much of anything. The Eisenhower, or apathetic generation, I'm not in favor of that, and I think it's very good that the young are now taking an interest in things. But I wish that they'd go to the library more and read things more. Sort of smarten up a little bit. However, it's good that they're doing something anyway. Good, good. But as I see it, they're frustrated. In the last three years, which to them is a very long period—and to me also, I must say, it seems very long—ever since Johnson began to escalate the war in Vietnam, we all have an increasing feeling of frustration and horror at what is happening in this country and at the fact we can't do much about it. So this seems to produce a kind of alienation, as Dick Rovere said, a superalienation from all American society, the good as well as the bad. In the old days we thought in terms of the whole society, the way Marx and the nineteenth-century revolutionaries did. And we also considered ourselves the legitimate heirs of the bourgeois culture. And an heir may detest and even murder his parents but he doesn't break off his inheritance. The New Left seems to think more in enclave terms. They seem to be really copping out, in fact, that very word is used by that Timothy Leary. I don't mean to make an amalgam here. I shouldn't have brought that up.

MR. DONALDSON: He's closer to your age than mine.

MR. MACDONALD: Pardon? Yes, he's closer to my age. You know how old I am? Oh, boy!

MR. DONALDSON: He's still closer to you than—

MR. MACDONALD: How old do you think he is?

MR. DONALDSON: I guess about thirty-eight, isn't he?

MR. MACDONALD: Thirty-eight? Well, I'm sixty-two. I mean, sixty-one. But anyway, I see this New Left as a kind of a withdrawal business. Because they can't change things. We had the illusion that we could change things in our day, because we thought that the forces of history were working on our side. Now this turned out to be quite wrong. They were not working on our side and nothing happened in a historical sense. The New Left confronts the situation, and I must say I don't see much else that they could do, but they do have to try to do something, and so therefore they make do with brighten-the-corner-where-you-are, so to speak. If you're a Negro, then you are interested only in the black power, black people and so on. You cut off from the society. It's all right to do that as long as you keep some of the gains of the society. One of the things that really rather alarms me about some of these New Left people, not the present company at all, is that they seem to hate their own country to such an extent that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are willing to believe any evil of it and any good of the enemies of this country. Now, for instance, I'm completely against Johnson's policy in Vietnam, and I think that as it goes on it's making us into a kind of a country that I don't like and have never seen before. On the other hand, I cannot see that there's anything very much to be said in favor of the Viet Cong. Mr. Hayden here was quoted by the *Herald Tribune* in a profile they wrote about him in the Sunday section, not exactly a quotation, but it said about his forthcoming book, *The Other Side,* written in collaboration with Staughton Lynd: "Tom compares North Vietnamese society with the decentralized America of the nineteenth century," and it said that he quotes de Tocqueville on this point. Well, I don't know. Maybe you were misquoted, Tom, but it seems to me a rather ignorant and foolish remark. I don't think that the Viet Cong are anything like that. I think they're pretty awful.

MR. AARON: Dwight, how about a few more minutes?

MR. MACDONALD: Okay. I'm sorry. Well, just let me finish then with a story I was told just today, as a matter of fact, by a colleague of mine at the *New Yorker.* She was talking to a young radical about the Warren Commission Report on the assassination and the reactions of the public to it, and he said, "Isn't it wonderful that two percent of the American people think that Johnson was behind the assassination of Kennedy?" She said, "Do you think he was?" And he said, "Oh, no. Of course not, that's absurd. But at least it shows that Americans are getting suspicious of their government." I think this kind of suspicion is really not a very creative kind of suspicion, and I think you can go too far in this kind of alienation.

MR. AARON: Well, I think that of the four speakers, Mr. Rovere stuck to the point pretty well, and there were some implications in the other speakers' remarks that were very interesting indeed. But I hope now that we can come back to the point of the Old Left and the New Left, which seems to have been skirted a bit. I imagine that Mr. Hayden and Mr. Donaldson would like to speak to some of Mr. Macdonald's remarks and also to Mr. Rovere's. So why don't you start, Mr. Hayden. You can talk, let's say, three or four minutes, and then let's have some kind of interchange.

MR. HAYDEN: Well the fact of the matter is that probably the so-called New Left reads more than previous generations of radicals. Ah—

MR. MACDONALD: That's not what Mr. Newfield said in his book.

MR. HAYDEN: Well, that's one of the problems I was talking about.

MR. DONALDSON: Who's Jack Newfield?

MR. MACDONALD: Isn't he on your side?

MR. HAYDEN: There aren't sides in this. I'm just trying to say that if you look at the composition of the so-called younger radicals, you find people who have gone through more college education, for instance, than previous generations. You find people who—

MR. MACDONALD: That doesn't mean anything.

MR. HAYDEN: I know it doesn't. I'm trying to demolish your remarks in reverse. Most younger people have read certain books over and over again, but they don't happen to be Marx, Engels, Lenin and Trotsky. But that they haven't read these volumes doesn't mean that they're unread.

MR. MACDONALD: But what are the ones, just as a matter of curiosity?

MR. HAYDEN: Well, let me go on with . . .

MR. MACDONALD: I'm sorry.

MR. HAYDEN: It seems to me that the differences lie—to the extent that there are any—not in what has been read or the degree of literacy on the Left, but rather in the difference of radical experiences. For one thing, most people like myself, at least, have had to unlearn much of what was learned in school. To take one example, there's no real basis in current literature, at least there wasn't in the fifties, to stand upon if you believed that people who were poor and uneducated could be organized into a political force. Secondly, in terms of experience, in some ways maybe this generation of radicals had higher hopes for this society than previous generations, and none of those hopes have been met. None of the promise of the country has been

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achieved. In fact, the reverse has turned out to be true. So much so that it seems to me, and I mean this more carefully than I know how to put it, that a case for paranoia can be made of the kind that Mr. Macdonald thought was rubbish, if I understood his last remark. For example, five years ago when we felt that the National Student Association was a C.I.A. front, we were called paranoid. And when we felt deep down that Johnson was a liar in the 1964 campaign, we were called paranoid. When we decided in winter 1964 to call a national antiwar protest because we felt that there wasn't the slightest basis for expecting that America would want to negotiate a moderate settlement of the war in Vietnam, we were called paranoid. And there are other things directly in our experience. One is being told that the Justice Department will save you, and having to combine that with the reality of seeing people shot down before your eyes, seeing Justice Department people using sheriffs' offices to make phone calls. And on a national level, there are the deaths of President Kennedy, Malcolm X, and a number of other people, that simply don't make sense, and which lead me to say that it should be within the realm of reasonable possibilities to believe that high officials of the present Administration were involved in the Kennedy assassination. There's no way to prove that. It most certainly doesn't mean that you should go around believing it and become an actual personal paranoid. But I'm saying there's a case, there's a case to be made for believing that we're governed by a pack of assassins. That's a believable intellectual case.

MR. MACDONALD: But what's the case exactly? You have no evidence for it. I don't know what you mean. I think this is absurd. There is no evidence for Johnson being implicated. It'd be nice and symmetrical if he was implicated. But he's not.

MR. ROVERE: That's not what he said, Dwight.

MR. DONALDSON: He didn't say that.

MR. HAYDEN: Well, see, it gets grimmer if you think in terms of there being an empire of sorts and Nguyen Cao Ky being the governor of our fifty-first state, and Betancourt being the governor of the fifty-second state, and Ian Smith being the governor of the fifty-third state, and so on. When you thus include people around the world who are assassinated, with certain Americans involved and other Americans knowing and consenting to it, the case grows larger. It's a complicated case that can only be put together through a lot of hard intellectual work, but it's a case—it's not to be dismissed as simplemindedness or paranoia or alienation from institutions.

The other major thing to be said about our recent experience is that attempts to negotiate a moderate change or achieve moderate change have so far been rebuffed. That's the framework, it seems to me, that you have to see black power in, not seeing it as due to frenzied intellectuals, or paranoia, or extreme alienation. The process of attempting to achieve integration that culminated in 1964, when the Democratic Party turned down the Mississippi Freedom Democrats, and which has been systematically denied ever since, leads one to look for other immediate concrete goals, rather than to pursue goals that are patently unachievable. You must grant this unless you have evidence that integration is realizable for the great mass of Negroes who cannot, after all, patiently speculate on its future coming. No white person in here will have more than token association with any Negroes in a lifetime. That's the reality of the society. It's not that all white people are necessarily racists, it's that the way things operate, it makes it almost impossible for there to be any contact. And when contact is attempted, it's rebuffed. If integration among equals is impossible, then those who are less equal than others must find the power—especially the black power—to keep from being subordinated totally. So again, from the basis of experience, it seems to me you can, you can see these things rather than looking at it in terms of infantilism or children's crusades.

The last thing is that, the main thing I think that I would want to say, in terms of where I would break from the official standard, is that I don't believe Americans on the whole are qualified to govern the world. But most people, most Americans,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

including liberals and left-wing people, are infected by a feeling that they should take over the government or they should transform the government and they should establish a revolutionary foreign policy, or they should establish a different foreign policy. What I'm concerned about is not simply the withdrawal of troops from Vietnam but the withdrawal of American power which is preventing people across the world from making their own decisions. That's part of what Ivanhoe was implying when he says, and it sounds rather minimal, that he wants space for differences to exist. But that means—if you're going to allow for a variety of people to share power in American society—that you will not have a consensus to impose with force on the rest of the world. It means that if you're going to allow differences at home, you're going to cut the nerve system that allows differences to be crushed abroad. That means ultimately that you have to say, and this probably is where there are differences on this panel, that Communism is not the worst thing that can happen to people, in fact in some cases it may be the best thing and, in any case, America is not going to be the Great Decider of that question for other people. The reason that you have to say that does not even have to stem from an identification with one or another form of Communism (which was one of the problems of the traditional Left). The reason that you say that is simply by looking at American anti-Communism year in year out. Number one, America will not tolerate the establishment of a Communist regime no matter how humanistic that particular regime is. Number two, the United States will not tolerate the spread of Communism no matter what variety there is. The only Communism the United States will allow, as if it was our right to allow it, is Communism that's coming into harmony with the United States—that is, Communism that is not revolutionary. Like the Eastern European or the Russian Communism that supposedly is being coaxed onto the "proper path." And the third thing about American anti-Communism that I notice, is that the United States has never offered a serious alternative. That in all the countries where the United States complains about Communists developing a power base, for years and years beforehand those countries have been fallow, they've been the American backyard. There have been plenty of opportunities for the United States and other people to encourage something else to grow there, and it hasn't happened. In that sense, the United States policy is politically bankrupt. It's inevitable that the United States will have to turn to the Marines wherever people get out of hand. Well, if that's the case, it seems to me that for the present we must forfeit our right in a very deep sense to have a foreign policy at all. We should turn inward to see whether we can govern ourselves in justice first. That means permitting real pluralism and real conflict at home.

MR. AARON: Tom, may we interrupt this for a moment?

MR. HAYDEN: I'm done.

MR. AARON: Okay, What I'd like to do now would be to have Dick Rovere make some kind of comment on this, and then Mr. Donaldson. And then we'll have some more specific questions because it still seems to me we keep skirting the main issue. Your metaphor of ships passing in the night, Dick, seems to be borne out, although I think this *is* a confrontation—that's certainly clear.

MR. ROVERE: Well, I would associate myself with most of what Mr. Hayden has said about Vietnam and about the notion of empire. I certainly don't think we're fit to rule the world, and I've doubts about ruling ourselves. I think one of the tragedies of, one of the worst things about, Vietnam—and I can get this out of the way in a moment—is that actually it is not the whole of American foreign policy since the end of the last war. Not the whole thing, by any means, nor are similar things that you may associate with it, such as the Bay of Pigs and the Dominican Republic and all that, the whole story. God knows I don't want to offer any generalized defense of American foreign policy, but I think that a part of American foreign policy is Public Law 480, which has fed a great many people in this world, and without

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extracting much of a price for it. I think it's nonsense to say that we tolerate no Communist regimes except those that are coming our way. There's the peculiarly complex problem of Rumania, for example, at this moment, which we're courting, but which is the most Stalinist, if you will, of all Communist regimes in Europe. I think that power obeys certain rules of its own. And most of them are pretty terrible, not all, but very nearly all. What strikes me most about Mr. Hayden and Mr. Donaldson is their notion of—their notion of the world really. At one point Mr. Hayden listing possible causes of paranoia said, "things that don't make sense." Well, it's very rarely in the course of history that life isn't full of all kinds of things that don't make sense, and nobody's planned it that way, nobody knows how to unplan it. It seems to me that when Mr. Hayden . . . ah, we get this in a number of phrases from the two of them. What is meant, for example, by the phrase "irrational support" for civil rights, when you were talking about 1965 and 1966? What's irrational about it? What were the freak circumstances? You used the word freak twice.

MR. HAYDEN: That it was Southern and that it was based on the right to vote.

MR. ROVERE: Well, that's not . . . I don't think that's freakish . . . it's historical; it develops out of a course of history. Why do you say the 1966 elections were a "restoration"? Why any more than the 1964 elections? A restoration of what? If you want to posit the fact that this is a basically conservative society, so that any move to the right is conservative, then I can understand the term restoration. I think you might at the same time recognize that most societies in this world are conservative in their own terms, and that change is always the difficult thing. The conservative impulse is forever the strongest one in any given society. And finally I want to say that on this whole question of the nature of society, I think that there has to be an appreciation by radicals of any kind, New, Old Left, any sort, that the very idea of society, the very society itself is a very fragile thing. It's a very difficult thing to build up any kind of society, small units, large units, middle-sized units, and if you go to parts of the world where societies are in the process of being born, the problems of getting the basic cohesion that you need to get any kind of decision, good, bad or indifferent, take it, are very difficult things, and then if you go to advanced societies, and I would cite Germany for one, you see how fragile the whole notion is there, how devilishly hard it is to get a human society in which decency has any room to function.

MR. AARON: Mr. Donaldson.

MR. DONALDSON: Well, I have a couple of points I want to try and pin down. It seems to me that the members of the panel claim to be the Old . . . That particular one on my right—his major program is criticism of us. I sort of resent that in some ways. Western culture—Western society—I think it's offered very little, you know, to how people must survive independently, individually, to move and to live and to be creative. I think it hasn't offered that at all. There's a lot to be desired about Western society, and I think that people should struggle to build that and create that. And if other people want to knock it, well, they can do that. But I see nothing wrong in people struggling to create and build something positive that they can live with. I think a lot of people are trying to deal with that kind of problem.

Ideology is a very mythical and mystical area. The papers say a hundred and seventeen Communists were killed yesterday in Vietnam. We kill peasants and call them Communists. In this country guys get drafted; are they all capitalists? Can they spell that, define it, do they understand free enterprise? There's no education in our newspapers. No understanding of a people fighting for their own land. It seems to me that people have a right to struggle for what's theirs and if the ideology is not ours, it's still their country and they struggle for it. It's not my job to be over there saying, "If I got out of here, you'd destroy yourselves, let me kill you instead."

I would like to comment on two criticisms or categorical images made of the New Left, insofar as the term seems to apply to people with whom I work. The first is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the New Left doesn't read. The fact is that there are members of the present generation who do a great deal of reading. There are more books on the market, there's more writing going on. There's a great deal of reading about ideas, concepts and things that people are doing outside as well as in this country. People take what they read and accept or reject it in terms of how they feel.

But on another level, I would not use reading as a measure of being knowledgeable. I think that that's a mistake; that's one of the attitudes of the American middle class and the American intellectual. If you don't read, you can't know. That's an American myth which has to be squelched.

The second is the "youngness" of the so-called New Left. It seems to me that the movement today is oriented to a broad range of age groups. It's interested in certain styles rather than age group. I think that Mr. Steptoe and Mrs. Hamer in Mississippi are as much a part of what I'm interested in doing as I am a part of what they're interested in doing, and they happen to be at least twice my age. So I don't categorize the movement that way. The people who built the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party seem to me to have offered as much to society as any group of radicals in the 30's. I'm not saying that they've done something better or more sophisticated, but something that means as much to them in terms of their involvement with their society, affirming the needs of their lives. It seems to me that's what's important. That's what must be developed: the ability of people to begin to move and not be dominated or blinded by what they're fed in newspapers, or on the idiot box. They move on the basis of things they can relate and orient to. They move on the basis of their knowledge, not on the basis of a middle-class image of the poor. This is one reason why I feel resentful when the government of this country in the Moynihan Report says that what's wrong with the black community is that it doesn't have a match-box mother and father and two kids. Especially when we know that middle-class white America is falling apart.

Black power has been heavily attacked by Old Leftists. Reuther, who is supposedly a socialist, attacks black power. That gives the attacks more legitimacy. But what is Reuther's program for the Detroit ghettos? How does he make that union not just compete for three or five or twenty cents more an hour, but deal with the questions that people face? People don't just face the problem of making more money. A lot of people who work hard and who are doing fairly well still face the complexities of the society—how one can survive and move inside of that society. The college graduate can't figure out how he fits in, how he gives meaning to the job that he does. The welfare worker wants to do something progressive in terms of his client, but is bogged down by bureaucratic rules. There's no space, no way he can deal with the problems as he sees them on the streets working everyday with people. These are some of the things we want to challenge, to change.

The Civilian Review Board which got defeated was never adequate anyway. I mean, if people are going to be honest. It couldn't have dealt with the Gallashaw case in Brooklyn. It could never deal with the Harlem Six. The people who utilized it weren't the people who get their pocketbooks stolen on the streets of Harlem, who get mugged and brutalized by policemen in south Jamaica. They're not the young kids who have to pay off the local policemen to keep their hustle going on the corner. You know, it does not relate to society as it is among the poor. It relates to society as middle-class America thinks it is among the poor. And there's a big difference. And that's one of the problems about poverty. Jack Newfield's criticisms and definitions of the New Left, who is Jack Newfield to do this? I mean, where's he been active? Has he done anything—who is he? And you know, I would carry that further. For people to tell me that it was Michael Harrington's eyes that opened up the country to the question of poverty! What about those thirty million people who have been living in what he wrote about? You know, it's just as absurd for him to write about that and for the country to respond to his book as it is for Johnson to go to Asia and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talk about it's time to build a new Asia. You have to say, well, what happened to the old Asia? Where are people's involvements there? And who the heck is this guy to come over here and start telling us how we ought to live. And that's the way I feel about it when the government of this country says what's wrong with the black community in this country is it doesn't have a match-box mother and a father and two kids, and if it had that, everything would be fine. When we know that middle-class America is falling apart all over the place.

MR. AARON: Can I interrupt you at this point now and then we can come back again perhaps . . .

MR. DONALDSON: I would just like to get out this other point I want to make . . .

MR. AARON: All right.

MR. DONALDSON: The attitude toward the youngness of the New Left is paternalistic. In a country where most people are under thirty, it's the same kind of paternalism that white American society has had toward black people. Adults refuse to understand how people get subverted, get forced into establishments and then aren't able to deal with the questions of change. What is wrong, in fact, with youth thinking this society is a mess, being explosive, being dynamic? We're disgusted with Western society, Western culture, but we are still struggling. We're alienated but still want to do something about it.

MR. MACDONALD: Well, you've illustrated, Mr. Donaldson, some of what I was trying to say. Now, look, first of all, obviously we're all for youth and old people, too, to be rebellious and daring and so on, revolutionary—absolutely, I agree with you. Also on the Vietnam question, complete agreement. And also on the general lousiness of American society, I agree with you. Well, I don't think it's quite as bad as you do. But I think it's pretty bad. But then you began by talking about this Newfield book. I don't know who Jack Newfield is, but he wrote a book that seems to me quite sympathetic and with some interesting data, certainly not a sensationalistic book, about the New Left. And then you say, who is he to write about the New Left? Well, I don't know, for all I know he may be—is a—somebody in the New Left. But I don't know. But why can't anybody write about anything? What is this objection, for instance, to Michael Harrington's writing about poverty? You said Harrington wrote a book about poverty which you said certain people claim was the thing that gave Kennedy the idea for the war against poverty. Which I hear is true, and as a matter of fact I might add that it was actually my review of Harrington's book that did it. In the *New Yorker*. But, anyway, Harrington and I did it between us. All right. Now then, you say, what right do Harrington and Macdonald have to write a book about poverty. That's what you said.

MR. DONALDSON: That's not what I said.

MR. MACDONALD: Well, what did you say, what's your objection to Harrington's book, which I thought was an extremely good book?

MR. DONALDSON: My point is that there are certain attitudes which you possess . . . that the Old Left and the socialists and the Western thinkers are the only people that have anything, only people that have ideas and concepts . . .

MR. MACDONALD: No, not at all.

MR. DONALDSON: My reality is this, see. Mississippi . . .

MR. MACDONALD: No.

MR. DONALDSON: . . . existed . . .

MR. MACDONALD: No, but . . .

MR. DONALDSON: Let me finish what I'm saying.

MR. MACDONALD: Talk about the subject . . .

MR. DONALDSON: You know, I let you speak. You asked me to comment. I'll do that.

MR. MACDONALD: Get on the subject. Harrington.

MR. DONALDSON: Do you want me to comment?

MR. MACDONALD: Yeah.

MR. DONALDSON: Well, I will do it my way.

MR. MACDONALD: Okay, but . . .

MR. DONALDSON: Thank you. You know, I feel the same way . . .

MR. MACDONALD: . . . you . . .

MR. DONALDSON: Look, why don't you speak?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. MACDONALD: Okay . . .

MR. DONALDSON: I'm not knocking Harrington for writing the book. But I'm knocking the attitudes that come around where people can say, ah, there must be poverty, because Harrington says so. It's like the New York *Times* coming out with an article that ghetto stores gyp people. You know, that's absurd. They've always gypped people and the people in the ghettos have always known it and have always complained about it. Tom made a comment about assassinations, and both of you, you know, the two so-called Old Leftists, may decide to make comments about that. The fact of the matter is that political assassinations—Herbert Lee was politically assassinated in Mississippi, a government sort of official, Colonel Penn, was assassinated in Georgia. You know Goodman, Schwerner and Chaney were assassinated by government officials, which this government doesn't deal with, so you have government assassinations and it's not . . .

MR. MACDONALD: You have . . .

MR. DONALDSON: Look, let me finish . . .

MR. AARON: Okay, I'll moderate . . .

MR. DONALDSON: And it's not necessary for Warren to get paranoiac about how to deal with it. That's a reality in this country and people have to build on it. My point is that this country has a way of not responding to needs till they think of what they call established sources, legitimizing it. My point is that people can legitimize themselves. You don't take an established source to give you legitimacy. White people do not have the right to give legitimacy to black people. They don't have the right, as a matter of fact, in my opinion, to pass a civil rights bill when they have a Constitution that says the citizens have the right to vote. You know, it seems to me they ought to pass a law against government officials who deny that vote. That's what's needed in this society. The penal punishment of people who deny the right to vote. Not saying that black people have the right to vote. As citizens, they have that right. And they ought to try to find styles to enforce that right, not saying, you know, this great liberal establishment with its leftist-type people, and prodding from the so-called New Leftist-type people, have given this. The farce about it is they never bother to build, to enforce. The same thing is true about my comment about poverty. Books are written. The first grants from the poverty program went out for more studies to be made about poverty by universities. You know the largest grant went to the University of California. But they never dealt with the problems of how one enforces and deals with the fundamental institutions that develop poverty. And I'm concerned about those fundamental institutions. Creating and building on that—that's what we're talking about.

MR. MACDONALD: All right. Well . . .

MR. AARON: One more minute.

MR. MACDONALD: I think, to get back on the point for a minute, most of what you said seems to me completely irrelevant to what we were talking about. The fact that the civil rights laws have to be passed now to put more teeth into the enforcement of what is actually in the Constitution—you're quite right. The Constitution was made by white bourgeois lawmakers, but anyway, it's a constitution and a damn good one, I think. But it needed new teeth, and why do you object to this? Nor can I see any reason for your objection to Harrington writing this book or my writing a review of it.

MR. DONALDSON: I didn't . . .

MR. MACDONALD: All right, but look. You say the poverty program has been quite a dud. I think it has been, that's true, but certainly better to be aware of this problem than not. Now, on black power . . . the objection to black power from my point of view is that it makes discriminations. I'm against any kind of racism. I'm against making the individual responsible for the group he belongs to. Now it seems to me that what happened with black power historically was . . . let's see, August 5, 1966, about, well, not even a year ago, think of all the damage that's been done to civil rights by this black power business. There was a meeting in Chicago—well, I guess, it's too complicated to go into it here—but anyway. SNCC, and then CORE later, followed along with this idea that the struggle for the emancipation of the black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people must be the work of the black people themselves. To which I have no particular objection. In fact, I wish that you *would* do more yourselves. I mean, Booker T. Washington was very anxious to do this, too. That's fine. All right. But what I object to is drawing the line between whites and blacks in your own organization and putting the whites either out or else into positions of no influence on the grounds that they would probably take over if they were allowed to be free. I've been working on this. This question of Jim Crow and Negro discrimination is something that I've been doing things about for many, many years. And until the last year there was never this business about a white person being automatically excluded as an ally because of his color. This has just come up recently. I don't like it.

MR. DONALDSON: You know . . .

MR. MACDONALD: The thing of Carmichael . . . the *New York Review* . . .

MR. DONALDSON: I think nowhere in the *New York Review of Books* does he talk about purging whites, putting them out of the organization and so forth. But I would like to say that . . . I would like to make clear that I didn't attack Harrington for writing the book. People can write what they want. What I was attacking is that people who live in the city of New York, especially those who live in the west side, east side, who have poverty on all those little side streets. Did they need to read Michael Harrington's book to know that poverty existed? You know, did those who live around the lower east side, did they need to read his book to know that people were starving to death in this city? Did labor unions need to read a book to know that poverty exists? After all, what are labor unions organized around? Why the need for increased wages? The Old Left, it seems to me, was designed to deal with some of the poverty problems within our society. Then my comments were based on the fact that we live in a world of myths. You know, that we discovered things. We discovered Mississippi in '64. Why didn't we discover it in 1898?

MR. AARON: Well, I think that you've made your point very clear, I think that everybody understands. Now Mr. Rovere would like to make a few comments.

MR. ROVERE: No, I don't want to make a few comments, I just want to say that really books are written not for people who know what's in them, but for people who don't and . . .

MR. DONALDSON: Like the President?

MR. ROVERE: Obviously, if you know all about the Y.M.H.A., it's not for you to read a book about it, it may be for you to write a book about it. But this is a strange notion of books that has it that books are contemptible in some way because people already know what's in them. This is not the reason for books at all. Under your doctrine there'd be no books.

MR. AARON: Gentlemen, I think that we might stop at this point and allow the audience to participate in this discussion. Apparently the only agreement that we've had here tonight is the agreement on Vietnam, and the agreement that poverty is a bad thing. There certainly has been no meeting of minds at all on the question of the Old Left and the New Left. But this was apparent, I think, right from the very beginning, when neither of the so-called New Left spokesmen showed any interest at all in the experiences of the Old Left. And not very much interest in the Old Left that's left. One question, though, did come up and that was at the end of Mr. Hayden's talk where he brought up an interesting point: why it was that radical movements in the past have failed, why they have always yielded to the forces of conservatism. It seems to me one of the reasons why a study of past left movements might be useful. Not necessarily to contribute new ideas, but to explain why it is that all movements, including perhaps the new activism, the new radicalism, might fail as well. But now, I invite you all to speak up and address your comments to any of the four speakers.

FIRST QUESTIONER: I'd like to make a kind of brief general statement.

MR. AARON: Can it be very brief indeed?

FIRST QUESTIONER: Yes. I think it's important, let's say, to talk about the philosophical implications, let's say, of the terror

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

committed by the V. C. On the other hand, what I miss in Macdonald and Rovere is a sense of urgency, about the fact that the culture is coming apart, that the schools are not reasonable, that the sexual lives are coercive, that the land is abused, that our morality doesn't make sense, that we don't have an establishment, that we don't have a common language that we can even clearly read, or a tradition that we can even meaningfully and humanely contact. I think that when that kind of moral discourse and that kind of humane bearing no longer exists and men are throwing, you know, fragmentation bombs . . .

MR. AARON: Yes, I think that we understand . . .

FIRST QUESTIONER: Yes, Yes.

MR. AARON: I wonder if in answering that comment, either Mr. Macdonald or Mr. Rovere, you might address some comment to the word "establishment" that everybody has used and your understanding of that term.

MR. MACDONALD: Rovere.

MR. ROVERE: Well, I'm sorry I ever got into that establishment game. But I think every society, every collection of human beings, every family in fact, gets sorted out in some way or other, generally in an irrational way, and to the extent that this happens there is always an establishment of some kind in any society, and I'm sure there's a New Left establishment, a SNCC establishment and all the rest of it. About the general question of the condition of American society right now, I think it's in very bad shape. I think that the war in Vietnam is a brutalizing and disorienting experience for the whole country, but I'm not sure that we're quite on the edge of disaster that the speaker seemed to be talking about, but in a general way I agree.

MR. AARON: Another question.

SECOND QUESTIONER: I have a question for Tom, but there's first one thing in terms of the Harrington book, the book that Ivanhoe mentioned. I thought that what he wanted to get across was not so much whether he should have written the book or whether books should be written about these subjects but why the hell didn't people know about these situations when they're living right in it. Why is it that people who are here in this auditorium who are going to be taking the train downtown, why don't they ever walk up four or five blocks uptown to see what the situation is there?

MR. AARON: Would you ask the question, please?

SECOND QUESTIONER: The question. The question that bothers me a great deal. I would certainly agree with the difficulties of working within the establishment or of what's happening generally in this country, but it seems to me if we're going to be disgusted by this is one thing, but then we have to go ahead and develop programs to act on this. If we say that all we can do is bury ourselves in a few small programs in our own neighborhoods or a few programs that don't involve the government, that's one thing, but then we're going to continuously run into those situations where the establishment continuously gets in on us, whether it's Newark or Mississippi or wherever. What sort of programs are we going to develop? I know SNCC had a—excuse me—S.D.S. had a program on the draft, a conference on the draft at City College last spring, last fall . . .

MR. AARON: Excuse me . . .

SECOND QUESTIONER: The ques . . . the fact was that what seemed to come out of this was, well, the whole situation, there's no sense in even attacking it or anything, or any programmatic thing. What we have to do is complain about it some more.

MR. AARON: Excuse me, are you going to ask Mr. Hayden a question . . .

SECOND QUESTIONER: Yes, what I'm asking is, fine, it's enough to complain about it, but then what sort of things can you do to change the situation?

MR. AARON: That's an awfully big question. Do you want to address yourself, Mr. Hayden, to this point?

MR. HAYDEN: If you'll allow me, please.

MR. AARON: We do have about twelve minutes left so could you make it as short as possible?

MR. HAYDEN: Yes. Well, I think the implication of what Ivanhoe and I were talking about was that building up local institutions around the campus or in a slum

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

area or wherever you are is not simply a withdrawal from trying to take on national questions, but it's a step toward taking them on, but trying to change the terms. In other words, one of the things that has marked the Left has been, I think, a belief that the government as an instrument of national power can be used for the public good. And one of the results of that is the kind of steady expansion of the welfare state, but always on the controlling and paternal terms of the people who have the real power. Now what you have to do is somehow create in the country the real pluralism or the real variety of local power centers that the country talks about but which don't really exist. And how do you do that when everything is highly centralized? There's only one communication system. There's a shrinking number of competitive newspapers, and so forth. The only way you do it, it seems to me, is to start from scratch, building up your own experience to learn from, and try to win some power where you are over what happens to you and the resources that you get. For instance, in the poverty program, if people could develop a vested interest in keeping the "maximum feasible participation" clause, and the money that's spent on neighborhood centers, if you had a movement in the community that was prepared to take advantage of the resources that the government puts out, and if those people could beat the government to that money and find the strategy for keeping it on their own terms and spending it for their own purposes, they could begin, not to try to become President, or congressman or senator, but to start to have the decisive voice over what happens in their neighborhood. The same is true of the question of "student power," where you could win certain bargaining rights for students and certain control over the curriculum, certain control over the university, and you hold that so that it becomes more and more difficult for the traditional administrators to administer it. Until they give up, just like a case worker giving up in the ghetto, a dean of women giving up. That seems to me how revolutions begin or are made, when the small groups that Mr. Macdonald was talking about form and fight to control their neighborhood or their institution, and if the fight gets bitter enough, or serious enough and the society is solidly opposed to it, then people start to transfer their belief and their loyalty, and their sense of legitimacy to themselves and to their own institution and away from the President, whoever he is, and Big Business and everybody else in the larger society. Those are the conditions in which national change is possible. New power is created for new purposes. Soviets are born or American committees of correspondence are born, or the neighborhood revolutionary committees (that Mr. Macdonald was so careful to call "awful") in Vietnam during the course of all these different revolutions. Change occurs when people start conferring legitimacy upon themselves.

MR. MACDONALD: But what . . .

MR. HAYDEN: But that's what seems to me we have to be concerned about. Building up, not withdrawing, but building up local bases of power where people are really committed to control and to make the decisions affecting their lives and to control the money that comes into their area and to prevent the administrators upstairs from abusing them or taking away their rights whenever they try to use them. That's what we should mostly pay attention to, it seems to me.

MR. AARON: Thank you very much. Now we're going to have a . . .

MR. MACDONALD: I just . . . I want to agree completely with that last speech. Perhaps here's hands across the generations or something, but it seems to me this is very good anarchist doctrine and I think this is what we should aim for, to get the decisions politically and socially down to the smallest possible unit where people know each other and where they can control their own fate, instead of up in these big abstractions of President and so on. I don't know what you mean I said awful about what? Vietnam?

MR. HAYDEN: Viet Cong.

MR. MACDONALD: Oh, well, I think the Viet Cong are rather dangerous, but don't let us . . . On the main point I'm . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. AARON: Don't let's talk about that now. Mr. Rovere wants to make one comment . . .

MR. MACDONALD: Little groups are bad sometimes, too.

MR. ROVERE: This isn't the first time that poverty has been attacked on a national basis. There was a considerable effort in the 1930's, and I'd only like to say that, by almost any standards you can apply, a governmental effort brought poverty down from about one-third to one-fifth. And I think that, if you're serious about wanting to end poverty, to overlook the fact that this is a nation, good, bad or indifferent, and that most of our problems—and this is the most important thing that's happened to us in the past hundred and fifty years—most of our problems are national. We're a continental nation, and I don't see any attack on any major front that can be made except on the national one. And if Mr. Hayden says don't let so-and-so run for senator, or congressman, but let him run for something at home and be in a position to get the government money, well, for heaven's sake, you've got to have somebody in there voting that government money to be able to get your cut of it. And it's absolute folly to think of a problem of this magnitude as something that isn't to be attacked with the strongest institution we've got if we can control it, the United States government.

MR. AARON: One more question. And I think we're going to call it . . .

SOMEONE IN AUDIENCE: I have two questions.

MR. AARON: But I have one questioner here I want to call on.

THIRD QUESTIONER: Sir, I was wondering whether the gentlemen of the New Left and the gentlemen of the Old Left felt that they had some more meaningful things to say to each other except in terms of acting as kind of mutual irritants. That is—this is to Mr. Hayden and Mr. Donaldson—is the experience of the Old Left insofar as you are familiar with the history of the so-called Old Left, or what Mr. Hayden called the "traditional Left," is this experience in any way relevant to your own work and to your own views of the functions of radicals in America, except in a kind of negative way, except in teaching what not to do? And, as far as Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Rovere are concerned, I'm interested in whether they feel that, as senior citizens of the Old Left, they have any role to perform in relation to the New Left, any more of a role to perform except perhaps in the sense that some of the New Left people have been complaining about any criticism from the "traditional Left" as that of carping critic. I wonder if the four gentlemen would care to comment.

MR. AARON: Thank you. Each panelist will make a comment. Could we keep it down to two or three minutes? Okay, why don't you start, Tom?

MR. HAYDEN: Somebody else start.

MR. AARON: Dwight?

MR. MACDONALD: Well, I thought I was going to be later, I can't think of anything vital offhand.

MR. DONALDSON: Well, I'll say something. I think that there are a lot of things that are valuable that one learns. I don't want to categorize that whether it's negative or positive. It seems to me that's unimportant. The question is do you learn things that you can grow and develop from? I think I've learned a lot from the experiences of the 30's. I'm not interested in categorizing New Left, Old Left, youth, adults. I think that there's a group of people in society that do that. And that we're forced to fit into those boxes to give definition to ourselves. I think that that part of our concept about institutions—for example, whether one can integrate into institutions for change—has a great deal of thinking, like, for example, whether one can utilize the Democratic Party or the Republican Party as a force of social change, has a great deal of effect on how we move now, how we think, how we judge. Black power is a growth, obviously of a lot of forces, a lot of interests. I look at the movement as a continuing flow and think that other things will come from where we are now as we have come from other things which have developed. My interest is that people themselves can be valid. Not telling people that they can't write books. I didn't say that. But the recognition, which seems to me important,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that people themselves can offer legitimacy about themselves, that's what seems to me to be important. I think that the Old Left offered legitimacy to itself, if people want to call it an Old Left. I call it the struggle of the 30's, you know, because I think there were all kinds of people involved in that. And that the struggle of the 60's offers its own legitimacy and it grows from that, and we'll have the struggle of the 70's and 80's and so forth, and it'll grow from all those struggles. I think that's where we are and where we're growing from, and in terms of the programmatic things, I think Tom outlined the questions of small institutions working to deal with their problems.

MR. HAYDEN: Well, the reason that there's been a lot of friction between New and Old Left has not had to do so much with philosophical disagreements as with specific experiences where people who presume to speak for the Old Left tried to stop people who were starting to do something on their own. Over and over again that's happened. The people who viciously analyzed the students at Berkeley were people who called themselves the Old Left. The people who viciously tried to undermine the Mississippi Freedom Democrats were not the Mississippi racists but the people who thought that they were the Old Left. People who were really doing a job on Mobilization for Youth in New York City were people in Washington who thought they had to keep the Commies out of Mobilization for Youth and so on. But these professional Old Leftists may very well be a narrow minority who get their status from being willing to accept the system and attack its critics from what appears to be the Left. When it gets down to debates in this part of New York City or in the magazines that come out in this part of the country, between Newfield and Howe or something of that sort, that narrows the whole thing down to something smaller than it is, it seems to me. The question is usually put whether you identify with those who are the professed Old Left. But if you ask, is there anything that you identify with in the past, well, the whole experience of the American people contains a lot of things besides this self-appointed Old Left that one can be in identity with. There have been many people down through time, most of them with no books written about them, most of whose names are not known, who were people who stood up not simply for themselves but for universal human values and they shed blood for those values. White people, black people, all different kinds of people who lost their lives for things that they thought were more important than themselves. The second thing that I take from our history is the continuous story of all these little people being overwhelmed and defeated and destroyed in their own situations, of movements starting and getting partial success whether it's the poverty program or the civil rights bill or the Wagner Act or however far back you want to go. And then simply being undermined, weakened, cut down and destroyed with the main ugly features of the society always intact. So in that sense, there are a lot of deeply moving as well as sobering things that one would have to talk about if he were to talk about the American revolutionary tradition rather than simply the Old Left.

MR. AARON: Dick?

MR. ROVERE: I think that's eloquent enough.

MR. AARON: Thank you very much. I think that, as I said before, this has been a confrontation. I'm not sure that it's been absolutely clear what the Old Left did stand for—at least what continuities it has with the present. It is hard, I think, to have a very close communion when there seems to be a certain ahistorical attitude on the part of some of the New Left people. But it seems to me that the main purpose of this discussion tonight, that grew out of the first discussion we had a year and a half ago, is justified. We now know, I think, a little more of what the New Left (although that's not the word for it), the new activism (or whatever you want to call it), stands for. I think our speakers tonight have made it clear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tied for Third Prize: Essay Contest

American Foreign Policy and Mass Democracy

SAMUEL ELLENPORT

Success in our foreign policy is measured by the degree of fulfillment of three primary goals: the absence of military conflict throughout the world; the development of foreign governments and institutions in the light of, or at least not antagonistic to, American ideals and values; the continued assurance of our domestic security. What is important about these goals is that they are not to be achieved once and for all but must be continually sought, often by the partial resolution of each crisis in an unending succession of international problems. It is to America's role in this continual engagement in foreign affairs that Americans are beginning to awake. This growing awareness has brought to light one of the basic problems that has long been dormant in our democracy: namely, to what extent can the public control foreign policy, to what degree can it participate in policy formulation?

This problem was recognized by only a few people prior to World War II, mainly because of the public's support of isolationism and its general lack of interest in foreign affairs unless those affairs were personal (for example, immigrants' concern for the home country). Up to and including World War II, Americans *reacted to* foreign affairs. With the initiative coming from overseas, only a threat to American values or honor aroused the interest of the general public. Executive leadership was the uncontested mainstay in our foreign policy. It could be checked only indirectly by Congress. And, a step beyond, the concern of most voters for domestic issues put little pressure on congressmen to deviate from executive decisions, except in a very few instances, like the veto of the League of Nations.

Since World War II it has become common to redefine executive initiative as being beyond the direct control of popular democracy for a number of new reasons. America today can no longer wait to react to foreign affairs. It is often necessary for a President to act swiftly and to be able to make unpopular decisions, or even secret ones. Also, long-term programs cannot be conceived or carried out if they are dependent on educating the nation's voters, arousing their interest, and maintaining their support. The implications of reasons such as these fall basically under two headings: the recognition of America as a world power with positive responsibilities, and a new definition of who comprises "the public."

The exercise of foreign policy has taken on a new significance since 1945. No longer could America's greatness and responsibilities as a world power be ignored through a policy of isolation. The movement from isolation has been slow psychologically, and even today Americans are still only partially conscious of America's role as an imperial power. America is imperial in an influential, not a grasping, way in the sense that her decisions not to do anything have almost as much importance in the world as do her actions. This expanded influence automatically restricts flexibility in foreign policy by denying the freedom of inaction that was appreciated as late as the 1930's. America is imperial also in the sense that her interests and responsibilities are so vast and often interrelated that there is

✪ SAMUEL ELLENPORT, a graduate of Amherst College, has also studied at Berkeley and Oxford. He has edited and contributed to a number of campus reviews. A Ph.D. candidate in American history at Brown University, Mr. Ellenport, who is twenty-four, began teaching this fall.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no way of escaping from them. This complexity has resulted in the postwar development of numerous, "local" foreign policies, all of which are hopefully coordinated so that they can be considered as valid attempts at fulfilling the three goals of our foreign policy. Foreign affairs can no longer be seen in terms of various crises that must each be resolved, but rather as developments in an unending stream that cannot be satisfactorily dammed.

This fundamental postwar change in attitude toward foreign policy was asserted first by Truman. The responsibility and imagination he displayed in inaugurating the Marshall Plan acknowledged the wider scope of America's responsibilities (not necessarily "commitments"). Truman's approach led as well to ideas concerning European defense and integration that have lasted as basic tenets of American policy, and now seem ready for careful review. Since Truman's triumphs, however, American policy has generally gone downhill. Eisenhower tried to ignore America's positive responsibilities. He narrowed the scope of his policy, hardening it into a security-minded diplomacy with its secretness, its negative wait-and-see attitude, and its reliance on the military for advice as well as protection. Kennedy only had time to break this mold and reintroduce imagination and vigor, characteristics that Johnson seems to be unable to continue.

During these years the American public had changed greatly, primarily in its growing awareness of, and interest in, foreign affairs. In effect, three "publics" have emerged. There is one group that has very little interest in foreign affairs and either follows the President without thought or feels that his program is right. There is another group of those who are concerned, but feel resigned to the idea that they cannot do anything . . . and don't, although they often feel that something different should be done about certain problems. And there is a third group, growing in numbers and volume, on both the political right and left. This group feels strongly about America's foreign policy, and is attempting to influence it directly.

This third group reflects best the maturation of public opinion since World War II. With the growth and impact of education it is no surprise that this group's members come from the intellectual community and the growing stream of college students and recent graduates. The older members of this group fear that no one in Washington is listening to them anymore. Their concern for moral and ideological issues is often at variance with the seemingly Machiavellian means that present policy goals encompass. The attacks by the third public on Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others of this group who have served in Washington are often centered on their failure to humanize the policy decisions made. This concern of the older intellectuals is heatedly voiced and supported by the "under thirty" group that has been taught to think freely and does.

Even if this third group is presently more definable by its opposition to America's present Vietnam policy, it cannot be denied that the growing awareness of foreign affairs among Americans has generally created a broad, new type of potential support for executive leadership. This potential has been reflected in the readiness to pay increased taxes to support military and foreign aid programs as well as to improve education. It is also seen in the importance President Johnson attributes to the polls that attempt to determine the degree of popularity aroused by his handling of foreign affairs. Further, for all the third public dissent, potential support for Presidential leadership is basically more homogenous than one may have supposed. Regional foreign policy traditions (for example, Midwest isolationism) have been broken down through the impact of national mass media and industrialization. Special interest ethnic groups no longer play the role they once did, as assimilation and the decrease in immigration have reduced their former cohesiveness. Also, since the majority in each of the three publics do not have the time or inclination to "keep up," they have become increasingly dependent upon the opinions articulated by a few knowledgeable spokesmen, often the heads of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest or pressure groups, and columnists like James Reston.

President Johnson's effort to capitalize on the potential support for executive leadership in foreign policy has led him to exacerbate the problem of executive initiative and demands for some degree of public control by creating a situation that makes some control desirable. By politicizing foreign policy for domestic ends, Johnson has shown that the conviction and values with which it was formerly imbued have been replaced by the supremely relative, opportunistic, political expedient of the open option. The unpredictability through which the open option works has been a great political asset to Johnson personally. It is, however, a great liability when applied to foreign policy, for it undermines confidence in continuity and integrity at home and abroad.

The open option policy may possibly be viewed as a restatement of America's earlier practice of waiting and finally reacting to foreign affairs. Nevertheless, it has proved itself unable to achieve the consistency basic to any foreign policy. Such a lack is seen in the appearance since 1964 of a credibility gap created by contradictory official statements or demonstrably false ones. This has resulted from Johnson's effort to substitute a rhetorical consistency for a real one in foreign policy. This in turn has led to another unique aspect of this Administration, namely, that it is finding itself committed to its publicly stated policies and promises whether these are its real goals or not (for example, true democracy in South Vietnam).

The open option is the cause of other ills. As it filters down through various levels in the State Department, even minor policy decisions are avoided or delayed. This is an internal infringement of Presidential initiative and flexibility. The solution offered by the Administration is to call for nonprofessionals to enter State Department service temporarily, adopt an overview, and initiate decisive action. Not committed to the system, outsiders can energize it. Yet this method brings a less professional view to foreign policy than is necessary. It is no wonder that such American traits as optimism and the desire for simplification are overly evident in our foreign policy. As Adam Yarmolinsky has recently pointed out, policy is usually expressed in such attitudes as friendship or containment, and these attitudes too often become substitutes for practical plans and programs based on the relationship between resources and objectives. The open option, if not the cause of this type of thinking, at least supports it.

If keeping options open is really no policy at all, it is nonetheless idle to seek limits to Presidential initiative and flexibility by allowing popular democracy to intervene directly in policy formulation. For popular judgment in general is based as much upon emotion and frustration as it is upon fact and reality, and no consistent basis for foreign policy can emerge that can act as quickly and efficiently as the executive. The problem lies within the executive branch itself; the outcry from the third public and the size of the second is evidence of its seriousness.

There are, of course, available some indirect controls over misuse of initiative. As growing numbers of Americans become aware of and concerned over foreign policy, politicians will be forced to define their positions more clearly at home and in Congress. Able to control finances of foreign aid programs, the ratification of treaties, and foreign trade, congressional opposition can be an important factor in policy formation. Letters, speeches and demonstrations, although belittled by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as being Communist-inspired, and denounced by Johnson as being irresponsible, do have an effect.

Yet what is really in question is not the validity of a specific policy, or the best means of limiting Presidential initiative; rather it is how to insure that the excesses of the present Administration can be eliminated in the future. Executive initiative should indeed reflect the ideals and values of this country, inspire trust and work efficiently. This, without constant dependence upon outside help, which should be encouraged and available.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There must be a better balance of views presented within the structure of policy formation. The extent of the military's influence is apparent in response to military problems in the world, but its short-term, blunt programs often hide the need for a detailed, long-term program. The military and the various information-gathering agencies of the government should be limited in policy matters to supplying information and advice. The views of these specialists, which tend either to oversimplify the political and cultural effects of their plans or to overemphasize the importance of their information, should be mitigated; for example, the cultural impact of another one hundred thousand soldiers in Vietnam has never been adequately stated. Such a balance of views would also remove some of the grounds of third public dissent.

For, in effect, the third public has now turned into a large body of dissent in order to fill a role created for it by this Administration. While some of this public would always be against some policy decisions, the breadth of the present movement gives its criticisms a new significance. Not only has this movement separated governmental rhetoric from governmental action in such discoveries as the credibility gap. More important, it has demonstrated the distance between the ideals and values alluded to by the rhetoric, and the rhetoric itself. The irony that a country born of revolution can preach such revolutionary ideals as free determinism while fighting this in practice is not lost on many in the third public. If the government sees such dissent as irresponsible or, simply, not pertinent to policy formation, it is making a grave mistake. Accepting the fact that this public may be uncovering important failings is not equivalent to taking all its advice to heart.

The real answer lies in internal changes within the policy-making structure. Basically it lies in eliciting and employing a new body of foreign policy formulators, a group of professionals embodying minimally the traits of those who are often called to Washington for their thoughts and advice. This elite will have to be less rigid and narrow in its views than the present State Department officials are; it must be capable of resisting manipulation. It must, in short, be based on more than the services of the temporary, well-meaning, yet amateur adviser-analyst-policy maker.

What is called for is the re-creation of the professional statesman who is capable of taking the long view, as well as the effective or viable one. The academic community of the third public has a definite role to play here. Instead of focusing only on problems in the policy-making structure and demanding all sorts of changes from the moderate to the ridiculous, it has the more positive task of educating future professionals beyond specialties. For the present selection and training of policy makers have little means of fostering an analytical mentality capable of an integrated view. Presently, this is only provided by experience, not the most reliable teacher. There is a need for a new emphasis on the social and humanistic studies that can provide the background for a sociological and cultural understanding of the effects of policy decisions.

The time that some of these suggestions would take to implement is no excuse for their delay. Various relief measures, such as the open option program, provide no cure and cannot encompass the broader scope necessary to deal with the growing numbers of emergent nations. In these countries, where large populations dominate small resources and capital, the collapse of traditional institutions has released great energies as well as unrealistic hopes and demands. Our society will be profoundly affected by how these billions of people enter the twentieth century. Even if time-consuming, a revamping of the policy structure is in order to overcome the political, economic and military myopia through which we view emergent nations.

In today's world, the optimism and wealth of America are no guarantee in themselves of achieving our three basic goals in foreign policy. Matching Russian capabilities with our own and playing the game of big power politics can no longer suffice. Direct dealings with small nations and regions are replacing the old spheres

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of influence. This is reason enough even without third public "idealism" for asserting that a cultural and sociological understanding of foreign affairs must be incorporated into foreign policy formulation. If mass democracy has no direct role to play in controlling foreign policy, the executive has a duty, a commitment, to represent American ideals and values in its policies. The government should profit from some criticism instead of denouncing all dissent. To help find success, the government must adopt measures to insure a creativity and generosity on its part, to humanize its power and programs abroad, to win friends and not just influence peoples.

Honorable Mention: Essay Contest

"Breaking Silence"
by JOSEPH A. BARBATO
Woodside, New York

"LSD and the Collegiate Hang-Up"
by SANDER GOLDBERG
Malverne, New York

"The Alienated Generation"
by ANN BEATTIE
Washington, D. C.

"The 'Responsible' Critics"
by ROBERT LEHRMAN
Cedarhurst, New York

"America in the Passive Voice"
by F. ALLEN BUNDY
Long Beach, California

"The Politics of Marat/Sade"
by KENNETH SMITH
Austin, Texas

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Movement and Educational Reform

MICHAEL ROSSMAN

Given that students are becoming the main source of initiative and energy for the reform of higher education, then the present style and concerns of the Student Movement should indicate the nature of future reforms. I have tried to sketch here some aspects of the Movement more basic than its political surface, and to connect these (rather stiffly, I'm afraid) with some general directions of reform.

Since these notes—originally written at the request of the National Student Association for a workshop on educational reform—were set down well over a year ago, there have been two important developments. The Vietnam war, monstrously swollen, has become the Movement's main focus (sapping much energy from its reform efforts). The increasingly anguished and desperate tone of antiwar activity has begun to color all of the Movement's works; and its character, which I try to sketch below, seems less clear in the stress of the present. With a provident symmetry not unconnected with the war, however, this character shows more clearly in the second development: the appearance of what we temporarily call "the hippie movement," which is spread more widely and deeply than the media can recognize. There are certainly more hippies than antiwar marchers among the young. But these categories are not distinct: more and more young activists are drifting into "the hippie thing." What is becoming clearer is that among America's young a change in lifestyle is evolving that runs much more deeply than the political skin that first rendered it visible. This change carries important consequences for the nature of mass education.

But that these consequences will be felt within the present system is not at all clear. Current returns from reform efforts suggest that the investment in their present identities of our institutions—and of those who fill roles within them—is too great to permit real change. This neat tautology—that the system cannot change significantly while remaining itself—has an obvious, although inadequate, counterargument: real change takes time, generations. But the progress of both the war and the "hippie thing" suggests that there will not be such time. For, in their respective ways, they cause and reflect a rapid, profound estrangement of the young from the forms and content of the culture that has produced them.

The young are leaving; they will not return. It is too early to see the shape of where they are going, but some of the colors there are already clear. It is about this that I was writing a year ago, in the context of thoughts about the potential flexibility of the American college system, which now seem to me naïve. The prospects for radical reform *within* the system seem dim indeed. But, with these after-

---

✪ MICHAEL ROSSMAN writes: "On the one hand, I've been in and around the Movement since its birth in, say, 1957, and am now doing three months in jail for being a leader of the Free Speech Movement; on the other, I was a Woodrow Wilson Fellow and spent four years doing graduate work in math." After teaching in Berkeley's Experimental (Tussman) Collegiate Program and working with the Experimental College at San Francisco State College, Mr. Rossman ended, he says, his "formal academic involvement to try to do something *serious* about the interaction of education and social change."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thoughts as foreword, what I wrote then still seems to make sense; and I have left it virtually unchanged.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE MOVEMENT

No one is quite sure where the Movement begins or ends. Its heart is SNCC and Students for a Democratic Society; and the N.A.A.C.P. and Democratic reform groups seem out-of-bounds. But how do we divide the spectrum within these limits. If the Peace Corps is out, the coincidence of its popularity in Movement centers needs explaining. Cooperation with the Establishment may disqualify; but the student-run Experimental College integrated into the formal structure of San Francisco State College speaks with the Movement's voice. To separate sharply pacifist living experiments from groups of hippies playing with psychedelic utopias in rambling old buildings seems difficult and foolish; and even the hippies seem more Movement than, say, the Young Socialist Alliance does.

It may seem that I understand the Movement too broadly. But there is an understanding of it that is certainly too narrow: to view it as being defined in any significant way by its occasional semistable organizational manifestations. For, were the Movement the political phenomenon most commentators take it to be, we'd expect to have a clearer grasp than we do of its location and identity. But the kinds of concerns that seem to be the characteristic marks of its presence are not "political" in any familiar sense of the term. Indeed, most writers take the Movement's trademarks to be crippling flaws in its political potential. Within their frame of reference, they may be right; but I do not think we are talking about the same Movement.

For there is understanding to be gained by treating my generation's involvement in social action as if it were composed of two distinct phenomena. (The division is not entirely artificial.) One of these is a series of political engagements—over the war, civil rights, and so on—that do not seem to differ fundamentally from their counterparts of thirty years ago. The other, which I'll call the Movement because it is new, is a matter of *style*. Not all of our political actions are Movement; and only the iceberg tip of the Movement can be seen. For political involvement is a dye, which renders only a part of the Movement visible.

Of what does this *style* consist? First, there is a concern for the caliber of interpersonal relationships: for qualities like tolerance, openness and honesty, which are thought of in their positive, rather than neutral, senses. This concern springs partly from a feeling that the relationships among people working (or learning) together must constantly be dealt with in dimensions other than the narrowly functional. The Movement is increasingly sensitive to the delicate inseparability of means and ends and, as well, to the flimsiness of the line dividing the public and the private. "The price of the liberation of the white people," says James Baldwin, "is the liberation of the blacks," and, Black Power or not, the SNCCnicks are deeply aware of how immune to legislation the need to hate is. Our slavery is to our condition and needs —but not simply to the economic or political versions of these. And so the bumperstickers read "Make Love Not War," rather than "Make Peace . . ." or "Make Plows . . ." Similarly, there is a feeling that much that has been characterized as the confrontation of public personae can and must be made interpersonal on some level. Part of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement's demand was for face-to-face meetings with administrators. And members of the War Resisters' League, in earnest one-to-one dialogue, attempt to persuade small manufacturers to refuse war contracts.

A second characteristic of the Movement's style is the level of social organization on which it works. In this, the Movement is most clearly distinct from its political allele. For the present Old Left among us (not to mention the old Old Left) aims at the mass: at the racial, economic or occupational population. But the unit in terms of which the Movement conceives change tends to be the small group. And the mechanism of change is often thought

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of as the creation of a climate of self-propelled, autonomous groups engaged in satisfying activity, whose presence inspires not so much imitation as exploration. The way to influence large groups is by local example, rather than by global persuasion.

In a culture of the hard and soft sell, of too many words with too little substance, the Movement's alienation from rhetoric runs deep: when it does not proceed by example, it uses force (if it can). This pragmatism, however, is not simply a reflection of the feeling that bare moral and intellectual suasion is an inadequate tool. Rather, *direct personal involvement* is the Movement's human backbone, and colors all of its thought. "Lay your bodies on the line" is less a battle cry than a testament to the conviction that commitment and reward cannot be accomplished by proxy. In saying that people must be involved in the decisions that shape their lives, the emphasis is on *involved.*

There are two ways in which this essential "existential" component of the Movement's identity manifests itself. One may be seen by comparison with the extreme hangovers of the Old Left, like the Young Socialist Alliance and the Progressive Labor Party. These see themselves as tightly disciplined cadres enacting change on a mass level: the workers are a class to whom an appeal is made in History's name. In consequence, there is a remarkable distance between them as political actors and the subject(s) of their acts. But there is less distance generally between the callers and the called with the Movement. In fact, it is at its best when this distance is least: when it comes not to tell but to listen and share, in the slums of the City and the Academy. The way in which the Movement tends to merge with the landscape is rarely noticed, but accounts for some of the difficulty in trying to establish its location and identity. (This lessened distance and the small-group form are intimately related. They mean also that political dialogue must be cast in a different vocabulary than that possible with the comfortable separation of Changer and Changed. These close quarters, and the ambiguity of the Movement's outline—no one holds a membership card—mean that it must take seriously the qualities of the relationships that exist between people wherever it operates.)

The Movement's "existential" orientation is expressed directly in the way its groups are structured and operate. "Participatory democracy" shows up as an operating principle in one or another variant, and there is constant debate over how to render the concept workable. As a result, many groups have explicit mechanisms designed to discourage Leadership. The most balanced view seems to be that it provides less than it inhibits. (Concern about Leadership can be subtle: at present S.D.S. is conversing internally about the way the questionable coin of speechmaking ability by itself makes their conferences elitist, and encourages passivity and alienation.) Again, the Movement's groups tend to be sized and operated so as to avoid dependence on fixed and hierarchical roles for their members to play. The lack of structure that generally characterizes Movement groups is the result of *choice* rather than inability, and is meant to create a climate that fosters responsibility and initiative.

Not only the structures, but the very identities of the Movement's organizations are fluid. To a considerable extent the Movement shows up in *ad hoc* groupings, and its less-evanescent bodies still engage in constant redefinitions of their natures and goals. This again is not from inability to create stable groups. In part, it is a reflection of the Movement's being alive and in a process of growth (indeed, perhaps the Movement *is* a process of growth): for groups no less than for individuals, a fixed identity is a death. But also, this is a consequence of the problem orientation—rather than theory/ideology orientation—of the Movement: each problem, or each stage in a problem, demands its own group, unique as a key tried in a lock. At any rate, the continuity of even SNCC and S.D.S. is more skeletal than real; and the Movement seems to depend on temporary group involvements as its basic modality of work and emotional sustenance. Such disposable

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organizations—and a growing Movement indifference to marriage, put briefly as "People change, why tie them down?"—would seem to require that those involved have little fear and a high competence in freedom. "If anything, what we're trying to do . . . is to see how you can move even though you're afraid," said SNCC's Bob Moses; and people in many areas of the Movement speak often of the central necessity of conquering the fear that holds you static and afraid to change.

This brings up the essential and difficult question of freedom. To the Movement freedom, like democracy, is less a political state than a psychological condition. The chanting of "Freedom Now" in university sit-ins is not incongruous, for in every area of its attention the Movement is concerned with the problem of insuring or creating the ability to make real choices, real decisions. Clearly, the Movement's concentration on creating viable concepts of freedom is connected with other characteristics of its style. And two related points seem relevant. One element in the Movement's notion of freedom is the concept of *noncoercive concern*. Whether the example be L. B. J. and the Negroes, parent and child, or teacher and student, our culture interprets "care" or "concern" to mean telling the recipients what to do, "for your own good." The Movement seems quite consistent in its response to the notion of decisions being made for other people—whether in Vietnam or graduate school or the ghetto. The other and related point is that certain narrow notions of "efficiency"—whether in the procurement of jobs for the poor or graduates for industry—seem inimical to the Movement's idea of freedom: in evaluating social processes, it seeks indices of "efficiency" that are compatible with and include this idea.

There are other relevant aspects of the Movement: its interest in creating noncoercive modes of authority, a notion foreign to this culture; its gropings toward nondestructive community; and its developing notion of a group as a collection of autonomous individuals come together to tackle a problem of common interest, which is paradoxical in this culture, in which to belong to a group is to submerge your own identity. But these fall beyond the scope of these notes.

One last element of the Movement's style is of critical importance. The Movement is a collection of young intellectuals; and this indelibly marks the activism that is usually taken as its distinguishing feature. Draft board sit-ins are accompanied by teach-ins. CORE and Women for Peace conduct economic studies. SNCC and the War Resisters' League use sociodrama as a sophisticated training device. S.D.S. and university reform groups analyze power structures. The Movement's intrauniversity disputes are often subtle and learned.

It is most fruitful, I think, to view this eclectic intellectualism as the product of the Movement's basic identity as a loose assemblage of experimental social scientists. This picture is suggested by the Movement's constant preoccupation with methodology, its facility at making and discarding models, its keen sensitivity as to how observer and observed interact, and, of course, by the way it views almost all its acts mainly as experiments to be studied and learned from. Also, throughout the Movement there is the sense that the end of research should be insight.

Insight into what? Into the question of human nourishment. The problems to which the Movement's style are addressed are tomorrow's problems, although they are here today. If we take politics to be in essence the language of men contending with a world of too little bread, then the Movement is indeed beyond politics, in a sense that is not at all incompatible with its very real political identity. For the Movement is a collection of young intellectuals concerned with the quality of interpersonal relations, who work on a small-group level in unstructured temporary groups in which the dominant themes are existential involvement and effective (potent) freedom. This Movement springs, by no coincidence, from a monoculture whose most obvious characteristic may be the lack of social forms and institutions that foster or permit the engagement of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men with themselves and with their work. The suburb, the TV set and the bureaucracy—as we now know them—are three of many tangents to a circle, toward whose center not only our white middle class, but also the U.S.S.R., the Common Market, and the Negro are converging in their separate ways; and the rest of the world lags by less than our lives. However one conceives of the Movement, one must explain its motive power; and I see no other explanation than a reaction, direct or not, to this convergence. There are certain values that seem essential to our emerging and different idea of human nature, and that seem unable to survive in that center. The Movement may well be our search for viable forms and processes in which to embody these values—it is in this sense that I mean the description of it as a group of experimental social scientists as more than just a metaphor—and may itself be the process that creates them.

SOME GENERAL DIRECTIONS OF RADICAL REFORM

At the close of a conference held to evaluate the first semester of the Experimental College at San Francisco State College, a professor complained that all the discussion of experimental education was intertwined with talk about the Movement. He went on to suggest that the Movement was a limited audience with narrow interests and goals, and that its relevance to the question of educational reform had been blown up all out of proportion. But there are two reasons for supposing him wrong. First, the society and the university are so intimately intertwined that their ills do not differ significantly. If the needs of either—formally recognized or not—dictate radical reform, some segment of the population will be most sensitive to these needs, and will indicate which way the wind of change is blowing. Surely the young adults of college age are this weathervane, having less of an inertial investment in the status quo. We call the motion already in progress in this group, the Movement.

Second, the Movement is a force as well as a direction. Our culture has created the juggernaut of mass higher education, with no understanding of its function, nature or potential. In this vacuum the faculty, performing after their fashion, have shaped the institution in their own image. That they can lift themselves by their bootstraps to achieve radical reform seems unlikely. Granted this, we are left with students as the only major source of initiative and energy for reform. There is never much free energy available for radical social change; we live on a narrow margin. But what there is among us is embodied in the Movement. The disgruntled professor may propose a whole conference of clever reforms; but reforms depend on response, and if they are not in tune with the Movement's interests and nature, they will remain unaccomplished.

The sketch given above of the Movement's character suggests some directions that Movement-centered radical educational reform will take (whether or not it is possible *within* the system, which is a separate matter). The primary drive will be toward expanding individual freedom, and creating engagement in the learning process. Presently the role of the student is a dependent one; his being placed in an autonomous situation—with regard to either the subject or the method of his learning—is an infrequent privilege, usually laboriously achieved. But if education is to be a process that enables individuals to recognize and meet their own needs, autonomy is a central necessity. A drive toward educational autonomy, however, is not a simple matter. For our college lives are cut from a single piece of cloth, and the warp threads are all manifestations of the Big Daddy Complex. There is little basic difference between dorm mother checking permissible hours, administrators checking permissible political activity, advisers checking permissible programs, and professors checking permissible readings and approaches: the motto is "for your own good," the effect is to inhibit autonomous adulthood. And so the subject of reform will be no single one of these examples, but the attitude itself:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it *must* be, for the examples are tied inseparably to one another.

A consequence of the drive for autonomy will be a rethinking of the traditional teacher/student roles. (It is here, probably, that the stiffest resistance will be encountered from Those Who Have the Students' Best Interests at Heart.) The role of teacher as leader generates passivity; this role will be attacked, and attempts made to replace it with basic group-learning situations that involve minimal, nominal or no leadership. The permissible kinds of interaction between student and teacher will have to be broadened, in the context of a growing understanding of the learning process which sees these two as being involved in more than their narrowly functional roles. In consequence, the line between teacher and student will blur, despite its present sanctity.

Emphasis will shift from the teaching process to the learning process; this will introduce new applied models of human nature and learning, and further alter the traditional roles. The notion that learning must be embedded in a coercive framework—with threats of poor grades and no passport degree—will be increasingly challenged. Learning energy must be generated by the importance of the work itself to the individual or group; and mechanisms will be sought to make this more possible. Again, if we conceive of "getting an education" as the acquiring of an attitude rather than an object, the role of the teacher as the transmitter of a fixed body of knowledge will undergo a radical change. The way to teach students to learn may be by example rather than bombardment: by learning in various ways and publicly; and lecturing, disguised or overt, may be replaced by the displaying of raw chunks of developing understanding, with all their sloppy edges dangling, and all the ego-danger this involves.

The shift to the notion of teacher as learner-and-sharer will have other consequences. The way in which the teacher now doubles as a cop will be attacked as untenable. The "each one teach one" philosophy behind community tutorial programs will be taken up in the Academy; and attention will shift from the faculty to the student body itself as the main source of (newly conceived) teaching resources. There will be a drive to shift the learning experience along the dimension of what Roger Harrison, now with National Training Laboratories, calls *encounter:* the extent to which emotions, values, and deeper aspects of the self are actively involved, touched and changed. This will perforce involve the "teacher" in a new fashion: he must join or be left behind, and either choice means that his relation to the student (and conversely) must be newly conceived. Along this line, our sense of how intimately we impinge upon each other will begin to deformalize all small-group learning situations, and make their occasional resemblance to encounter groups both more noticeable and more deliberate. (Indeed, the single most persistent phenomenon now found in experiments in higher education—within or without university walls—is their turning inward upon themselves to become conversations about the nature of the learning process and of group interaction. Surely this is a barometer to our sense of our needs.)

There will be several kinds of change aimed directly at increasing engagement in the learning process. There will be pressure to structure theoretical learning—especially in the social sciences, and to some extent in the humanities—around problems in which the individual (or group) is already involved. This will mean a renewed attack on the artificial barriers that disciplines and time-divisions of study present to learning; and engagement with real problems will necessitate decentralization of the learning setting, with a consequent further de-emphasis of the classroom. The curriculum will be forced to become directly relevant to the immediate social (or artistic) concerns of those who will be applying pressure: for example, cross-disciplinary courses in rapid transit problems or election campaigns will be requested, not as fringe enjoyments, but as central academic concerns. There will be an increasing realization that the individual in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a standard classroom is neither fully himself nor a member of a real group, and thus a demand for an ambience that permits groups or individuals, whose educational interests are purely their own, to be accepted as having valid educational identities. In particular, there will be pressure to allow the *ad hoc* group to become the normal form in which nonsolitary learning occurs.

It is clear that there will be a demand, not only for the abandonment of grades with their attendant coercive and standardizing influence, but also for a broader revision of the kinds of indices by which educational accomplishment is measured. Some way must be found to evaluate (or simply recognize?) the degree to which a student has undergone a personal process, rather than become a processed person.

There are other kinds of reform, more or less radical, that appear as plausible targets, given the present energies and interests of students. Perhaps the most important, and certainly the most discussed at present, is the radical redistribution of power within the academic community. In many ways, freedom and power seem inseparable; and so student attempts to gain control of curriculum, degree requirements, the hiring, firing and tenure of faculty, and all the other broad aspects of their academic lives, are natural and essential consequences of the drive toward autonomy that characterizes the Movement. The possession of such power will deeply change the nature of student relationships with faculty, other students, and their own work.

I have tried to indicate broad kinds of reform that are both radical (have nontrivial consequences for the nature of the educational process) and currently plausible. My perspective has been specialized, although I think there are solid grounds for accepting this narrowness as realistic, and I am under no illusion of having sketched a complete catalogue, even in such general terms. There is a danger, however, in confusing those radical reforms that are attractive to the Movement as it now exists, and hence are possible, with those radical reforms that are needed. There are kinds of reforms that current interests and energies seem blind to. The need for a deep synthesis of the Two Cultures (to put a very complex matter briefly) grows daily; one can only conjecture how critical the need is, but surely the project will entail a complete revolution in the nature of our knowledge. Less broadly and more immediately, the current structuring of knowledge and research into disciplines appears more and more restrictive and untenable; yet our interest in the problem is piecemeal and peripheral.

In our time, knowledge—or data, at least—proliferates unbearably; we have no viable mechanisms for coping with its present qualities, let alone with those soon to come. And there is a clear need for a revision of the place higher education occupies in our life space, from a localized to a continuously distributed activity. Matters like these should also be our concern but seem not to be. It is hard to tell if we will turn to them once significant progress is made in the areas of our immediate interests sketched above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spring on Morningside

MELVILLE CANE

Now the student
Tosses reason
To the breeze;
He's imprudent
But the season
Favors ease.

He absents him
From recitals,
Like a loon,
And repents him
When requitals
Come in June.

Now that Nature
Doth resuscit-
ate herself,
Extricate your
Low-cut russet*
From the shelf.

Fit the carol
Of the sparrow
In the blue
With apparel
That will harrow
By its hue.

Don't be stupid,
Don't be churlish,
And you may
Wheedle Cupid
And some girlish
Protegée—

For as Tennys-
on indites in
"Locksley Hall,"
Love's a menace
Youth delights in—
You recall.

Yes, when gradu-
ation sees you're
An alumn,
You'll be glad you
Lolled in leisure
On the bum.

—Morningside, May 1900

* a summer shoe

✪ The editors found this poem, despite the date of its writing, ironically appropriate to this issue—particularly in view of the semidropout attitude implied. MELVILLE CANE was graduated from Columbia College in 1900. He was editor-in-chief there of the *Literary Monthly*, and his light verse appeared often in *Morningside*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How We Got That Way

SHERMAN B. CHICKERING

We have our own America, our own bag. We all participate to a greater or lesser extent in a common youth culture. The culture is homogeneous, integral and pervasive. We are part of it because we were born into it. We differ only in how much we identify with it, not whether. We are the other side of the Generation Gap.

Just as the term "Other America" became workable in the sixties, so did the term "Generation Gap." History set forth the Poor in the sixties. And Youth: When the war babies came of age, the Gap appeared.

The Generation Gap began when the war babies could articulate their response to the new environment. We who were born after, say, 1940 grew up in an environment radically different from that of our parents. We were able to see the environment, and our parents couldn't. Our parents could see only that we were different, not why we were different.

Some scholars have gotten close to the why of the matter. The ones I find most congenial are: Reuel Denney, Edgar Z. Friedenberg, Paul Goodman, Nevitt Sanford, Harold Taylor, Harris Wofford, Margaret Mead, David Riesman, Laurence Wylie, Kenneth Keniston and, as will be clear enough, Marshall McLuhan. The scholars have written about some of the forces operating on modern youth, but, understandably, they do not represent the experience of youth in meeting those forces. Naturally enough, they do not try to "tell it like it is." That's what people like me are supposed to do.

Youth culture is the way we affirm the existence of a totally new environment; it is our response to it. The religion of the youth culture is the cult of experience; campus chaplains tailor their ministry to helping students become involved in "meaningful human relationships." The sex is not so much a revolution as it is a relationship; it is a ritual, a shared experience consecrated by the engagement of the whole person. The education is action-oriented; it makes of society a laboratory for the humanities and breaks down the walls between disciplines and classrooms. The politics is crisis-oriented, a "participatory democracy" founded on confrontations between youth and the leaders of the prevailing culture. The arts are "action arts," notably folk singing, jazz and abstract films. Leisure activity is kinesthetic, characterized by discothèques, "happenings," psychedelia, and the omnipresent motorcycle. The economics is self-imposed poverty, the hallmark of which is exploitation of the consumer economy (for example, theft, "borrowing," living off the land, "scarfing" of leftovers). The hero of the culture is the man of "sincerity," whether he be the hedonistic Jean-Paul Belmondo, the strident Fidel Castro, the scrofulous Bobby Dylan, or the David Merrick who said, "*Holly Golightly* was my Bay of Pigs."

The culture is of a piece. All the elements reflect a central thrust, which is why the New Left radical and the seemingly traditional fraternity "jock" are on common ground. Although some young people express most of the manifestations of the culture, and others very few, all express at least some elements of the common

---

✪ SHERMAN B. CHICKERING, editor and publisher of *Moderator,* is a graduate of Yale College, with a master of arts degree in communications from the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chickering, who is twenty-six, has written for the *Saturday Review* and the New York *Times.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

culture. Youth culture cannot be dismissed as the handiwork of a dissident minority or of the campus health service habitués.

In fact, a case can be made for considering the sick students the ones who participate only somewhat in youth culture. Those who participate *most* in youth culture, the ones who are not "well-adjusted" to society, are often the ones who are the most at peace with themselves. As John Leo reported in the New York *Times* of June 19, 1967, "Psychologists and social scientists, operating independently on various campuses and with varying research methods, agree [that] . . . activists as a group are . . . psychologically more stable than non-activists."

The activists are not the only true believers within youth culture. The other prevalent type is the "hippie," the complete dropout from organized society. The two types differ in origin: the activist is most likely to be the child of liberal Democratic parents; the hippie is most likely to be the child of conservative Republicans. The one considers his father a New Deal sellout, but adopts his father's Constitutional ideals; the other considers his father irrelevant, and rejects the prevailing culture entirely. Nevertheless, the common ground between the activist and the hippie is considerable. Professor Richard Flacks of the University of Chicago singles out at least three common traits: "romanticism," "moral purity," and rejection of conventional career opportunities. All are characteristic of youth culture generally, and all are logical responses to the postwar environment.

Youth culture seems to provide the necessary matrix within which a young person can find an entire, well-integrated identity. Those young people who do not partake of the entire culture because they are attracted to the traditional culture (for example, parental values, career patterns) are the ones who appear to suffer the most acute and prolonged identity crises.

At one extreme there are those who accept the traditional culture completely, and are somehow able to resist the psychic implications of the new environment. In the middle is a vast and growing group of young people who are torn between the starkly different alternatives posed by the two cultures. At the other extreme are a growing number of young people who identify themselves in the way Stokely Carmichael does, embracing "blackness" rather than trying to become "white."

This celebration of youth culture as a complete answer to every human need undoubtedly appears bizarre to anyone over the age of thirty. In the past, youth culture such as it was could never have been a complete answer. Younger generations in times past seem to have latched onto experiences they called their own, such as goldfish swallowing, only to find more lasting satisfaction within the prevailing culture. The difference today is that the new experiences of the young are no longer confined to a response to new *fragments* of reality. For the first time, in recent history at least, youth culture is a response to a *totally new environment*. The postwar generation has grown up in an environment radically different in degree and kind from past environments. Their culture is an appropriate and total response to the demands of the new environment, which is why they can be at peace with themselves and at war with the world.

There are four elements, or forces, which I find most crucial to a definition of the new environment, and most responsible for the new youth culture. In describing them I am extrapolating in part from my own experience, which under other circumstances might have produced either an activist or a hippie.

The first element was our peculiar parents. Ours was an Oedipal childhood, especially if we were war babies. Father was away, or dead. Mother was independent, working, worried, and looked to us for affection. A sense of perpetual siege was built into us, and hence a sensitivity to potential or actual human loss. While the experience was probably similar to that of a World War I or Depression baby in this respect, the enormity of the conflict and yet the state of relative economic abundance fostered in us a sensibility peculiar to the times. We absorbed the impression that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic security could not replace or compensate for emotional insecurity.

If we were postwar babies, we absorbed much the same impression, although for somewhat different reasons. Some of the reasons are those documented by Kenneth Keniston in *The Uncommitted.* Our mothers were the dominant figures in our lives because our fathers were so involved in "making it" with the drive, and sense of time lost, left over from the war. This situation deepened and exacerbated the split already evident between the educated, emancipated woman frustrated in her attempts at role definition and her somewhat shadowy, elusive husband whose energies were spent somewhere off in the anonymous void of the economy. Our mothers often felt insecure about their self-fulfillment in marriage and so invested an inordinate amount of emotional capital in their children. (See Nevitt Sanford's study of guilt-ridden Vassar graduates.) The parents set the stage. Their children, especially the boys, became uprooted. Boys tended to identify more with the "emotional" qualities of their mothers rather than the principles and practices of their fathers.

The most important, and most multidimensional, of the forces shaping youth culture was mass communications—the second crucial element of the new environment.

The postwar child was surrounded, as no other generation before, by messages. Signs, billboards, store displays, supermarkets, the traditional media, and finally the new, all-consuming, substitute environment, television, enveloped us in a cocoon of sensory information. I think it is doubtful that anyone who did *not* grow up in this postwar period can appreciate how much the senses of the young were bombarded, as they are today, by messages. Indeed, the media—in the broadest sense of the word—provided a new environment. To those who grew up in the new urban complexes, it virtually *was* the environment. (For example, I learned more to read from signs and store displays than I did from books and teachers.)

The effects of this new media-envelope on us seem to have been twofold, each with many ramifications.

We felt like members of a global village; indeed we were exposed to instant news, the Top Ten and Westerns with a worldwide audience of two hundred million. Our common experience was our media experience. So, to set Marshall McLuhan aside for the time being, the *content* of the media made us feel at home in a world of jingles, jungles and juggernauts. In turn, this environment impressed upon us the presence, and the all-consuming importance, of *people.* Our ideas had arms and legs. (Especially when we figured out our chances of winning a trip to the Howdy Doody Show—about one in ten million?) Hence, unlike our parents, we thought of principles, programs and power in terms of personalities and clever phrases.

We were also massaged. McLuhan has it right. Sights, sounds, bombardments—the little boxes turned in on our aural and tactile senses, and activated them the way print never did, or could. Sensory "information" seemed to go through our *bodies* to our brains, or central nervous systems, rather than almost directly into cognitive perception. Our perceptions were throbbing, pulsating. Ours were participant perceptions. Experience rather than knowledge became the wellspring of our motivation. And the only permanent feature of our affluent, static society that provided us regularly with stimulating experience was television, and the related aural/tactile media. No wonder I have difficulty with the word "media"; I can't consider television and the media environment generally as an intermediary; I consider it—feel it, perceive it—as a beginning and end, a constitutive feature of everyday experience.

Both content and medium conspired to make us more sophisticated than any amount of heritage, tutelage or erudition could have. The world as a global village taught us to see people in the nakedness of deeds that contradicted words. The message of the media taught us to leap into life with all five senses. The result was that we learned to see right through to the quick; we learned to distinguish thought from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

action in others, and learned to mesh thought and action in our own lives. We learned that Ipana toothpaste was better than Crest if it felt better, not if it claimed to be, and learned that Captain Video was sometimes more for real than toothpaste.

The media made hypocrites, squares, finks and fnerds of the world's big shots, and made hippies and swingers of us little boys. Which is why General Sarnoff will be to this age what Lenin was to the last, and Marshall McLuhan will be the ex post facto Marx.

The new media is one reason, the main one, why we took so well to social criticism, especially in its comic-book form. *Mad* comics became our Word. As Laurence Wylie writes, "*Mad's* symbol, the insipidly smiling Alfred E. Neuman, who maintains his ghoulishly cheerful expression while the most appalling things go on around him, stands for American culture itself as the adolescent experiences it." He also stands for the adolescent who says, "What, Me Worry?—I've got it all figured out." Which he did: when we read the serious literature of social criticism we knew all about it already.

Mad comics and their ilk became for us the most true, valuable, relevant, enlightening and uplifting form of literature. *Mad* became the reflective part of our youth culture, the gloss on our substitute environment, the trot for our television retentions.

Our first environment was our peculiar parents. Our second was the synthetic one, the new, all-pervasive media and the primers for it such as *Mad*. Our third was the affluent, populous, classless society and, with it, the absence of tomorrow.

Most of us either grew up in sizeable cities or were at least exposed to them regularly. (Seventy percent of Americans now live in "metropolitan areas.") We knew instinctively what a "behavioral sink" was before Tom Wolfe applied the term to New York. We became used to fighting for our classroom, transport or theater seats. We were no longer a people brought up with the luxury of a fence separating us from our "good neighbors." We had to face up to interpersonal confrontations. Like our Swiss counterparts, we grew up majoring in "international relations" without benefit of a tea-and-crumpets, arm's-length People-to-People program.

We were members of the first classless society. Whether we were the sons of union organizers or corporation presidents or civil servants, we had relatively equal chances for survival in the new postwar technocracy. We no longer felt predestined to a place high or low in the social hierarchy. By the same token, we no longer felt so deeply the internal compulsion to fulfill the promise of that high or low place. We were aided and abetted in this lack of the traditional drive by the new economic facts of life.

We were the first generation born into widespread affluence. Eighty percent of the nation's families could afford to buy—on or off time—almost anything mass-produced, including a higher education. And there were grants, loans, government handouts, fringe benefits, and pensions available to carry us seemingly from cradle to grave. Furthermore, all white-collar occupations offered relatively equal financial promise, save for the uppermost reaches of a few of them. For us the economic incentive, as well as the class/status incentive, had largely disappeared.

This condition was fostered considerably by our peculiar fathers (not to be confused necessarily with my own). Children of the Depression, our fathers did not wish to see their own children go through similar deprivation. Thus we were weaned on "the good things in life," all of which were costly. In this frame of reference, the habit of solving sibling problems with money was, of course, congenial to shadowy Depression-bred Dad. His parental responsibilities could be discharged financially rather than paternally. Hence, when son came to father with a "How do the stars work" question, Dad could feel confident, or at least complacent, in saying, "Here, kid, take five bucks and go see a movie." As it were.

So, What Me Worry? The question of tomorrow became considerably less pressing. Money was at hand. And father was not to be listened to for advice on the big

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

questions later on because he didn't bother with our little questions earlier. The rewards available through playing the Tomorrow game—Dad's game—were evaporating. This situation was fine by us, for we were more tuned in on Today anyway by our electronic media, and the manifold seductions of the new environment. The old secular eschatology had been shattered.

The fourth element, aside from the new home, media and marketplace, was provided by The Bomb. This was the extra-terrestrial dimension, the symbolic Armageddon. The Bomb was never right on top of us, of course. None of us had ever felt the impact of a bomb. We were, in one respect, the most unravaged generation that has ever lived. Yet, almost by contrast, we felt deeply the ghoulish presence of the mushroom cloud. As young writer Sheldon Renan says, "We were the Ground Zero Generation."

The Bomb became for us the equivalent of knowing at night that Boris Karloff really *was* hiding under the bed. After all, we saw the documentaries of the Bikini blasts, and we had to wear name tags around our necks back there in the late forties. And we had to lie under our desks during air raid drills, wondering whether the wooden top of our desk was strong enough to keep out the blast. For kids this is not a game or a functional necessity; it is a reality. It is a tangible fear. It is a nightmare. (Some of us have, every month like clockwork, what might be called a "nuclear dream.")

In a way, an ironic way, The Bomb is even more real for us than for the man who survived the first-wave landing at Anzio. We feel in our bones what total destruction means, whereas the Anzio survivor doesn't simply because he survived. We feel the absurdity represented by The Bomb, and react in at least two observable ways: We have one more reason to live for Today rather than Tomorrow, and the fact that The Bomb exists becomes an absolute gauge, an ultimate proof, by which to consider our leaders misguided at best, and, at worst, sick. (*Mad* magazine once carried a sequence that showed two land masses on the planet hurling I.C.B.M.'s at each other until the missiles were finally being launched from tiny fragments of orbiting terra firma.)

The generation gap again: There are evidently those who can read Herman Kahn and take him seriously. We can't take Kahn seriously because we *can* take The Bomb seriously. Hence the popularity among us of sick jokes, horror film revivals, the theater of the absurd, Hobbits, trivia games, *Dr. Strangelove,* the *Realist* magazine, *Marvel* comics, and C-grade movie heroics.

Our peculiar parents, our new media, our marketplace, our Bomb: They bring us face-to-face with a prevailing culture that does not respond to the new environment. So we become alienated, and take up exclusively with each other.

Youth culture gains its hold over us through our confrontation with institutional America as well as through our response to the new environment. The confrontation becomes most acute when we reach college, for college is the gateway through which we are invited to participate fully in the major institutions of society.

We discover after we settle into college that we are not really there to learn but to get good grades and acquire a passport into the economy. To a generation raised on person-to-person peer group experience and heightened sensitivities (if not sensibilities), this sort of higher Pavlovian encampment is frustrating. We chafe for less grading and more individualized professorial attention not out of a desire for license but out of a need for the chemistry of interpersonal confrontation. We consider the old education a sybaritic appurtenance of the Industrial Revolution, class privilege and a hardship-oriented society. It does not answer to our needs.

The ultimate frustration for the college man, prior to freak-out or sellout, comes from the sizeable time span between vocational choice and actual application. A virtual galaxy of forces conspires to keep young men, as Harold Taylor puts it, huffing and puffing on the sidings of higher and higher education: the specialized requirements of the "knowledge explosion";

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an antiquated, book-oriented curriculum rather than an experience-oriented one involving work-study programs; the convenience offered recruiters by the designation "Ph.D.," over "M.A.," over "B.A."; and, until recently amended to eliminate loopholes, the Draft that feeds an Alfred E. Neuman war.

We are not allowed to go to work in a job that uses our education until we have had too much education for our own good. We lose our executive drive drying up over economics textbooks. When we finally enter the economy, if we haven't fallen out of it first, we have become too old to take chances. We have moved from farm club to clubhouse without our turn at the plate. The massive institutions into which we move are generally too big to offer us our turn at bat while we're in our twenties anyway—even if we still had enough stuff left to handle it.

No wonder an increasing number of young people embrace youth culture not only as a logical response to the environment but also as an alternative preferable to waiting for action until it's too late to act.

The new environment creates a new response, and the response bears a striking resemblance to the culture of Negro youth in the ghetto. Parents: In the ghetto, children often grow up with a mother but no father. Media: The truncated ghetto family has a television set and a transistor radio if it has anything. Marketplace: The psychological function of enforced deprivation is strikingly similar to that of affluence in eliminating the success drive. The Bomb: For the ghetto child, "Whitey," or The Man, is The Bomb. Because the ghetto child's environment in many ways functions like the middle-class youth's new environment, the two youth cultures resemble each other. As a result many middle-class youths find it easier to identify with ghetto children than with their own parents. The student insurrection at Berkeley in 1964 was motivated by many of the same emotions as was the Watts rebellion of 1965 and subsequent ghetto uprisings.

We are made in America, a hundred percent American. Yet we are a foreign country on American soil. Older Americans are just beginning to realize we are something else. Some of them sound as Nasser would if he discovered that his kids were raised by an Israeli nanny. They call us Commies. Which makes the subject a bit more complicated than it really is. It's really quite simple:

The new environment makes us an experience-oriented generation; the prevailing culture makes us experience-starved.

The radicals and youth cultists deserve a hearing. The outspoken and outrageous few are saying a great deal about the relatively quiescent multitude. The vast majority of young people shares the experience, if not the logical response. The majority is simply unprepared to respond logically and integrally to the new environment. They perceive existing institutional patterns, and try to fit in. They are governed by the objectives of getting a job and raising a family. Which is as it has always been and, I imagine, ever will be. But this majority, like the militants and dropouts, has been conditioned by forces that deny the logic of the existing institutional environment. As a result, the majority is troubled. It is a susceptible majority, open to the suasions of the motivated minority.

Out of a logical response to the new environment, the majority is susceptible to the seductions of a minority. Leadership responsive to the new environment is available. Vast institutional change is inevitable, and will be forthcoming.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Are Also American Youths

ROBERT COLES

One would scarcely believe it—to hear some self-consciously young Americans dwell on *their* generation—but "age" has its limits as a "common denominator," an explanation of things. It may be that generational tensions and outright warfare are not so explicit, so prevalent, so talked about, so fussed over and even deliberately cultivated everywhere in the United States, let alone abroad. It does seem fair to ask *which* American youths think of themselves as "young"; which ones don't trust people over thirty, and conversely which ones even take any notice at all of that age; which young men and which middle-aged men stand glaring at one another across "the generational gap."

Winston

Winston, for example, is twenty years old. He was born near Itta Bena, Mississippi, and he will die there. He is already a sharecropper, and so without any worry about his future "career." Yes, he knows about his age; in fact he keeps track of time rather more closely than many of his "peers" elsewhere.

"I was born on Thanksgiving Day—yes, sir, in Leflore County, that's right—but that day changes, so it's not like having Christmas to celebrate your birthday then. The war was over, and my daddy came home, and I was the first one after the war, my momma used to tell me. She used to say the war meant a lot, because people around here, it was the first time they got outside of the state of Mississippi, and so it was bound to change one day, because of that. And when the Korean War came, she said the same thing to my uncle when he went—but he never came back, and he was buried there, they told us.

"Well, I can't say I've had it too bad, though I wish my momma was right and the wars did make a difference here in Leflore County. I was lucky, I'll have to admit. My daddy kept sending me to school. He took me there when I was little and said he wanted me to go get my education, and it didn't make any difference if I couldn't work in the field with him, because if I could just do my reading and my writing, then I could go up to Memphis, maybe, and get a good job. They say there's factories coming in there all the time.

"So I kept in school until—I think—it was about seven or eight years ago or maybe nine, that I just left. It was one thing to go to the school nearby and you could help out with the planting or the rest early in the morning and later in the day; but then they said those of us who wanted more schooling would have to go to high school, and that was way into Itta Bena, and they didn't close it down for harvesting, and besides, you have to be a rich colored man, that's what my daddy said, to go right through and try to finish everything and get the degree from them.

"Well, I did a lot of learning, and I can sign my name and I know my numbers good. Yes, and I could read if it came to it, but I can't say we do much of that here, I'll have to admit. It's mostly taking care of the bossman's land and I help him out in the house, too. His wife has to have the errands done, and there's lifting sometimes and I help with getting the supplies. Mostly these days they're trying to cut down on us, and they say the cropper's day has gone in Leflore, and even the whole state of

---

ROBERT COLES is the author of *Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear*. He is now working on Volume Two of *Children of Crisis*, to be subtitled "Migrants, Sharecroppers, and Mountaineers," from which these interviews are taken.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mississippi; but we are lucky, and our man, he's always been good to us. I hear some of the white folks, they call him a 'nigger-lover,' and he's 'soft' on us, they say. But you can't tell if what you hear is true, you know—because black people, they do a lot of talking about the white man, and what they say to each other, and probably it's some exaggeration.

"I used to look at the map. I remember that map in school. We used to get things pointed out. The teacher would put the stick on here in Leflore and then she'd move it up through Clarksdale—I have some uncles and aunts up there, and I was carried there once when I was real small, so I don't remember. Then she'd move on up to Memphis, and tell us that we was out of Mississippi, and you could vote and things like that. But it was still the South, so she'd push on up to Chicago, and that was where the North was. You know, next thing she'd ask us if we wanted to go there, and we all said no, because she told us we shouldn't, because it was cold, cold up there, and you weren't any better off, for all your moving and moving. 'It's even worse, it's even worse,' she said, and I hear tell she's right, if you look at it one way. Of course I wouldn't mind having a vote in things, and not having that sheriff to face every time you cross a white man wrong, even if it's only his word, and it's not true. But I can't truly say I want to leave here, so long as we can keep going and we have it to eat and a roof over us, and for the most part—you know—they leave us alone. That's my opinion.

"Yes, sir, I got married a while back; I don't think I can tell you for sure the day, but it was nineteen-hundred and sixty-four, and a week or two beyond Easter, on a Sunday. We are believers, especially my wife she is, and we told the minister we wanted a long time there in church, because it'd be plenty long outside afterwards, and if we got tempted to make a mistake here and there, it's best to clear the air beforehand and do a lot of praying. You see what I mean? We go every Sunday, and my son and my daughter they've been baptized all right. I sure do hope they'll do even better than us; and what with the changes as they keep coming, even in my lifetime, I think they will.

"During the day? During the day I work; yes, sir, all day long. It starts with the sun on one side, and by the time the sun's ready to take a rest, well, so am I. A couple of my older brothers left us, and they're in Detroit; and they came back twice, and said you work eight hours there, if you work. I figure that's about half the length of my time each day. But I'm happy to keep going. The bossman is okay with me and Leona—she's my wife—she thinks it's better all the time. You can go get the food, the commodities, if the worst come to the worst, and most of the time we just get up and go right along the day, and come nighttime, well, to tell the truth we're glad to be here and so tired we just goes off, until the next light comes up, and it's time to start again.

"The thing I'd like most would be some animals, chickens maybe, to help out with the food, and maybe to give me a little independence, yes, that. We could have the eggs and keep the chickens going, and we'd be better off. But I have all I can do taking care of the crops, and catching up after the machines and doing what they should do in the odd places they can't reach, and I help around the place, in Their Home, as I said. So that's what's 'most on my mind,' like you said I should tell."

Myrna

Myrna is eighteen. She spends her winters in Florida, her summers in Long Island and New England. She even travels in between: there are the Carolinas in May, at their loveliest; and often she stops in Virginia during October on her way South.

"Yes, eighteen is right. That's my age, and I can prove it, because I was registered and my sister, Laura, keeps the important papers with her. She lives in Macon, Georgia—you know where that is?—and she's always trying to get me and Lonnie to settle in with her and stay around. Once we tried it, and it was bad, I'll tell you. There wasn't a job around—nothing. They live near the edge of the city, but they can't do anything with the land, because it's not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theirs to touch. They have to sit around and get a little something to do now and then, but mostly they just 'gets by,' that's what my sister calls it. Only I know what she does, and she can't fool me. She says she'd rather give herself over a few times a week to a man and have a *home* than be like me, and I tell her she can have her Macon and her lousy, rotten life—that it is, I'll say. She's just three years older, twenty-one.

"We were close together, I mean we were *real* sisters. (I have five other sisters, but that's different. There's the blood we have together, but I didn't know them real well when we were kids, and now three of them have took to Cleveland, Ohio, and they're near to one another, we hear.) My sister Laura, she's my only real family that I know and where I can go, even if it's been a year since I've seen her. (No, there's no parents left for us. My mother died giving birth to our last sister—she's Shirley, and she's in Cleveland living with my sister Annette. My grandmother, she's our mother, and she's in Cleveland, too. And my daddy, he got killed a couple of years ago. They say he was fishing, or trying to, and he fell in and drowned. I don't know. He did a lot of drinking.)

"That's what worries me and Lonnie about Laura. She always has a bottle around, and the men bring her one if she doesn't. One day she'll have only bottles and no money, and that will drive her to the street, and then she'll be like daddy, wandering around always. She says she has to do it, to get her some money, but I'd rather walk a thousand miles than that.

"Me? How did I 'go on the land'? Well, we had an uncle—daddy's brother—and he was down in Florida, working the crops there, and one day he showed up. We were living in Valdosta, Georgia, as I recall, and that's only a few miles from Florida. He said he was on his way North, but only for the summer, to get some money, and he'd soon be back in Florida. We were hurting bad, then. We had moved into Valdosta from near Thomasville. My granddaddy, he was a tenant—not on shares, no. He paid his rent every year, and he as much as owned the land after that, because it was his to do what he could with, and get out of it all there was to get. That's what he did; and he learned how from *his* daddy. (So, you see, we've been in Georgia a long time, and been tenants on the land for as far back as anyone can remember, except when we were slaves, I guess, and then no one wants to remember *that*.)

"But it all fell to pieces in my daddy's time, when he was young and growing up. You couldn't break even to save your soul, and you kept going, and piling up the debts, and hoping that maybe the owners and the store people were in the same boat with you, so they'd have more patience, and more patience, and more. And then, they just had to tell us to go. They took the land and started planting trees on it, or something, and they said a big company would use it, and maybe for cattle, too—and that's how we came to Thomasville, and later my daddy moved us over to Valdosta, which is where I was in growing up.

"Now, when my uncle came by I was fourteen, I think. I wasn't in school no more, just hanging around and helping out and taking care of the baby and another one next door. (I'd make some money for my time with that child.) It was getting bad, then, real bad. Daddy was no good. He grew up expecting to work on the land, and we didn't have any no more. His daddy died of a broken heart, and my daddy caught it from him, and my grandma—she's my mother's mother—she didn't have much patience with either of them. She'd been in the city, in Valdosta, since a child, and that's why we came up there in the first place. (My mother met my father when she took a trip over to Thomasville to see her cousins and other family.) My grandma couldn't understand all that 'crying about the land'—is what she used to say.

"Well, you see, it's a long story. But when my uncle came, I was going with Lonnie and we were set to do *something*. We just had to, we figured. Lonnie is my age, a year older in fact. He couldn't see anything ahead of him, nothing, and he was thinking of trying Atlanta, or maybe New York, as long as it would be a big city.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But he was scared, too. You hear tell that you go up there, and it's all real swell for at first, but in a while it gets worse and worse, and soon you're dead up there, like you never can be down here. No one knows you, and you're dead. Even right next door, people, they'll cut you down and look right through you—colored I mean, not white.

"And that's why it sounded good about Florida and working there on the land. Lonnie said he itched to use his hands, and I said let's go, because there's no future here, and I'd rather go farther South than North.

"So, one day we told everyone we're getting married and expecting, and we're going to Florida. My uncle had left us with the name of a man down there in Bean City who does the hiring, and he said, 'you just go there and look him up, and you'll be picking beans and cutting celery before you know it, and the work comes in day upon day.' So, we had the paper with the name, and we had the car that was supposed to be junk, and Lonnie had fixed it up to go. And we left one day.

"The families like the idea? Yes and no. I don't think they wanted to see us go, but they figured we were heading for *work*, and not just taking off into nowhere, so that was good. And Lonnie and I, we showed them by our faces that we were happy.

"My girl was born in Florida, and my boy up North in New Jersey. We've been harvesting three years now, I think. (I lose track of time.) I don't like the moving up and down, but we stay in Florida a full half of the year, and we can keep a good car going. We hope to find a job some day that will keep us in one place all the time, but until then, it's better this way than staying in Valdosta, or like my sister is in Macon, and I think even it's better than my family in Cleveland, where they don't work much, I hear. The nurse from the Public Health, she told me that the migrant people some day would stop moving, because of the machines, and I agree with her, but I hope we can find something to do then, and I'd rather it be near the land. And I hope my kids can know a place to call their own, but it'll be near the land, too. And since I didn't go to school hardly at all, I hope they can have that, too."

Ronald

Ronald is named after his father, and his father will tell a visitor that there has been a Ronald in the family for many generations. ("Perhaps we're Norwegian, underneath our Scotch blood.") All those Ronalds have lived in eastern Kentucky for a couple of hundred years—"easily," says young Ronald, rounding off the estimate. Additional evidence for a Nordic strain in the Anglo-Saxon lineage can be found in young Ronald's hair; it is orange-yellow in winter and in the summer it borders on a very light, almost white blond.

"Hereabouts you don't plan too far ahead. I'm twenty-two, and I hope to get married one day, but I don't know who she'll be, yet. There are a couple of girls I know, and sometimes I see myself married to them; but you never can really decide a thing like that until you're ready, and I'm not ready now. My father was thirty-four when he got married, and he likes to tell me that he was reluctant, even then; though my mother says he went about the country having a first-class time for himself, and then got tired—'more tired than he knew' is how she puts it—so they got married and he settled down.

"Of course one problem they had was where to live. They couldn't really stay with their folks. My grandparents are still going pretty strong; they're seventy-eight and eighty. They still work. My grandpa takes care of his land, and my grandma cooks and cleans up like she used to. The boys have left except for my Uncle Jim and his family. They help. My father was supposed to stay, but I guess he really was a wanderer, like he says, and he wanted to do things on his own. When he came back from the war everyone thought he'd never stay here in Wolfe County, Kentucky; but he did, somehow. He said he was glad when I was born, a boy he could give his name to; and he wasn't going to take us up to Dayton or Detroit or Chicago for any amount of money.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's the reason I've never been outside. It takes a war, I guess. We have one now, but I'm not eligible. I had a rheumatic heart and there's still a murmur, the doctors say, so I can't go. I'm sorry, I'll admit. I don't think I'd want to go over to Vietnam, to Asia. I'd rather see Europe or out West. But if they sent me, that'd be okay. It's only a year, and from what I hear, time goes a lot faster in the service than around here. And you have a lot to talk about when you get back.

"They do a lot of farming over there, from what I see on TV, except for Saigon. That looks like New York or someplace, I imagine. I'm going to come over to Lexington someday; we know people near there. I've just never had occasion to try it, the city.

"It's okay here. I like it. Oh, I wonder about other places. Isn't that natural? But I think we're pretty well off here—I mean it could be worse. Sometimes it's bad, I'll have to admit; but what can you do? My father was lucky, he got a job in the garage. He learned a lot about cars in France in the war; they were always getting stuck there. The weather is worse than here. Now I've been helping him out, though they don't need me full time. If I were going off on my own, I'd have to have something to do, or else I'd have to have decided it didn't make any difference, and I could stay here and get what relief you can, and an odd job here and there, probably.

"Now I help my dad, and I help my grandpa, too. I have my own time, too. I have a car, and I work on it. I keep it in top shape—I'll bet I could sell it for a lot in the city. They don't know how to care for cars there, I'll bet. I've got two or three real good friends and a lot of guys I hang around with. Some have gone into the service, but a lot have deferments. They got sick or something back-away. We were always coming down with something wrong in school, I remember; so I guess it affects you later, so far as the army people go. But I feel in real good health, and I'll bet I could be the equal of anyone, if they once let me into the uniform.

"I like to watch TV. We get good programs here, especially the Westerns, and you get a real good look at other people. My mother says she don't know how she ever grew up without it. You can look on over the hills and see outside, but you can stay here, too—and not get in all the trouble and confusion out there. It's good here, I think.

"Yes, I go hunting a lot, and fishing. That's right; and I read some *Popular Mechanics,* I have a subscription to that. There's a lot there to keep your mind real busy. I went through the school here, and then I went to the consolidated school some, but it wasn't really doing much for me, and I figured the extra year or two in school wouldn't make that much difference, not around here. If you're planning to go on, or move, that's different. But you have to have money or you have to be real clever, and I never was, where schoolwork was concerned. The teacher said she couldn't in all fairness encourage every one of us, and no one of my real best friends finished school. My brother Richard says he aims to, and we'll see, I tell him. (I'd be glad if he did.)

"Me and my folks get along real fine. My mother is a real friendly sort; no one could deny that. She could almost be your friend, even if you're a man. She would humor us, instead of getting mad at us, and I think we all have good dispositions on account of her. Sometimes, I think I can talk to her better than my father; but he's okay, more of a quiet person, and he works hard all day and is tired when he comes home. He used to eat supper with us and then fall right off to sleep, but now he takes it a little easier, and he doesn't seem to need the sleep he used to. He and I, we do a lot of hunting, and my two uncles come along. We have kin all around, and they're liable to join—it depends on the time. We go see the families, my mother's and my father's; they're up the road a bit, and it's a good change for us. And like I said, me and my friends will go to the store and stand around. They've got a good machine there, and we lose our money to it; but it's worth it—the music is good, and you relax some.

"No, we don't try to keep to ourselves,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by age—as you say. There'll be some of us who are my age, and there'll likely be older and younger. I don't know everyone's exact age, but I can say that they're not little kids in the store, unless they come with their parents, and they're not real old, except if they come to buy something mostly. Those of us who sit and do the listening and fool around, we're twenty or thirty, more or less, I'd say.

"If I could, I'd like to go visit Chicago—we have kin there. But they always come home and say if it wasn't for the money, they'd be back here for good—and someday they *will*. I'd go there and look around, and maybe stay a while, and then come back here. There's nothing wrong with it here, except that work is hard to find, and I think if you'd go asking all the people how they liked it, they'd say 'fine,' even the sorriest ones up the hollow would—even if they scarcely have anything. They make you feel real bad when you see them coming down for water. I wish we could do something for them, but it's hard to know what."

Cambridge

EDWARD KESSLER

Here in the heaven of snobs
Everything's extraordinary.
Why, even the girl in the subway said,
"The very best minds are very nearby."
Exporting expertise like cheese
To all the famished capitals
The town still hoards its quality.
Under lush trees of knowledge
The local *genus genius* spreads
Like crabgrass on the lawns.
Scholars, proved by Harvard bags,
Ponder toward the ideal arrangement
Of three-by-five cards—surely,
If the end of the world should arrive tonight
The news of it would get here first,
And down by the Charles or in the Square
The summer aliens would offer thanks
To be where the last word is.

✪ EDWARD KESSLER teaches English at American University. He has also taught at the University of Virginia and at the College of William and Mary. His poems have appeared in the *New Yorker, Saturday Review* and *Poetry*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Musings of an Academic Anachronism

MARILYN B. NOBLE

Originally, as far as I can tell, I was asked to write an article for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR because I had been an active participant in the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley, and because at the time of the initial request, spring of 1966, I was still flushed with the success of gaining student significance, or at least with coming as close to gaining it as I or any other student was likely to for a long, long while.

Now, as I sit down to the typewriter again at the end of July, 1967, I can't decide whether my optimism of a year ago was unperceptive or merely misguided. Fewer and fewer of my comrades of previous encounters with the academic institution are still running with me, at least as fellow "enrollees." I am finding myself in the dire danger of becoming an antique, an anachronism—at not quite thirty years old. My trouble, it seems, is that I have cast my lot at least temporarily with those who believe that the university *can* be relevant to the idealism, compassion and concern that young people are currently displaying. Many of my friends, while admiring my dedication (to a lost cause?), deplore my naïveté; to them, the university and I are simply not "where it's at."

It hurts me a great deal that the social and intellectual institution, which I have had faith in for its openness, its ability and willingness to accept the challenge of change, appears to so many of my cohorts to be retreating from the field. And if I have become an anachronism by trying to remain a student of the "activist" variety, how much more anachronistic is the university that considers even my version of attempts at "studenthood" to be irresponsible or irreverent or ir-something or other?

The deploration that has appeared in the pages of many magazines of the supposed "Latin-Americanization," that is, student politicizing, of the university campus, appears to me to be lacking in any profound insight into the sentiment of students, let alone into the actual manner in which the institution functions. To this student, the politicizing is being accomplished not so much by us, no matter what our intentions or hopes might be, but by the administrations and faculties who play the games of grants and contracts, bequests and legislatively allocated budgets.

On the other hand, the student behavior that is being observed, and in my opinion erroneously interpreted, signifies the widespread devaluation of traditional scholastic goals. This, in itself, is scarcely a new phenomenon, as any battle-scarred professor knows. What is new is the *way* in which the devaluation is being manifested.

It should be realized in academic circles that students know, and increasingly resentfully know, that they are largely irrelevant to the academic institution as it is evolving. Unless they are numbered among the minute percentage of future topflight scholars, many administrators and professors consider them to be doing nothing better than cluttering up the grounds. This devaluation of their importance is understandably unacceptable to students; however, and this is the thesis of this essay, I do not believe that they will try to counter the negative reactions of the other elements

✪ MARILYN B. NOBLE is at present working toward a Ph.D. in sociology at the University of California, Davis. For the past two summers she has taught in Project Headstart and plans to "continue taking care of young children by specializing in the development of nursery school programs in 'culturally disadvantaged' areas."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the university with more Free Speech Movements. On the contrary, our type of politicized maneuvering, which was somewhat effective in 1964, is now as dead as civil rights marches—or the dodo.

Instead of systematic confrontation, the young who find that the "intellectual detachment" and "openness of mind," that have been the university's claim to a *raison d'être,* have deteriorated into nothing more than ethical irresponsibility, are going to react by retreat—retreat into a world of their own where the institution and all it thinks it stands for will be irrelevant. What campus disturbances, upheavals, do occur will be aimed much more at freedom through anarchy than at change by revolution, for comparatively few students consider the latter to be really feasible. Furthermore, the scholastic claim to emotional noninvolvement, which has become the Hippocratic oath of the intellectual world, is going more and more to be translated by students as a claim to dehumanization; and as such, they will have to reject it, for they can stand to be dehumanized no longer.

Some students will react out of despair at conditions within the academic institution, in the way that the student body presidents of Stanford University and the University of California, Davis, did this past spring. They both quit their offices a month before the completion of their terms—and the latter quit school altogether—because they felt it to be totally futile to try to hassle with the structure, to try to find some living, breathing space in it anymore.

A much larger number of their fellows are taking this route of totally dropping out of the institution, many never to return, than would have been thought possible even a decade ago. Here on the West Coast and, from what I can learn from friends, also on campuses throughout the rest of the country, many students are deciding that the prize is not worth the price demanded for it.

It seems difficult for the older generation, particularly the older generation of scholars, to understand it, but a growing number of their students absolutely refuse to be obediently grateful or loyal to the academic institution. One reason, as I see it, for this "ingratitude" is that the young no longer believe in the unique validity of Hegelian logic, which is all too often proffered by the academic system as *the* way to knowledge. The kind of world Marshall McLuhan perceives, detractions of some of his colleagues notwithstanding, is the one within which many of the young believe they can find their personal reality.

It seems that most of the students who have found it both economically and emotionally possible to turn their backs on the scene (although often at the cost of feeling some amount of guilt at refusing to achieve The Great American Dream of a college education) are those students whose parents did work and strain, many during the Depression of the 1930's, to achieve the goal of a degree. The parents were in no position to question, to quarrel, to reject the status quo. But their children are, and are doing so. Perhaps it is because Haight-Ashbury is so close to the academic world of Berkeley—just across the San Francisco Bay—that the rejection of the goals of one generation by its own offspring can be seen so clearly. Given this country's economic and productive trends, however, I would say that our scene is a precursor rather than an aberration.

The soaring enrollment figures at institutions of higher learning show that the majority of young people are not deciding to drop out of school. Many of those who remain are doing what Kenneth Keniston calls becoming "professional," and what I have termed "selectively dropping out." These students, because they don't have the option of leaving and slamming the door, because they need to fill their premium stamp books to turn in at society's employment window, have somehow got to stick it out in what they perceive to be a hostile environment. Therefore, they learn to play it cool, not really involve themselves in any efforts toward reaching *mutual* goals with the rest of the structure but just go through the minimum of necessary motions to remain satisfactorily enrolled. Given the mounting pressures of assignments and speeded-up time units, meeting these mini-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mum requirements is often completely exhausting. Nonactivism becomes the *modus operandi* not only for theoretical reasons but for practical ones as well.

Of course, there are always a few students in all universities who don't seem to have any thoughts, self-motivated or otherwise. And there always seems to be an even smaller number who somehow will keep struggling, in spite of the various pressures not to do so, to implement their own desires about the utilization of their own minds.

I am pessimistic about the survival of this last species, perhaps unduly so. After all, last winter was a long, cold and wet one for all of California, not only for the groves of academe. Nonetheless, it was frightening when we in the University, all of us, not only the students, were shown so forthrightly what society really thought of free thinking and expression, of the free marketplace of ideas. However, what could have been a time for increased solidarity and dedication to some of the basic principles of education among all the elements of the academic institution simply did not fulfill that potential. In the three months following last January's uproar over the firing of President Kerr and proposals for tuition charges, budget cuts, *et cetera*, I spent more time in emergency meetings than I did sleeping, and I was not at all convinced by the end of the winter quarter that the latter activity could not have been time at least as profitably spent.

As I went from one gathering to another, I saw students, professors and administrators alike unwilling to commit themselves to any mutual goal, to pull together and rock the boat. (That undoubtedly is nautically impossible, but academically I still believe it would have been satisfactorily feasible.) We might have been able, if enough of us had really had faith in the goals and abilities of the others, to develop an intransigent—albeit out of the necessity of adhering to scholastic tradition, a genteelly intransigent—determination that could have gained us some more than the token pacification measures that are currently being visited upon us in the forms of slightly eased budget restrictions, compromises on tuition, *et cetera*. Some viable good, some renewed sense of purpose, may finally heave itself out of the turmoil, although I doubt it. And even if it does appear, it is likely to be in the form of a dinosaur—something totally inadequate to cope with the contingencies of its surroundings. And so it will be viewed by the students.

It seems sad. I had hoped that what we had so precariously won in the Free Speech Movement—the chance to play a real part in the shaping of our education—wouldn't be forfeited. But I think it has largely been lost, not only because of the obstinacy of the administrative bureaucracy (I guess if it were really open to change it couldn't be bureaucratic); not only because of professors who seem much more dedicated to their specialized disciplines than to any student they might inspire to be a disciple of thinking, per se; but also because of the attitude, which seems to be permeating the world of the young, that academia is saying nothing that they want to hear, doing nothing that they want to be *involved* in.

This interpretation of student attitudes causes me to be curious, in a morbid sort of way, about how much longer the academic institution can continue to disenchant and alienate many of its potentially most brilliant members without, itself, suffering in quality, and about how much longer it believes it can just "sit" on its great majority of students who are increasingly tripping out on it in every way they can.

The option of "turning on, tuning in, and dropping out" is a very real one. Academia cannot afford *not* to recognize it if there is to be any, even tenuous, communication between the students and the rest of the academic world. The "new" student will no longer fight his battles in traditional ways. The Yellow Submarine notwithstanding (that is, the coalition of the hippies and the "politicos" during the December, 1966, strike at Berkeley), the hippies and their cohorts of less colorful plumage are simply not going to play in a sandbox when it's someone else's sand and someone else's game.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For those of us who still hang tenaciously to the idea that we can find relevance, work changes, with*in* the structure, the question looms—just how? Most students seem to think that it is not possible. If they are right, and they may just be, then the university in America is sicker than even its most severe critics claim. But if there is a hope, a chance, that sufficiently meaningful changes can occur within the university to convince students that the institution is possibly constructively relevant to their lives, then reform, I think, is going to have to come in four major areas.

It was over a year ago when I first outlined these ideas. For all of them I now have a little less hope. A couple don't even look as important as I had thought because the kind of student whose involvement I was hoping to attain by their implementation is disappearing from the scene. I feel, however, that all students are affected by the university's behavior in the first area I have designated as needing reform. The university, on the whole, fails to encourage its students to commit themselves to *self*-motivated intellectual exploration. This failure is connected with the general academic rejection of the rapidly expanding perceptual framework within which the young are viewing their world. There will, perhaps, be only a few students who flatly refuse to participate in the Pavlovian exercises demanded of them. But there will be many more who may, perhaps unconsciously, blunt their own analytical tools to the extent that they can no longer perceive that they are participating in futile and meaningless exercises; they will lose their inherent abilities in order to achieve institutional approval. Either way, whether they totally refuse to perform within the academic regulations or whether they comply only superficially, students lose the opportunity to develop their own intellects within disciplined frameworks, and, becoming disillusioned with the school's version of intellectual discipline, they often conclude that all such regulation is worthless.

For those students whose self-concept depends not so much upon individualized creativity as upon the chance to participate in democratic interaction, the university also often fails to fill the bill. It is clear that the academic institution does not want its students to engage in meaningful social or political action, that is, action that might have some real effect either on or off campus.

Socially concerned students act on both on-campus and off-campus matters because they see their own fate as being involved. Furthermore, because they tend to be idealistic, they feel an incumbency to promulgate their ideals. Their intellects are reached through their ideals, and the school's failure to encourage their participation in what is most meaningful to them shuts the door through which many of them could come to academically significant involvement.

Another general failing of the university, causing it to lose contact with a great number of its students, is its failure to synthesize the rapidly proliferating and more and more self-isolating fields of specialized knowledge that, at an almost geometric rate, are appearing in the curriculum. This "knowing more and more about less and less" is not only a bane to those few doctoral candidates and professors who see academic validity in intellectual comprehensiveness, it is also extremely difficult for the general student.

How to make the various aspects of scholarship interrelate is an enormous problem for the whole academic community, not only the student. Yet this problem implies still another: how can scholars be persuaded to interrelate? How can there be created a *community* of scholars, of learning, a place where people can actually converse with one another across disciplinary lines?

One of the reasons the Free Speech Movement achieved the success that it did was that *it* created a community. Students suddenly, openly, refused to be isolated by any traditional boundaries within the school. They were, in a very real sense, demanding academic synthesis.

Some schools are taking a brick and mortar approach to the solution of this problem of divisiveness within. I would maintain

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that physical facilities developed with an eye to providing small, congenial seminar rooms will probably not do any harm, nor will Oxford-type plans for college organization probably make students any more isolated; however, as walls do not a prison make, neither do they automatically guarantee comprehensiveness of thought.

My final categorical indictment of the university is that it does not prepare for what will be, that it is not future-oriented, except, perhaps, in a very limited way. In fact, in addition to the "two-culture" communication problem described by C. P. Snow, I see a huge gap between those few instances in which students are prepared for the future—usually in the sense of technical proficiency—and the rest of their academic existence, including most of their science classes most of the time. If the university expends little effort on preparing the student for the possibilities of the future, how relevant can it expect to be to him as he moves into that future? The proliferation and survival of "Free Universities" attest to the fact that there is a desire to relate to both today and tomorrow among students, which the more conventional curricula are failing to satisfy.

To expect the university to prepare students for the present and the future is in essence demanding that it have a curriculum that contains at its core certain basic philosophical tenets. First, as odd as it may sound, I think that the university must reaffirm, or perhaps even relearn, that what it does is important to the fate of man *as* man; that it has a kind of knowledge to impart that cannot be measured by the size of government grants or inches of printed material in professional journals.

I really do believe that the university must look at these areas of its activities in which it is failing, and thereby failing to reach its students: intellectual experimentation, idealistic social reform, academic synthesis, and future-, change-oriented curriculum.

Maybe it can't change, though; maybe it now is in the only position that society will easily allow it to occupy and, perhaps, it does not wish to push the boundaries. Then, my friends are right when they say that the university and, I guess, I along with it are not relevant to reality.

The new folk-rock songs, Dr. Edgar Z. Friedenberg, and our own recently resigned student body president all have said more eloquently what I am trying to say. But I still need someone to confront my anguish at the irrelevancy of academia, if it's only with anguish of his own. Then, at least, we'd have a start at creating an academically relevant reality.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diano Marino to Aix en Provence

HOLLIS SUMMERS

Nobody has told me it is almost fall;
Always before I have been told;
My mother has said, "I hope the cold
Won't get the chrysanthemums,"
My wife: "The days are shorter,"
The children: "It's time for football,"
And all the while I have stood numb
In the sweating hot September summer.

It is difficult to tell a season away
From home alone in a cheap hotel;
But yesterday morning I knew well
Fall, standing on a balcony;
Below, in the quiet plaza, a man
Walked wearing a dark cape;
He did not look up at me,
But I left the hotel looking for the sun.

Yesterday at Nice, in the afternoon,
The sunbathers arched their bodies
Above the rocks as if to hurry
Sun, although the air was warm;
I left my hostel without sleeping
To hasten to Aix whose name has been
All of my life a name for summer;
In Aix the trees stood weeping;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Plane leaves whispered the ground
By a king's statue. But today
The dead leaves have gone away,
Someone working the night has moved
The leaves away. I know trees
Shed often in summer at home.
But I, too, in autumn, have hidden
Evidence, sweeping fallen leaves.

✪ HOLLIS SUMMERS teaches English at Ohio University. *Seven Occasions* is his latest volume of poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radical Affirmatives

MARC KAMINSKY

The monstrous claims of inspired rebels have often appeared most reasonable when they have succeeded in furnishing images of faith, and a basis of action, for a portion of mankind that has reached the spiritual decision to experience differently. But only under certain conditions will this internal revolution occur. There must have been developed a large discrepancy between "reality" and a husk of consciousness composed of received opinions. The mass of men experience such fissures as a vague and continuous anxiety, a suffering whose source they are at a loss to discover. They are conscious of having violent and unnatural feelings, because an encrustation of superannuated truths governs their thought and prevents them from recognizing their actual and immediate experience. With what relief they must hear the inspired rebel proclaim they may cast off a belief that is not warranted by the facts of their experience!

And yet, even to those who have suffered the same pressure of demand, the new claims, being hostile to official experience, will sound illegitimate. But after the roar of revolution has died away, the new man usually has a way of hearing for the first time the reasonableness of the voice that cried out in the wilderness preparing the way. And he acclaims the precursory visionary and ideologue, who in his own day was held as a criminal.

✪ Last February MARC KAMINSKY received an M.A. degree from Columbia University. His recent work includes a play in verse, presented at the Judson Poets' Theater, and a play entitled *The Festival of Fire and Water,* which was staged as part of an Angry Arts program. As a member of the Production Committee of the Theater of the Angry Arts, which he helped found, Mr. Kaminsky writes that he is "seeking to foster a theater that makes radical affirmations."

The criminal voice may be raised by a man who will shape the future of his society, or it may be that of a contemplative who sees the imminent shape rising up beneath the dying truths and the institutions that these justify. Whether he is a man of action or a man of contemplation, he is part of a process that will bring into being a new truth and the new experience it makes possible. We recall with what grateful contempt Carlyle called Voltaire a negative philosopher. Voltaire's immense service to mankind was that he could tell, when most others could not, that certain social and religious establishments no longer corresponded to the actual existing order of experience. And yet, Carlyle finally must dismiss him, because he could not foretell a new truth. It is precisely in the unprecedented claims of the inspired rebel that the new truth lies. And although he proceeds by negations, being a rebel, he negates for the sake of a central and sacred affirmation.

At the close of the 1950's, a Harlem hustler, a French thief, and a Jewish novelist who was seeking the criminal, all unknown to each other, and almost at the same moment, entered the black slums and brought up to consciousness a new truth. With what seemed colossal perversity, they came where life was most hazardous, vicious and cheap, to discover a positive creed. Out of all that was despised and judged to be negative, they forged their own virtues. They chose, it seemed, to be evil; and their choice was made—with the passion of moralists.

On the eve of the 1960 sit-ins, these men proclaimed that they had decided to experience differently, and that their decision involved, at its heart, an affirmation of the black man. Several years later, it was brought home to us that a momentous

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transformation of consciousness was, indeed, being accomplished. The hour of equality was at hand. The current in that direction seemed irresistible. And thousands upon thousands of black men, together with their white brothers, flowed downstream to Washington; and there, at the very center of power, a new Civil Rights Law was enacted. That both these triumphs of the civil rights movement occurred in Washington is symbolic of that particular phase of the process of the affirmation of the black man—for it was but a phase in a larger historical process. During the "Washington phase," the black man sought to affirm himself on what we may call the white man's ground. The civil rights movement was Christian in its tone; the goal of its activists was integration—and redemption of sick white society; its emphasis was not so much the black slum but the institutions of prestige, power and wealth. There was a paroxysm of white sympathy for the Negro "cause." The black man was affirming himself by demanding that he be allowed to go wherever white men go—and he went to Washington. Inherent in this claim was the assumption that the white man's way was the one to follow; it recognized the supremacy of the whites.

But all that is gone now. The civil rights movement, as we knew it in the first half of this decade, is dead. It has left behind it, in Washington, a monument of its passing—the war on poverty. Without effecting any real social changes, this war institutionalizes a white sympathy that is, in actuality, exhausted. And the wheel has come full circle.

The three inspired rebels—Malcolm X, Jean Genet and Norman Mailer—had nothing at all to do with the struggle for integration. In retrospect, we see the "Washington phase" as part of a process of which they compose a sort of primary consciousness. And even where it was aware of their ideas, the "Washington phase" had no use for them. The affirmations that they made were far too radical; that is, they did not make acceptance by white society the condition for the affirmation of the black man. The civil rights movement, which has now entered a phase usually identified with the slogan of "black power," has just caught up to them. When Stokely Carmichael explains, to ghetto audiences, the significance of "the power to define," he shows how fully he has assimilated the radical affirmations of inspired rebels.

In the chapter of his autobiography entitled "Black Muslims," Malcolm X suspends his narrative in order to dramatize the process by which Muslims rehabilitate junkies. After the recitative—the history of the first big success of the Muslims and of Malcolm—this is the aria in which a "literalist of the imagination" transforms the process of his personal life, as well as that of the movement that gave him life, into the severe simplicities of parable. It is parable and it is fact. It is the gathering up of all confused significances into a lucid order, the creation of a pattern adequate to the facts. It is a rendering of a method and of a vision. It is, most of all, a celebration of conversion, which is the central principle of Malcolm's book and of his life. Of conversion, which is one of the most valuable experiences for the human spirit, R. P. Blackmur says:

> Some reactions are merely protective and make false responses; some reactions are so deep as to amount to a change in the phase of being and make honest responses. . . . The great human struggle, for the individual or for the society, is so to react and so to respond to "the terrible ambiguity of an immediate experience" as to approach the conditions of rebirth, the change of heart, or even the fresh start.

Malcolm, who "snatched our lies away from us," was distinguished by the depth of his reactions and the honesty of his responses. He moved through the various phases of his life, not to be thereby fragmented, but to attain wholeness. Having undergone three major conversions, which were all part of the process of his personality, he had an experience that has grown quite rare among us.

We must go back more than one hun-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred years, to Carlyle and Newman, those great writers of spiritual autobiographies, to find peers for Malcolm and his work. Like them, he had a representative experience, a crisis in belief, which was at the same time an "identity crisis." He, too, loved battle and rebellion, but rebellion as a phase preceding orthodoxy. His greatness also had to do with the competence of his intelligence and of his emotions to organize his experience. Like them, he was a pattern-setter, a man whose monstrous claims revealed a large discrepancy; and he converted multitudes. He was, in the phrase of William James, a "religious genius." In this, he was close kin to Newman: for both men, religion was inseparable from their experience of themselves, their sense of selfhood. Their religious formulations were not secondhand, but of their making, acts of creation, compositions of themselves. And like Carlyle's, Malcolm's religion went hand in hand with an important criticism of society. Both puritanical and devil-despising men hated, above all, any failure in authenticity. They were the scourge of sham.

Malcolm, then, impresses us, perhaps even moves us to something related to the old religious reverence, by the power of his authenticity. That is no small achievement in a society where pseudo events are deliberately manufactured, and the Image is everywhere more valued than the reality it is meant to represent; where fake expectations are aroused, and unreality established as a goal; where shams, displacing facts, are institutionalized. We can only understand what the rehabilitation of junkies meant for Malcolm when we see it as a parable of conversion. For him, it was the salvation of a fallen angel; the spiritual rebirth of the disinherited; the recovery of selfhood; the breaking down of a bastille of unwarranted belief; the largest liberation. What Carlyle called the "Old Clothes" are torn away; and the very self seems dead, even as the naked man himself stands free. The twice-born attain the only blessed state that matters: they become real.

Malcolm speaks of six phases. A Muslim, himself an ex-junkie, a man with authority because he can say, "I am the man, I suffered, I was there," goes out to "fish"—for souls, in the black slums. There the disciple sees one he knew, and in the "old junkie jungle language" stops him, crying: "You're hooked, man!" In the first phase, the Muslim spends months (when necessary) forcing the junkie to admit that he *is* a dope fiend. Only those who are compelled to see that they are damned have eyes to see that they are in need of salvation. "The junkie can never start to cure himself until he recognizes and accepts his true condition." It was Baudelaire who said that the man who cannot accept the conditions of his life is damned. And it was the persona that Yeats called "My Self" that sang the song that well might stand as motto for Malcolm's work:

> I am content to follow to its source
> Every event in action or in thought;
> Measure the lot; forgive myself the lot!
> When such as I cast out remorse
> So great a sweetness flows into the breast
> We must laugh and we must sing,
> We are blest by everything,
> Everything we look upon is blest.

A former addict, Malcolm had passed through a phase of self-affirming negations. When Malcolm came out of the country to the city of Boston, he chose the ghetto section of Roxbury, instinctively repudiating Humboldt Avenue Hill, where menials affected "impressive-sounding job titles," and "imitated white people . . . under the pitiful misapprehension that it would make them 'better.'" He chose, in short, the music halls and the numbers game, with their big excitements and the promise of fabulous riches; the world in which he was taught the cardinal truth that "everything in the world is a hustle," and where it was considered unworthy of a man to have a "slave"—a steady job and the humiliations it entailed. In jail, when he became a Muslim, he repudiated all his criminal years; and, after that, he was admitted to the Holy City of Mecca, where everything he looked upon was blest. This marked his latest conversion, and his repudiation of Elijah Muhammad.

The junkie recapitulates this spiritual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

career. In the second "cure-phase," he realizes why he uses dope. The fisher of souls instructs him in the poolrooms, bars, rented rooms and restaurants of the slum itself: the place where he lives is the sphere in which the transformation must take place. The junkie is told that he is desperately trying to "narcotize himself against being a black man in the white man's America." By being an addict, he "proves" the white man is right about him. He is degraded, an animal, a thing of imperative appetites, running famished and half-crazed through the jungle of cities. He is destroying himself by buying "Whitey's dope." This, of course, is the crucial identification, a most significant and electric interpretation of the facts. It releases all the junkie's self-destructive rage, and enlists it in the service of his cure. The best way to get revenge is to get well. His robust good health will prove his worth and prove the white man has made a terrible mistake.

In the third phase, the fisher of souls shows the hooked man the way. The truth that Allah revealed to His Messenger, the Honorable Elijah Muhammad, is simply this: "The white man is the devil." This is a bald and naïvely metaphysical statement of a truth that corresponds to the junkie's experience of society. At the Muslim temple, he hears—often for the first time—a full recital of the crimes of the white man. Who else but Satan himself could have ordered such horrors as were committed on the slave ships? The junkie hears of his African origins, and of the manner in which his real name—his true identity—has been blotted from the history books; now he is compelled to carry a false name, his master's name, not his own. The history of the greatness of black civilizations has also been withheld from him. The junkie is curious; he wants to learn more. He has begun to be provided with what George Eliot called "a coherent social faith and order which [can] perform the function of knowledge for the ardently willing soul." He no longer feels ignorant; and, if he has something of the intelligence and ardor that Malcolm had, he will read everything he can lay his hands on, educating himself with astonishing rapidity. He is, at the same time, in the light of his new insight, following to its source every event in action or in thought. He is in a position to take command of his experience: he can admit to all the failures of the past; and he has a principle around which to order the previous chaos of his life. Having discovered the identity of his enemy, he makes long strides toward discovering who *he* is. At the local Muslim restaurant, he is called "brother," and those who call him by this name all believe that he will have the strength and conviction to say to his habit: "Get thee behind me, Satan." He achieves the fourth phase with a mighty gathering up of will. He finds within himself a power for life, which must at this time take the form of destroying in himself his power for death: he will kick the habit.

Then the brief but radical agony of cold turkey begins. During the death of his old self, he is attended by Muslims who urge him to bring into being his new self. He begs for one last shot; he screams for mercy; blood runs from his mouth and nose. His shrieks are terrible. He goes berserk. It is a hard death. He vomits up everything that he has inside of him. He has diarrhea. The Muslims cry out, "Don't hold nothing back. Let Whitey go, baby!" And then, at last, he has purged his veins of the white man—that excremental and demonic being that possessed him for so many years. The chaos is all used up.

In the last phase, the new man becomes a fisher of souls. He makes real the newly discovered power within him by helping other men discover power in themselves. He no longer accepts the role in which he has been cast; he is no longer mere "boy." He must now assume the responsibilities of a father in relation to other "boys"; and in doing so, he is ordained in his manhood.

The chapter entitled "Black Muslims" is, first and foremost, the history of the relations between the Muslims and the media. What we have spoken of as the parable of conversions describes the birth of a new individual. The chapter, as a whole, speaks of the birth of a new movement; the mass

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

media occupy such a central place in it because the media acted as midwife.

The formal entrance of the Muslims into history marked the beginning of a new phase of Malcolm's career; and its ultimate consequence was yet another radical transformation of his identity. Perhaps the best way to account for Malcolm's emergence as the most important Muslim leader, and for all his later growth, is to say: Malcolm mastered the media. But he had mastered his own experience first; and he achieved a greater mastery by speaking of the changes he had undergone in public. His authority, which was immediately felt, was that of a man who speaks from experience. And when he spoke, he seemed to efface his uniqueness and make all that he brought into the light a representative experience for which he was spokesman. But he could not efface himself or be effaced; for one understood at once the courage it took to open up experiences, social and personal, that were considered shameful. It was a new and radical voice, making monstrous claims.

As Malcolm's life began to involve, to a large extent, his dealings with the media, he changed. On the whole, we must conclude that the change was beneficial. Brought face-to-face with huge white audiences for the first time, he not only had to develop new strategies in order to convince them of the truth for which he spoke, he had to develop new modes of thought. Where the Messenger of Allah remained fairly sequestered in Chicago, Malcolm moved with greater ease and assurance through the white world: he became a one-man information agency for the Muslims, the man whom the media sought. The "source" of news first seemed, and then became, a source of power. It is quite likely that without the media he would not have undergone perhaps the greatest crisis of his life—his break with his spiritual father, Mr. Muhammad. He would never have achieved spiritual autonomy.

It is a great paradox that the media, which manufacture so many of the pseudo events they pretend to report, should have helped build a movement that fiercely assaulted all the cherished Images. In the act of composing their own demonic images, as if in rebuttal to those of the Muslims, the media brought home to us the reality that had been kept hidden so long in the heart of the slums—the reality of the black man is rage. The media bore witness to the truth for which Malcolm spoke and unwittingly furthered his purpose.

> You will often hear today a lot of the Negro leaders complaining that what thrust the Muslims into international prominence was the white man's press, radio, television, and other media. I have no shred of argument with that. They are absolutely correct. Why, none of us in the Nation of Islam remotely anticipated what was about to happen.
>
> In late 1959, the television program was aired. "The Hate that Hate Produced"—the title—was edited tightly into a kaleidoscope of "shocker" images. . . . Every phrase was edited to increase the shock mood. . . .
>
> No one jumped from any windows, but in New York City there was an instant avalanche of public reaction. It's my personal opinion that the "Hate . . . Hate . . ." title was primarily responsible for the reaction. Hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers, black and white, were exclaiming, "Did you hear it? Did you see it? Preaching *hate* of white people!"
>
> Here was one of the white man's most characteristic behavior patterns—where black men are concerned. He loves himself so much that he is startled if he discovers that his victims don't share his vainglorious self-opinion. In America for centuries it had been just fine so long as the victimized, brutalized and exploited black people had been grinning and begging and "Yessa, Massa" and Uncle Tomming. But now, things were different.

Jean Genet prefaced *The Blacks: A Clown Show*—which he wrote in 1958—with the following conundrum: "One evening an actor asked me to write a play for an all-black cast. But what exactly is a black? First of all, what's his color?" Genet at once announces his intention of startling *us* into a new definition of the Negro; and the Negro is going to be defined as a man who has been defined by another man. In a second prefatory statement, Genet emphatically says that *The Blacks* has been written by a white man for a white audi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ence. If, by some unlikely chance, no white persons attend, then the black spectators are to wear white masks. Genet is insisting that a black man *is* black only under the supervision of real or imagined white men. The "symbolic white," for whom the actors will play, and upon whom a spotlight will shine through the play, is an essential condition for the dramatization of a black. Without "symbolic white," the black man is not black.

The play begins with the same recognition that fathered the Muslims: the blacks are dancing sedately to the music of a Mozart minuet, imitating the movements of the whites. Their leader announces: "We are what they want us to be." The "they" comprehends both the white audience, which is cast in the role of decadent oppressor, and the audience's surrogate on the stage, the White Court, which is played by masked blacks. The situation of the black man is that of the slave. And the "symbolic white," for the present at least, has the upper hand: for any man who succeeds in imposing his definition of another man on that other man has made himself the master. The being of the "other" is not self-determined, but determined by the master's wants. Even for himself, he is "the other," and therefore has no proper selfhood. What kind of responses can a man make under such conditions?

Malcolm preached that his first act must be an act of perception: he must become conscious of the fact that who he is has been defined by someone other than himself, and then claim for himself "the power to define"—under the circumstances, it is an insubordinate claim—by defining his definer as "the enemy." (Here one is able to realize exactly why Genet called his play a "clown show." The fool, according to the early definition of the Church Fathers, was "he who gets slapped," pure butt and victim. But what characterized the great clowns and the great fools of the theater, such as Falstaff, was their preternatural capacity for reversing roles with their slapper.) This conscious act on the part of "the other" constitutes an attack on the self-definition of "the enemy." And the very attack is an emancipation. It is an emphatic assertion of what, for "the other," is the real relationship between himself and his complacent patron. That is the first shock. It is also a reversal of roles. That is the second shock. But the clown, even as he seems to satisfy the "enemy" by accepting his definition, declares that his "otherness" is no longer the servile thing that was so useful to the "enemy's" "vainglorious self-opinion." "Otherness" has now become a dangerous quantity. And the "other" has changed his identity by changing that of the man who gave him his identity.

The man defined as "other" is reduced to passivity. One possible response to this outrageous situation is to try to imitate the dispenser of definitions. The "enemy" has, of course, defined himself as Good. In accepting the "enemy" as the model of Goodness, the "other" really murders any possibility of achieving an identity, because he has accepted the standard that condemns him to nonbeing. (Evil, St. Augustine said, is nothing other than nonbeing.) This, in essence, is one of the most important themes of Malcolm's book. What began as an aversion to the "Hill Negroes" became a cogent attack upon Negroes who desperately tried to be white.

There is, however, another possible response to this situation. Instead of imitating the enemy's self-definition, his model of Goodness, the "other" can imitate the "enemy's" image of Badness. Having only the most limited freedom of choice, he nonetheless repudiates passivity by choosing with a vengeance the image that has been projected onto him. This is precisely the response of Genet's blacks. They create a ritual out of their choice to be evil.

Some of the blacks put on the part of the White Court that sits in judgment over the rest of the blacks, who reenact the murder of a white woman: this is, of course, the crime that white men have most commonly imagined for the Negro, when they were casting about for a reason to murder him. The ritual, which seems to have been staged for the benefit of the Court, is actually a judgment of the judges. They are found guilty of having brought the knowl-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edge and the experience of Hell to Africa. The play "proceeds delicately" to their execution.

Archibald, the master of ceremonies, gives a great deal of advice to the players, who in "real life" are whores and domestic servants. When not acting out the ritual of their defiance, they are the obsequious "others," serving their masters' definitions. They are, therefore, not wholly equipped in defiance. Like Hamlet, Archibald does not want his players to tear a passion to tatters.

Proceed delicately. Be clever and choose only reasons for hatred. Keep from magnifying our savageness. Be careful not to seem a wild beast. If you do, you'll only tempt their desire without gaining their esteem.

Politeness must be raised to such a pitch that it becomes monstrous. It must arouse fear.

This is nothing if not the most strident irony. In the language of hyperbole, Archibald warns the blacks that their manner must be a simulacrum of respectability, a style so neutral as to inhibit a possible hyperbolic response of the Court. But he tells them not only what style they are to use, but what emotion they are to choose to portray—and it is an emotion inappropriate to the style of response. This further irony is really an accusation against the Court, whose crime is that it has made authenticity impossible by circumscribing each black man in an emotional ghetto. But the blacks retaliate. They affirm themselves by electing what is both necessary and intolerable—to live in their slum.

Invent, not love, but hatred, and thereby make poetry, since that's the only domain in which we're allowed to operate.

Archibald's radicalism, like that of the Muslims, arises from the despair that refuses to repudiate the Court's definition of "otherness."

I order you to be black to your very veins. Pump black blood through them. Let Africa circulate in them. Let Negroes negrify themselves. Let them persist to the point of madness in what they're condemned to be.

In his instructions to the players, Archibald makes an explicit identification between the unreality of the theater and the blacks' severe circumscription of the emotional life—this, despite the fact that they have turned to the theater in order to become real.

They tell us that we're grown up children. In that case, what's left for us? The theatre!

You think you love her. You are a Negro and a performer. Neither of whom will know love.

The Negro is performer: that is all. (And in what other profession, until quite recently, could a Negro hope for success?) He performs for the sake of the Court, upon which he is utterly dependent; not even his emotions are his own. It has often been observed that men still bound to their mothers are not free to love their wives. In like manner, Village is not free to love the black whore, Virtue, until he has murdered the White Queen. That is the act he must perform. To reach maturity, to be freed, he must be criminal. His "tragedy," as we say, is that only as a criminal can he be real.

The strategy of revolt by imitation of the "enemy's" model of Badness accomplishes two important things. Once he has committed his crime, the individual man can now begin inventing love:

VILLAGE: But if I take your hands in mine? If I put my arms around your shoulders—let me—if I hug you?

VIRTUE: All men are like you: they imitate. Can't you invent something else?

VILLAGE: For you I could invent anything: fruits, brighter words, a two-wheeled wheelbarrow, cherries without pits, . . . But gestures of love, that's harder . . . still, if you really want me to . . .

VIRTUE: I'll help you. At least, there's one sure thing: you won't be able to wind your fingers in my long golden hair . . .

And so the play ends, not with the negation that terminated bondage, but with the beginning of human fulfillment.

What we see before us, then, is the success of an individual. But something else

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of importance has happened; something momentous for the whole race; something decisive has just been initiated. A new man has come into being after the death of an exhausted man; a Carlylean hero bringing in the new age and its inventions of life; a mysterious figure, terrifying by virtue of the shadows that conceal his terrifying competence to fulfill his appointed mission. It is, of course, the media that announces his emergence. Mr. Newport News —one remarks the accuracy of Genet's symbols and personifications—is a go-between, traveling back and forth between the pseudo event that the blacks are performing for us, and a real event, which, like the ritual we are allowed to see, is a trial and an execution. We never learn any facts about the real event; all that is kept hidden. Toward the end of the play, we begin to discover that we have been tricked. It was the purpose of the gorgeous performance that we have been witnessing to blind us to the real event, just as it was the purpose of the blacks' "monstrous politeness" and "decorum" to conceal—in the very act of claiming—their violent emotion. The blacks have not become performers for nothing.

We are able to gather that a black traitor has just been executed by a black court, and a black congress has just acclaimed another man; that the doomed man was a black leader; and that his crime against the race was teaching it to imitate the whites. The momentous decision to experience differently has been reached.

Of the "one who was just acclaimed," Newport News reports:

> He's on his way. He's going off to organize and continue the fight. Our aim is not only to corrode and dissolve the idea they'd like us to have of them, we must also fight them in their actual persons, in their flesh and blood.

When the black servant who played the part of the White Queen asks what he is like, she is answered:

> Just as you imagine him. Exactly as he must be in order to spread panic by force and cunning.

All the black performers throw off their parts and, in their curiosity and exultation, cry out: "Describe him."

> He's on his way. Let him go. He has our confidence. Everything has been planned and prepared so that he can count on us when he's away. . . . [His voice is] deep. Somewhat caressing. He'll first have to fascinate and then convince. Yes, he's also a charmer.

We sought our entertainment here, unaware that, under cover of darkness, Genet was shadowing forth the lineaments and tones of Malcolm X.

The emergence of the real hero of the play has been prepared for in the figures of Archibald and Felicity, the master and mistress of ceremonies. It was Archibald, inventing the poetry of hatred, who governed the first part of the ritual. But he wanes in importance after he has directed Village in the reenactment of the murder. He has taken Village—and the race—as far as hatred can go; he had his proper hour and his proper task: it needed a relentless and masculine hatred to achieve the destruction of the old principles of order. This done, the female counterpart of the same black self-affirmation is needful. Felicity now takes over as oracle and guide, and conducts the blacks over cracked wall and boundary of the old, into the new domain.

> To you, black was the color of priests and undertakers and orphans. But everything is changing. Whatever is gentle and kind and good and tender will be black. Milk will be black, sugar, rice, the sky, doves, hope will be black.

In the shift of emphasis from Archibald to Felicity, we see, once again, a prophecy of Malcolm's career. His terrible hatred modulated into magnificent anger. We see, also, what is truly creative about that anger: it can bring about a "transvaluation of values."

"The White Negro," written in 1957, is a manifesto, an act of self-creation, an acute psychological analysis of our culture, and, above all, a decision to experience differently. While Malcolm was exhorting Negroes to cease making futile raids upon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whiteness, Mailer was formally announcing the marriage of the white man to blackness. It was the white man who now would come courting, "looking for action with a black man's code." And it was the Negro who brought the "cultural dowry." An unobserved revolution was taking place: the black man was choosing to stop imitating the white; and the white man was beginning to choose to be Negro. This change of direction took place neither in the heart of the ghetto nor in the center of suburbia, but along the margins of the two worlds. Under cover of darkness, the delinquent, the bohemian and the Negro met; and the hipster declared himself. Black men could not change their identities without, as a consequence, changing the identities of white men.

In characterizing the hipster, Mailer mobilized the language of paradox, not for the sake of verbal brilliance, and not for the sake of the stunning phrase, although these effects he achieves. The point, however, that one wants to make about the prose is its awkwardness. It has a sort of carelessness of distinguished inspiration; a straining to express a new experience with which it is not fluent. It has the urgency of a moral passion that can no longer afford to be in love with grace of expression. There is, however, nothing unfinished about it. The ambivalent figure, "the white Negro," is defined as a "philosophical psychopath." When we have comprehended what Mailer meant by "philosophical" and by "psychopath," and by the curious combination of these words, we have got to the heart of hip.

Both the philosopher and the psychopath are extraordinary men. One is distinguished by the value that he attaches to thinking, and by the quality of his thought. The other is distinguished by the value that he attaches to his feelings, and by the quality of his feelings. The phrase "philosophical psychopath" aims at an idea of wholeness of being, of a mental quantity that would stand in radical opposition to "dissociation of sensibility." It was, perhaps, Dostoevski who made it possible for a contemporary American writer to imagine the reunion of thought and emotion upon such unexpected and precarious ground. In imagining the possibility of a philosophical murderer, Dostoevski began a revolution in modern thought that received its greatest and most concentrated expression in the writings of Nietzsche. Zarathustra is his portrait of the virile philosopher; and Zarathustra, we recall, committed a most notorious philosophical murder. For Nietzsche, the philosopher is a man with the capacity to repudiate superannuated belief and *create new values.*

The "white Negro" chooses pyschopathy out of certain convictions. Since "psychopathy is most prevalent among Negroes," he is a philosophical Negro. He believes that the conditions of life of the small-time big-city black hustler are conditions that have created a "code" that is most favorable to psychic well-being in the atomic age. (For the cloud over Hiroshima is the wedding canopy under which the Jewish novelist weds the Negro.)

> If the fate of twentieth-century man is to live with death from adolescence to premature senescence, why then the only life-giving answer is to accept the terms of death, to live with death as immediate danger, to divorce oneself from society, to exist without roots, to set out on that uncharted journey into the rebellious imperatives of the self. In short, whether the life is criminal or not, the decision is to encourage the psychopath in oneself.

The early chapters of Malcolm's autobiography are a paradigm of life-at-war, a life lived with death as immediate danger.

> Looking back, I think I really was at least slightly out of my mind. I viewed narcotics as most people regard food. I wore my guns as today I wear my neckties. Deep down, I actually believed that after living as fully as humanly possible, one should then expect to die violently. I expected then, as I still expect today, to die at any time. But then, I think I deliberately invited death in many, sometimes insane ways.

Where the Negro had to stop courting death, and begin merely to accept it, the white man had to stop trying to banish the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reality of death from his life, and begin fully to accept it. In America, death is sequestered in hospitals, old-age homes, and behind other high walls. We are the only civilization in history to have gotten rid of the human experience of death, even as we have made the fear of death omnipresent. This certainly helps make for unreality. It boggles the imagination to consider that almost every person living in America, having never gotten any familiarity with it, will be deprived of the experience of his own death. This reflection, perhaps, gives emphasis to the huge importance of Mailer's claim.

Death has not been banished from the black slums. It is out of the ghetto, then, that a new code must come, a code that makes it possible for a man "to accept the terms of death" by experiencing its reality. There is something else to be gained. The "white Negro," like the psychopath, has the "strength" to experience his experience directly; he does not see his life through a glass, darkly, but face-to-face. The real enemy of the "white Negro" is the Image, which has in the past mediated between himself and his experience. As an iconoclast, he comes to know

> what is good for him and what is bad for him at exactly those instants when an old crippling habit has become so attacked by experience that the potentiality exists to change it, to replace a negative and empty fear with an outward action, even if—and here I obey the logic of the extreme psychopath—even if the fear is of himself, and the action is to murder. The psychopath murders—if he has the courage—out of the necessity to purge his violence, for if he cannot empty his hatred then he cannot love, his being is frozen with implacable self-hatred for his cowardice.

Criminal actions may "amount to a change in the phase of being and make honest responses." We recall that Village, after murdering the white woman, was able to take Virtue to wife. If one were to pluck the moral out of the burning fire, one might be surprised with its familiarity: To thine own self be true. Village and the "White Negro" harken to "the rebellious imperatives of the self," because not to have done so would have cost them their lives.

It may perhaps come as some surprise to us that, although we believe the "black man's code" is bad, we experience, almost every day, its rightness; we associate the virtuous act—the act of authenticity—with hatred and violence. In *The Image: A Guide to Pseudo-Events in America,* Danial Boorstin has not only witnessed that we give our unacknowledged assent to such radical values, but shown us our good reasons for doing so.

> The world of crime, even more than that of sports, is a last refuge of the authentic, uncorrupted spontaneous event. [N.B.: Crime is a last refuge of the *uncorrupted!* It is "pure" experience.] Of course there are rare exceptions (the planned "violators" of law for political purposes, like the suffragettes, or more recently the Freedom Riders in the South). But, generally speaking, crimes are not pseudo-events, however industriously they may be exploited by the press. Only seldom are they committed for the purpose of being reported. Quite the contrary, a man who commits a murder or a rape, who robs a bank, or embezzles from his employer, hopes to get away with it. Our hunger for crime news and sports news, then, far from showing that we have lost our sense of reality, actually suggests that even in a world so flooded with pseudo-events and images of all kinds, we still know (and are intrigued by) a spontaneous event when we see one.

That we do not acknowledge our assent; that we cannot accept our hunger for authenticity; that we dare not allow the monstrous claims of reality to furnish us with images of faith, and a basis of action, are symptoms of a larger discrepancy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's Having the Identity Crisis: Businessmen or Students?

W. EUGENE GROVES

In recent years businessmen have become more interested than students in solving the "identity crisis." Students have little difficulty deciding how they should act; they are concerned with genuine intellectual and human values. Businessmen, though, have begun to ask each other, and to ask students, "How can we improve our image?" This question is interpreted by students as, "How can we posture to get more money and to attract brighter apprentices?"

Businessmen, in fact, are losing the respect and talent of youth. A few years ago over a quarter of graduating college seniors showed an interest in business careers. In a recent survey, only twelve percent felt that business now offers viable career choices. The new student generation rejects many established occupations, considering them restricting in interest and incompatible with their personal values.

Not only businessmen, but most adults seem to be going through a period remarkably similar to the identity crisis that faces their adolescent children. This "image crisis" marks adults' search for a satisfactory role in the uncertain world of youth.

Adults suffer from their own problems; and one is their inability to adapt their perceptions to an evolving world. Youths' acute discernment of the world they have experienced leads them to reject many of the distinctions from the adult experience that are irrelevant to what matters. Two events of the last year point out this discrepancy in perception and judgment between generations. College students protested the use of class rank to determine which undergraduates and prospective graduate students should be drafted. The controversy displayed the irrelevance of using grades—an academic criterion—to make totally different decisions; however, it also focused attention on the questionable relevance of grades in identifying people who will be creative and productive after graduation. Moreover, students not only are questioning what should be judged, but who should do the judging.

The second event was on the West Coast. More than a dozen student leaders at Redlands University invited Bettina Aptheker, a Communist Party spokesman, to speak on campus last year, in defiance of a ban on controversial speakers. Even though they succeeded in forcing a repeal of the ban, the students were suspended for a semester. They realized not only that the ban was an immature attempt to control ideas, but that the Communist Party in the United States is a rather conservative force. During the student strike at Berkeley, for example, Communist Party members advocated a relatively moderate position, urging change through existing channels. The older generation's paranoid fear in reacting to Communists or "threatening" speakers like Timothy Leary is amusing, but becomes disheartening to youth as the gap in understanding widens between generations.

It is as youths grow that they see not only misplaced fear and erroneous judgment among adults. They also detect hypocrisy, infidelity and neglect in a generation that exhorts youths to live honestly and treasure love.

The White House announces gains in

✪ W. EUGENE GROVES, twenty-four, was president of the National Student Association in 1966-67. A graduate of the University of Chicago, he did advanced studies at Oxford University as a Rhodes Scholar. Mr. Groves's essay is adapted from a talk he gave in New York in June at the "Executive Drop-In," sponsored by *Moderator* magazine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vietnam, while news reporters there detect losses. Contradictory reasons are given for the presence of the United States there. American students become disillusioned as this country heralds revolutionary democracy at home, while in Asia and elsewhere it supports oppressive regimes.

Adults condemn the use of marijuana—giving young offenders as much as twenty years in prison for possessing "pot." These same adults drive cars while drunk, killing thousands each year. Still no evidence shows that marijuana is more dangerous than alcohol.

General Motors and A.T.&T. each has an annual profit larger than the gross national product of each of seventy nations. This nation's business and civic leaders call for international peace and domestic tranquillity. They lament starvation in India and Mississippi—but they refuse to use their profits to give people food. They preach equality, but practice segregation in business and housing, in order to earn money or to preserve their way of life. They speak of peace, but sell napalm and munitions to the highest bidder. They claim to serve the customer first but, in fact, serve their pocketbooks by building products that wear out quickly or models that become obsolete. And they pay their own employees not what decent sustenance, but only the law, requires.

The American businessman wears blinders. His world is fragmented—into public and private, seller and buyer, engineer and salesman. While such segmentation aids efficiency, it is used to evade responsibility for everything not in one's own sector. The magical market allows the manufacturer and seller to forget how a product is used—even if it kills thousands of innocent people. Since no one assumes the responsibility for the full consequences of his actions, moral dilemmas seldom arise. In fact, the entrepreneur constructs systems to absolve himself from guilt. *Caveat emptor.*

I do have great respect for one businessman I know. A stockbroker in San Francisco, he is making much less on sales commissions this year. Because of his opposition to the war in Vietnam, he refuses to sell stocks in war production industries. His position on Vietnam is not the issue. This man made a moral choice, and conducted business according to the dictates of that choice.

The "ethic of responsibility" might upset the laissez-faire market allocation of resources; but, to many of the younger generation, man's personal honesty and humanity are more important than the impersonal market. Where criteria conflict, members of society must make decisions based on treating people equitably and responsively rather than on maximizing production and profit.

This drive to accumulate scarce resources and to compete ruthlessly with everyone is not the only motif in the ambiguous American adult mentality. Society still teaches children to "love thy neighbor as thyself" and "do unto others as you would have them do unto you." The ethics of love and competition are incompatible for any adult who owns a grocery store and lives beside a starving family. The resultant "neurotic personality of our time" plagues the whole of American society.

Youth tries to respond meaningfully to the perplexing adult world. But adults don't make it easy. They tell their children the society is affluent, loving and just, but young people find it full of irrelevant demands, infidelity and inequity. Students' awareness of a general pattern of "victimization" of the powerless emerged as a lesson of the early civil rights movement. Five years ago only the Negro was thought to be the victim; now the college student can see himself in the same situation. Cries for "student power," as well as "black power," attract attention and focus aspirations.

Young people channel their aspirations in several ways. In recent years fewer follow the parental example, ignoring the ugly parts of the world in order to live securely in one part of social reality. Many students accept the challenge to create a better world. They are called the "activists." But others find no fruitful route to happiness within the society, and drop out.

The major sociological studies of youth conducted in the last few years agree on at

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

least one conclusion about activists: they identify closely with parental values. They come primarily from upper-middle or middle-class homes in which the parents sympathize with action for social causes. These young activists value genuine human relationships, disregarding many traditional social and sexual mores that have proved totally unsatisfactory. They reject working solely for money; and they are among the brightest students.

Parents usually place high expectations upon their children, hoping that they will succeed where the older generation has failed (or just not tried). Youths also place high demands upon parents, whom they want to respect. But young people see that their parents' values have not been fulfilled, because of power, vested interests, and delusion. The activist responds by committing himself to civil rights and anti-poverty work, to ending the war in Vietnam, and to loving those around him. Ironically, adults usually repudiate youths for attempting to implement the values learned from them, for they are too threatened by their own values. Youths feel betrayed, and wonder whom they can trust. Blocked aspirations lead the young to disillusionment and, after no effective response from the society, to militant works and acts.

Activists usually retain some trust in other people. But some disillusioned activists, and a rising number of other youths, feel that living in this world is not worth the effort. Few of their relationships with others have been satisfying. They feel that their parents have sold out to a society that is pursuing corrupt and self-debasing goals. The only response left is to drop out, relying on immediate personal relationships with others "outside" who understand. They try to magnify experience through consciousness-expanding drugs like marijuana and LSD, as they search for "themselves" and try to build a new ethic for life.

In Haight-Ashbury and other gathering places, adolescents find a haven from which they can challenge society on their own ground. Youth of the pleasure generation are bored by adult cocktail parties, bridge games, picnics and TV. They would rather do new and exciting things than fall into styles of relaxation and work that adults admit are a drag. From this new set of experiences emerge sexual mores, music, and political attitudes.

Some observers say there have always been gaps in understanding between generations, arising from the natural psychological need for rebellion and from normal adaptation to social change. What makes today different? Rapid technological change is altering the basic conditions of existence. Americans are committed to technological progress, but maintain massive resistance to corresponding social change. Thus, man is losing control over his own resources.

Individual mobility is rapidly increasing. Over the last fifty years the average range of travel of an individual in the United States has multiplied six times—now it is nine thousand miles a year. A growing number of people not only cross paths much more often, but change jobs more frequently. Margaret Mead says that no one will live all his life in the world in which he was born, and no one will die in the world in which he worked.

A more basic change is occurring. Marshall McLuhan, Buckminster Fuller and others have observed a fundamental transition from a mechanical age to an age of automation. The mechanical age has seen a great deal of specialization, with behavior organized around mechanical energy and mechanical processes. In the automated age, practically all physical production can be done by machine. Electronic media are radically extending man's senses. The communications flow is almost instantaneous.

The first consequence of the transition is to free man from production jobs and eventually from the market. A man's value need no longer be defined in terms of his contribution to production. Surplus beyond basic necessities frees people to act on personal needs and from a critical awareness of problems around them. More people can write, paint, produce shows in modern media, talk with each other, learn, and spend a summer in Mississippi helping to establish justice. In a sense this transition means that affluence reduces the risk taken by in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dividuals who are trying to realize their own potentials for love, learning and action.

The second consequence of the transition is an implosion of information. Distant cultures are brought into the living room. Vietnam is the first war in which we have been able to see distant action almost immediately. The individual is bombarded with a myriad of stimuli gathered, transmitted and presented instantaneously. Man, for the first time, is beginning to get a small glimpse of his total environment at any moment.

Nigerians can see on television and cinema the modern technology of the West, college youths in New York can see blow-by-blow accounts of police brutality in Atlanta, and the average American can see on his own television photographs of the other side of the moon. This implosion adds impact to the psychological revolution of the last fifty years. Psychologists have stimulated clearer and more intense introspection, which has immeasurably expanded man's consciousness of himself. Man is forced to integrate fragments of knowledge and to deal more quickly with increasing interdependency among people. In addition, Americans can see more clearly than ever before their own international omnipresence and the discrepancy between official statements and real overseas actions.

The new age is forcing man to realize that he must be accurate in perceiving all the forces he deals with—not only family and friends, but national and international institutions. A century ago a son could learn a trade from his father and social graces from his mother, and be equipped to deal with almost any problem. Today the individual must be able to readjust continually to the social and economic conditions of his existence.

But the individual cannot respond to or control the enormous flood of stimuli. Television and radio receive information almost instantaneously. Newspapers report events that will change radically within a few hours. But the average citizen can reply only with letters to his congressman, or phone calls to his friends. His lagged and slow-motion response is apropos of the mechanical age. Today, even congressmen cannot keep up with the events in Washington.

Faced with this onslaught, the average citizen feels less and less effective. As more power becomes available to man—especially to a few men like the President of the United States—each individual has a smaller share of control over it. The result is a widespread feeling that both technological and social change are dominated by impersonal, uncontrollable forces. Students see this trend and demand an environment that will increase their feeling of personal effectiveness.

The educational system is not adapting adequately to rapid social change and basic technological transitions. Most teachers still teach rules. Graduate departments exist, Robert Maynard Hutchins said, to teach people to teach in graduate departments. Education too often is the teaching of subject matter rather than learning subjects that matter. Even more important than relevant subject matter is the learning process itself. In most educational institutions, students do not learn how to learn continually throughout life. How things "are" is not as important as how they "become." According to various projections, the average person will have about three different types of jobs in his lifetime. When facing new problems, it is not old, learned content that is important, but how to get at the changing content—to learn new facts, methods and theories and relate them to existing knowledge.

To help expand the educational resources (and to make money), businessmen are becoming more interested in educational automation. But I see a danger in automated learning—particularly as businessmen and some educators now approach the subject. Some day each home will be a classroom in itself with all the information fed in on a TV screen. Children and adults will enjoy being alone with their machines, until the feeling of isolation destroys them.

The head of the Student Health Service at the University of Colorado saw as the main childhood problem today that kids have their primary affairs of childhood with TV characters instead of real people.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The child has little reinforcing response from other children, and less and less opportunity to learn to interact with others his own age.

A key problem in both domestic and international conflicts is the perception of differences as threats to personal security rather than challenges for greater understanding. An individual currently develops cognitive systems of so specialized and limited a mode that he cannot cope with change or with new or strange perceptions. Tolerance requires an ability to empathize with others. But the family is too isolated and too out-of-date to provide adequate broadening experiences; the school disclaims any responsibility for the psychological health of the students; and most of the less formal institutions—gangs, clubs, *et cetera*—enforce rigid behavior patterns. Virtually no institutions in our society help people learn to work with each other in supportive and nondestructive ways.

Today, most human interaction involves little personal concern for others, but entails the use of other people as instruments toward ends. Automation and power have emphasized the instrumental relationships. Increased information about his surroundings and insight into his own psychological needs have heightened the student's awareness of this trend. One means he has found to react to these sterile personal relationships is the psychedelic experience. Another is working to organize around the political and economic needs of students, poor people, and others who are relatively powerless.

The adult community should see that youths—the activists, the hippies, even the average college student—are seeking a new style in response to a changing environment. Businessmen ought to help the hippies in San Francisco and New York City find housing, rather than asking cops to drive them out. They should be willing to tolerate the fact that over twenty percent of the college students have tried "pot" with no perceptible harm. It took a while for some people to accept the use of alcohol as legitimate. If businessmen really want to invest in education, their motivation ought not to be merely to enlarge the pool of specialized talent and knowledge available to their companies, and, with it, the gross national product. Americans are fixated on the gross national product, on increasing material output instead of using that output to enhance human values. The gross national product should be at the service of education, not vice versa. Education does not necessarily bring an immediate financial return; it is valuable because people are being given a chance to learn more and to become better people.

If businessmen are really interested in solving their image crisis, I suggest that the key is a genuine concern for the values and perceptions of the people they are dealing with—and a willingness to see themselves as youth sees them. When young people insist on acting as they see fit, adults must respect that right, if, in face of their own disconcerting behavior, they want respect from youth.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Letter

ANTHONY BURGESS

Well, not strictly London, since I've been spending the summer in Sussex, trying to write against the crashing and transistorizing and mammocking of the young gold-bodied navvies who are laying drainpipes at the bottom of the garden. Things are looking up in this olde worlde corner of almost obscene green lushness; another three years or so, and people will be using real lavatories, not burying their ordure in the vegetable plots.

The contrast between our picturesque primitivity and the vital harshness of London is pretty considerable. I can reach London in seventy minutes, traveling in an extremely comfortable diesel train, usually with a refreshment car attached. I am not often inclined to praise British technical efficiency at the expense of American, but I shudder still at the memory of, in April this year, the journey from Springfield, Massachusetts, to Stamford, Connecticut, in a train of remarkable drabness, not overclean, passing station after station made filthy with merds, broken bottles, cans, cartons, and all the other properties of an early Eliot poem. That was a nightmare of running-down, of painfully slow contrived decay, and it made me think that there might be, after all, something to be said for the state control of transport. That British Rail is losing annually hundreds of millions of pounds is, of course, very depressing, but it's a price worth paying. I can get from Etchingham to Charing Cross far more quickly than by road, and with less stress and, moreover, the chance to read, drink, sleep and be free from the guilt one normally (I, normally, I should say) feels when one isn't doing anything. This is perhaps more writer's guilt than the ordinary inheritance of the utilitarian Victorian age, but it's still pleasant to be unable to do anything useful, to be forced—as with an illness—into leisure.

One difference that is no longer to be found between London and the green communities to the south of it, is that traditional one of the dour, slow-witted bumpkin, the vegetable child of agronomy, and the chic, sleek, slick product of the town streets. The old in my village have little in common with their city counterparts, but the young are just the young, wherever you are. There are the same exterior cults—miniskirts (I saw the shortest I've ever seen on the train between Hastings and Robertsbridge—a mere vestigial concession), military gear (three boys passed by my front-garden roses last night, smart in regimental red, cloaks, helmets and polished top boots), transistor radios set to the "pirate" pop stations that function from abandoned ships outside the law's territorial limits, an interest in freak-outs, a willingness to hear that guru of the young, Mr. Ginsberg, clashing his antique cymbals in Hyde Park, a conviction that the great division of our time is between the young and the middle-aged (which means the "mums and dads"—the settled, the Bingo players, the worriers about rent and hire purchase installments).

All this is interesting and, I think, hopeful. "Class," out of which traditional British social patterns have been built, is a dead scene with the young. True, that apparently ineradicable differential of social accent is

✪ This is ANTHONY BURGESS' second report for the SCHOLAR on the contemporary British scene. His guide to contemporary fiction, *The Novel Now,* will be published this fall by Norton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slow to be broken down: you can still tell too much of the background of a young man or woman from the way he or she speaks. But it's only a matter of phonemes (and working-class phonemes are becoming "smarter" than those the Royal Family uses); the vocabulary is pretty much the same for everyone, since the interests are pretty much the same. There was, until recently, a powerful but rather factitious division in the teen-age generation—I mean the division into the Mods and Rockers. The Mods tended to a rather clerkly neatness, the Rockers to long-haired leather-jacketed display. On public holidays, at some such popular seaside resort as Brighton or Southend, armies of Mods and Rockers would meet in dirty combat, and God help any neutral who got in the way. Now the battles are not nearly so spectacular, and the terms themselves are disappearing. The teen-agers waste energy in warring among themselves; they have enough to do in warring against the generation that begot them.

For my own generation, learning to accept the young has been difficult, and learning to love them practically impossible. Envy, which one recognizes with no trouble at all, tends to get in the way. There's the physical envy for a start. The boys have, as they should, luxuriant heads of hair and, instead of disguising them with the conventional short-back-and-sides that once cropped the entire male population, they flaunt them in the face of their fathers' growing baldness. They're right to wear skintight costumes that show off their lean hips and flat bellies: the time will come, all too soon, for the tricks of tailors' flattery. And, of course, they're right to seek a good time while they can, since no one can hope to put off for long the *Lasciate ogni speranza* gate to the hell of married respectability and responsibility: indeed, one of the drawbacks of the permissive pattern of youthful sex is that the married state sometimes dawns sooner than it should.

It's a truism, of course, to say that the good times of the young are mostly cynically engineered by those very reviled middle-aged—the coughing paunchy men behind the record companies, the decrepit owners of chain coffee-bars. I suppose a reaction against the ready-made is that cult of drugs that promotes an instant Xanadu. If you go on a trip, the heaven or hell is very much your own. And LSD not only cocks a snook (or pulls fat bacon, or spreads Queen Anne's fan, or whatever the preferred term is) at the second-best gauds of the commercial pleasure-givers; it is also able to tell the churches—whose pathetic attempts to be with-it are seen through all too clearly—that you can get your divine transports here and now; all the holy stuff is pie in the sky.

If the growing division between the young and the square ever breaks into open war, it will be because of the State's paternal horror at the increase in drug-taking and its repressive legislation to wipe out soft and hard drugs alike. The foolishness of the lumping together of the harmless and the lethal is widely recognized, even among the squares, and the most articulate protests have, as you might expect, not come from the young. I myself have smoked marijuana for a long time, although only on annual visits to Tangier. I like it, it soothes me, it stimulates my imagination, it does me far less harm than the ten large gins I am occasionally tempted into downing on festive evenings. I don't find marijuana addictive. For that matter, I never found opium-smoking addictive, and I smoked a fair amount of that in the Far East. Perhaps I'm luckier than most: I can give up anything without too much trouble. Perhaps this strength of will is one of the few fruits of middle age, which used to be called maturity.

But recently the house of one of the members of a British pop group called the Rolling Stones was raided by the police (after the usual tip-off), and soft drugs, as well as pep-pills, were found there. The result has been a trial in which youth—in the persons of two of the Rolling Stones—has had the big stick wagged at it: the defendants—quite unnecessarily—were handcuffed. The sentences (three months for possessing pep-pills prescribed by an Italian doctor on a trip abroad, and a year for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having marijuana in the house) have seemed excessive to many, and we are waiting at this moment of writing for an appeal against them to be heard. *(P.S. The appeal was heard quickly. The sentences have been quashed, although not without some admonitory finger-wagging and talk about the responsibilities of the idols of the young, et cetera, et cetera.)*

No matter how severe the repression, however, the drug habit is not going to be broken among the young. Once the gates of what looks like ultimate reality have been opened, there's going to be a massive revolt against the park-keeper with the ultimate padlock. I must confess that my own feelings are mixed. I've gained my heavenly visions the hard way—chiefly through the disciplines of art—and I naturally resent the passive way of the trip. I'm against the "instant" acquisition of anything. A young man who runs a pop group said the other day: "I can't read a note of music, but I'm one of the best arrangers in the business. I say: give me a Spanish sound, and they give it. Then I say: give me a trumpet sound, and they give me that. And, man, we end up with one of the best arrangements you ever heard." What sounds like professionalism is usually the tricks of electronics. It's significant that young men who don't yearn to be pop idols yearn instead to be photographers. Let us not kid ourselves about photography: it's not an art but a *tissage* of little tricks. The real work is done by a machine, as in the making of pop hits. And, in the beatific sector, the pill that gives you the vision is only another machine. A generation that seems to be revolting against the mechanical disciplines of adult life is itself very much in the grip of the mechanical. What I miss in the young is self-reliance.

Of course, I'm not speaking of the gifted —the youngsters who really get down to writing a novel or playing Elgar's 'cello concerto or acting a character who is not just themselves. I'm speaking of the ungifted who demand the rewards of the gifted or resent the fact that, in a society whose egalitarianism is much vaunted, not everybody has the gift. Our British Socialism doesn't seem to believe in anybody having the gift. One of our trade union leaders recently said: "The day of the great man is past. He's done his job of leading the ordinary men to the light. Now the ordinary men can take over." And the ordinary among the young have been very quick to take over—the photographers, the Beatle-type groups, the grinning TV pop-show "personalities," the models like Twiggy. But the ordinariness of youth is, to the more sentimental of the middle-aged, such as myself, infused with miracle. "Have, get, before it cloy," says Gerard Manley Hopkins. Right. Youth, say what you will, is the only thing worth having.

I suppose, finally, what is most interesting about British youth today is the way in which, quite unconsciously, it is succeeding in wrapping up the great and terrible British past. It is not revolting against the hangover from an Empire, it is prettifying its emblems. The uniforms of the redcoats who subdued the wild men on the imperial borders—these have become the "camp" properties of dandyism. The Union Jack decorates shopping bags or the eye patches that an Israeli general has made popular. England has become a place whose younger denizens look well on color TV. It will end up as a kind of reservation, to be visited with color film and gifts of candy. Meanwhile, subfusc and ulcerated, the middle-aged get on with the work in the background.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beyond the Man of the Year

MARILYN SWARTZ

Ever since the mass media discovered students in the century A. B. (After Berkeley), it has portrayed them most inaccurately. It has stressed student anger "against," but neglected their ideas and actions "for." The media has headlined protest, but ignored the beneficial results protest brought. While playing up noise and dancing in the streets, it has played down the reforms young people have achieved by reasoning and working with administrators and the "establishment."

Last year young people received so much of this attention that *Time* magazine saw fit to award its "Man of the Year" title to the under twenty-five generation. Not only did *Time* think those under twenty-five were a "new kind of generation" (which every generation is), but the generation that would "land on the moon, cure cancer and the common cold, lay out blight-proof, smog-free cities, enrich the underdeveloped world, and, no doubt, write finis to poverty and war." *Time* evidently thought it was writing a review of the successful sequel to *Don Quixote*.

The *Time* article was a hodgepodge of fact and fiction; it followed the practice now customary in the press of characterizing the young along the exceedingly narrow spectrum of "activists to acid-heads," and in so doing applied the outspoken views of a minority to the bulk of the generation. The article predicted a changing era, but beyond a plethora of platitudes did not define what or how it would change. It was one more nonsense verse added to the growing archives of the young.

Unfortunately, the time of the Man of the Year had just begun. Psychologists and sociologists and educators and politicians intensified their discussions of the young. They looked at the problems activists and discontents were causing on campuses and the White House lawn, and seemed to come to the not too earth-shaking conclusion that students were alienated. Some even hinted that this alienation was due to faults in society.

For example, an article in the Washington *Post*, in May, 1967, quoted a paper presented by a University of Wisconsin psychiatrist: "Alienation," he said, is "a psychic condition afflicting a fairly small but growing number of college students." In the same article a George Washington University psychologist added that he "detects an unmistakable trend toward alienation, particularly in student protests." Equally nonenlightening was the statement by a counselor at Georgetown University who believed that "the rapid pace of change in the modern world may lead the alienated student to feel that the education he is getting is meaningless. . ." A small hope was expressed in the article that perhaps the alienated student would stay out of society only long enough to learn how to become more human and "then come back and help us."

The current wave of student alienation dates at least back to 1960. Not only are people years late in recognizing that this alienation exists, but they are only beginning to think they should listen to the alienated. Listening, however, only seems to be a prescription to make the young and alienated happy. It doesn't. One of the

✪ MARILYN SWARTZ graduated from Smith College in 1966 where she was editor of the *Sophian* and national vice president of the United States Student Press Association. After serving as a director of the Collegiate Press Service, she worked as a program assistant at the National Institute of Public Affairs, both in Washington, D. C. This year she is studying city planning at Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characteristics common to those under twenty-five that *Time* did catch is that they have a "built-in bunk detector for sniffing out dishonesty." Young people know it is dishonest to listen to someone and not take seriously what he says.

When McGeorge Bundy spoke to the Cosmos Club of Washington, D.C., earlier this year, he advocated listening to and understanding the young because "the old owe" it to them, because it is their future, and their sense of distance and outrage is great. Just a pat on the head to quiet the outrage. Despite the attention, under twenty-five youth is still a one-dimensional picture on the cover of *Time*.

What are the other dimensions—the depth, the substance? What do the attitudes of young people say about American life and values? What are young people doing that affects the present and will change the future? Most of them do not know. But those few who do are having an impact that cannot be ignored.

It is a minority that colors a generation. A minority sat in the Constitutional Convention, initially worked toward the abolition of slavery, developed large industry, internationalism, the New Deal, and progressive education. When we speak of a generation, we often mean a small group of innovators and leaders.

Some of the leaders of the young generation today are alienated and some are not; some are working within the establishment and some outside it. All want something different.

The leaders of this generation are most active on the college campus. Side by side with students who have opted out, become hippies, and take LSD, are young men and women gathering forces and working to change existing institutions. They are seeking changes because the institutions they see are not relevant to the world they see developing or to the way they will live in it. Students want their brief years of education to be a process that encourages curiosity, responsiveness, involvement, and theoretical and practical judgment—the qualities that can make life useful. But on many campuses students are taught only to listen, take notes and obey rules handed down by an undemocratic body.

Students want to be included in the administrative and educational process. They want to make educational institutions a part of their lives, so they can relate to them as part of a world they want to understand. The campus is a societal microcosm where young people may search for the answer to "Who Am I" and for the relationship of "Who I Am" to "What Is." When students are not able to relate to their surroundings, to relate the "I" to the "Is," they become irresponsible or withdrawn; or they work like hell to make the system relevant.

Reed Whittemore, who taught at Carleton College for twenty years, says that students are often disloyal to institutions because there is so little to be loyal to. He suggests that the way to develop loyalty is to be part of something. Let the students start teaching themselves, he says; participating in education will make people believe in whatever education is trying to do.

One young woman intensely involved in, and loyal to, the educational process is Rita Dershowitz, a Hunter College graduate. For the past two years she has been director of the Higher Education Seminars sponsored by the United States Student Press Association with a grant from the Carnegie Corporation. U.S.S.P.A. set up the program to make college editors aware of all aspects of education, so that they might be stimulators and innovators for education that would keep up with the future.

Rita has arranged weekend seminars for student newspaper editors and six-week summer sessions on a college campus. The weekend sessions are not structured as the usual conference would be: there are discussions rather than speeches, and walks in the woods to find out how much people really see of what goes on around them. The summer seminar consists of undirected meetings where people rediscover knowledge. The subject matter changes as participants change their ideas of knowledge. Educators, writers and thinkers such as Harold Taylor, former president of Sarah

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lawrence College, Nevitt Sanford, director of the Institute for Study of Human Problems, Christopher Jencks, an editor of the *New Republic* and fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, and Roger Heyns, chancellor at Berkeley, have attended meetings. They do not lecture—or are not supposed to—they are there for the curious to question. The editors learn from the specialists, from each other, and from themselves.

The seminars are not ideal. A whole method of educational self-reliance cannot be taught in a weekend or in six weeks. Some people are confused by the method, or upset to learn that they are not very intellectually creative or self-reliant. Most of them do become interested in the process of learning. They do think about what a classroom should be and by thinking up ways to change the existing structure, they become loyal to the process of learning.

The learning process is as important as what is learned, says Rita. "Whether schools are explicit about it or not, they are teaching values and attitudes as well as transmitting information. A student learns that people called 'teachers' can decide what is important to know, how to go about learning, and whether a student has learned anything." The things that make education authoritarian and unfreeing in college exist throughout the whole educational system, Rita believes. The system assumes people are in the classroom to absorb rather than create and rediscover.

Rita is not interested in overturning the educational system tomorrow. She is interested in setting up a model that can be adapted by other institutions. Returning to their schools, Rita's college editors are writing about educational issues, and college papers are becoming aware of education as newsworthy. The editors are setting up their own seminars, are confronting faculty so that they rethink their ideas on education, and are constantly seeking involvement in the educational process.

These editors are not alone in seeking a voice and a vote, and U.S.S.P.A. is not alone in setting up programs. The tyranny of the lectern, the coldness of the lecture, and the impersonality of the classroom situation have led students at several colleges to create Free Universities where groups meet at arranged times and discuss agreed-upon topics. The originators of the universities often state that they are attempting to bring the personal element back into education, as well as offer courses of interest.

One of the first such universities is the Experimental College at San Francisco State College. It was begun not only as a means to search for a humane education, but also as a testing ground for innovations. The successful educational experiments will be used as a political lever on State. Organized by students in 1965, the Experimental College now enrolls over a thousand students out of the 18,360 at State. Students, faculty and interested outside specialists teach about seventy courses, which include a seminar in mass communication, organized by the staff of a local noncommercial radio station; classes in nonobjective literature, the college and war, meta-Hamlet, the historical development and social significance of black power, propaganda, brainwashing and the political metaphor, gestalt therapy, conscientious objector counseling, and sessions on the Kennedy Assassination led by a group investigating it on their own.

In the campus bookstore in a special section for the Experimental College courses, one can buy Bob Dylan's latest recording, poetry by John Lennon, and the *Popular Photography Annual.*

Defining the experiment by what they want to build, rather than by what they oppose, the originators of the Experimental College at San Francisco State do not consider the actual College an enemy. Jim Nixon, one of the founders of the Experimental College, said in a Collegiate Press Service interview that the Experimental College "is a way of building an example of what we want, and then using that example to test our thinking about education and also to influence the regular College. We need allies wherever they may come from, we can cooperate with any elements of the institution that help us and fight with any parts that don't."

The Experimental College is not run-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning smoothly, according to the Collegiate Press Service. Those within it are still trying to define its direction and to gauge at what point freedom in education becomes intellectually nonviable, since students have so many years of training in nonfree schools.

The Experimental College has, however, made its impact on San Francisco State. The State College has absorbed some of its courses and methods into the curriculum, including a full-credit seminar in the education department on higher education where ten students and a professor, distinguishable only by age, decide together what they are going to learn.

Impact has been made on the process of educating as well. Professor Richard Axen, chairman of the Academic Senate in 1965, said that the Experimental College has "activated a guilt that faculty members have felt for a long time, for their authoritarianism and for having mistreated students for so long."

Those who start experimental colleges, Rita Dershowitz suggests, as well as the hippies and close-knit civil rights groups, are trying to create a subculture of gentleness, concern for one another, and an escape from man-made tensions, commercialization and materialism.

Not tomorrow or the next day, but in the not too distant future, a more personal and relevant education that takes the ideas of students into greater consideration will become more and more prevalent. Students are not asking to do away with learning—they are willing to work harder and in a different way, for the sake of a more rounded experience. They are willing to spend time working with administrators and faculty in setting up requirements and courses, and in determining together educational values. In confronting the administrative process, they learn why some things must be done in a university and why others cannot be. Perhaps thus they will become as loyal to their accredited universities as they are to their free universities—and they could become part of a process leading to citizen involvement and responsiveness rather than apathy or resignation.

Some colleges and universities are reexamining their institutions in terms of the student. They not only are giving him a chance to relate to what "Is," but are asking his opinion. At the oft-cited Reed and Antioch Colleges, at the Universities of Colorado, California at Berkeley, Northwestern, Michigan, Oregon, Texas, Yale, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Kentucky and at Brandeis, at Regis, Smith, Amherst, and Mt. Holyoke Colleges, to name some, professors and administrators are asking students either to participate in college decision making or to form committees of their own, parallel to faculty committees, to make tentative proposals.

Professors at some colleges and universities seem anxious, or curious, as the case may be, to know what students think of them and their courses, and are willing to consider student evaluations. At Cornell, Tufts, the City College of New York, Yale, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Colorado, students have been asked to draw up evaluations of courses and professors. The method appears useful if the experience at Mount Holyoke is any indication. There, professors stated last year that they were ready to act on student recommendations, obviously more persuasive in mass questionnaire forms than the usual few and casual comments. In the science department, one professor changed her quiz sections, and another made adjustments in laboratory periods; in English, an assistant professor made changes in the requirements for research papers, and an economics professor instituted a new system of reports in seminars.

What may be curiosity (for now at least) on the college campus seems to be good business elsewhere. Young people are beginning to ask the same consideration of social values and involvement from other sectors as they demand in their education. And others are beginning to listen. According to article after article in magazines, businessmen worry about lack of student interest in the industrial world. Last year, the conservative National Association of Manufacturers sponsored a panel for its membership at which student leaders dis-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cussed their occupational preferences. Most of them definitely did not include business as a possibility.

A senior editor of *International Science and Technology* understands why. In the February, 1967, issue, David Allison writes that a typical member of this generation will choose that job that offers high social value. Young scientists, he says, are asking, "What is this company for?" Corporations depend on these young scientists for growth, and they can change the corporation by refusing to work solely for profit. "To exploit science," Mr. Allison says, "or to be a leader in the society of tomorrow, the corporation must be able to attract the brightest young people from colleges and universities. A generation ago this was not such a serious challenge to the corporation . . ."

Mr. Allison concludes:

> [The young man] will not look for [opportunity] in an industrial organization whose total raison d'être is new products at a profit. Hence, he will seek the organization which is more than a product producer and whose objective goes beyond profit maximization. This will be the organization with great strength in the sciences. But more than this, it will be one which applies this excellence—in the products and services it provides—to social needs. The best scientists will choose this organization because it offers the opportunity to do science which has social value. This organization will not exist solely for the sake of maximum profit; it will use its profitability to achieve some higher purpose. And it will succeed, by both measures, because its objective is not in conflict with the personal objective of the scientist, for each will be serving society.

Young people are not impractical when they demand a social reference in every occupation. Young people believe that material goods have so far outdistanced the human, that the world they are most closely connected with is no longer real—because it has little concern for people. Bigger and better highways are built, but they carry the patients to mental institutions, the poor to jail, the discontents to work, and the draftees to war. In order to draw on scientific expertise and the newest crop of Ph.D.'s and M.A.'s who will be the innovators of the future with the facts of the future, industry and science will have to gain a social conscience. This is what many Men of the Year are demanding.

Not all the leaders of the under twenty-five generation are college derivatives. Some are young people fighting for a decent education, some are young people fighting. Some of them have learned to work with the "establishment," just as the "establishment" has learned that it can work with young people.

A confrontation between teen-agers and city government officials in Nashville, Tennessee, is an exemplary case of what can happen when people listen to each other. Because of night wanderings, noise, scuffles and riots, the Nashville city government imposed an evening curfew on teen-agers. To the dismay of the adult community, the curfew only increased activity. Teen-agers were led by a young social protester, who had been arrested nearly a hundred times, and had been the mascot of racial demonstrations since he was twelve. As he began another jail sentence, he and his friends sent the mayor an eight-page letter reflecting the general protest and frustration of the young people, and making positive recommendations on how the government and the young could work together. The young people specifically asked leaders in the city government to meet with them. Mr. Robert Horton, chief administrative officer to the mayor, met with them and listened for two hours in an open meeting at a high school auditorium. The high schoolers said that to keep off the streets, they needed a place to go. They asked that community centers be turned over to them on Saturday nights. The city complied. The youngsters drew up their own code of conduct (stricter than the city would have required), chose chaperones and made their dances interracial. The students also sought regular meetings with government officials, and now these officials discuss with avid high schoolers subjects ranging from a better-educated police force to air pollution to the war in Vietnam.

One young leader who believes that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

working within the system produces greater results than fighting it is Sanford Greenberg. He is M.A., Ph.D. from Harvard, Marshall Scholar at Oxford, A.B., Phi Beta Kappa, and M.B.A. from Columbia, a Junior Chamber of Commerce Outstanding Young Man of the Year, and now, at twenty-six, an Assistant to the White House Science Adviser. *Time* quoted him as saying: "You've got to live with the nitty-gritty, man." Greenberg says and does a lot more.

"I was very interested in social change and improvement," he says, "and could have ended up fighting the system or working with it; I've found, however, that people will listen to your ideas when you back them up. Outsiders who feel frustrated about the system have not learned to be persuasive. They have good intentions, but do not understand or face the practical problems." Greenberg says that when you work within the system, you can compromise the superficials, and still hold onto your individualism and idealism. It's not foolish idealism to believe that something can be done, he says. Young people are needed today because they have the will and energy to devote to making a better world, even when told, "it can't be done." And, he says, young people have the energy to work unceasingly and do it.

"Some of us are not discouraged from trying," says Greenberg, "and because we try, we will bring about change. Young people have the energy, brain power, commitment and idealism that makes projects successful," he continues. "When we assume leadership, the country will be different because we will continue to try, to change, to improve."

Greenberg is no stranger to turning ideas into realities. When he was in college, he saw that the blind could learn faster if they listened to tape recordings whose playback speeds were increased without distortion instead of trying to "read" Braille. Greenberg's research showed him that others had thought the same, but no one had implemented the idea because engineers said it was impossible to increase the speed without increasing voice pitch. Not deterred, he formed his own company five years ago to attempt what he was told could not be done. International Communications Associates, still under his leadership and ownership, is now completing the development of Greenberg's invention, which is capable of producing "compressed speech" at high quality and low cost.

Many young people of this generation are thoughtfully working to reshape their environments. Although, like Greenberg, some have been able to see their ideas reach fruition within an established order, many young people have to foment activity to be heard. When they are heard, they speak articulately and with understanding of issues and problems.

The attitudes of this generation have not changed from those of the generation ten years ago, claimed Gerald Moore in an article in *Life*. After six weeks at Indiana University, he concluded that a campus revolution is virtually nonexistent. Moore chose to write about Indiana because it is a typical large university of twenty-six thousand students from all economic levels, geographic areas and religious backgrounds. Just as at many colleges and universities, students at Indiana University have marched against the war in Vietnam, and in particular during the Cuban blockade turned out a thousand strong to demonstrate both against United States policy and against the demonstrators. The changes I.U. is making are typical: last fall curfew was abolished for many women students. Juniors and seniors will soon be allowed to take four courses without receiving grades for them, simply pass or fail.

Academically, Moore reported, Indiana University ranks high in the Big Ten, and in some fields of study it surpasses the Ivy League. Interracial dating is common although not accepted by a majority. Seven years ago, the student body elected a Negro as president. Marijuana, LSD and various stimulants are present on campus, but most students are not interested, believe them harmful and immoral and would probably report anyone selling drugs openly.

On the whole, Moore found that Indiana students wanted to get ahead socially and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

financially, and looked down on intellectuals, beardniks and beatniks. Those who had worked in Head Start centers, hospitals, orphanages and anti-poverty programs had done so without humanitarian motives. "Many of us want to be teachers," Moore reported one girl explaining. "The experience will make us better teachers, that's all."

After numerous interviews, bull sessions and visits to classes, Moore concluded that little had changed since he attended college there ten years ago. The campus is still wild with football cheers rather than fiery political debates, and professors are still complaining of student apathy and dullness. He was able to find, however, campus leaders, unlike those in his day, he said, who are able to disrupt the status quo by fighting for student power and participatory democracy.

It is these student leaders who will establish a new societal framework in which the majority of students will want to succeed. The leaders will temper their aims; they will not achieve all they seek, but society will be changed by them. When speaking of this generation, one has to consider its majority—young people like any other young people of any other time, but different because the context of society they are about to enter is changing, and they will change with it.

Many people of the young generation are really quite different from the image carried in the media. Communications as a business that caters to the tastes of its buyers entertains them and educates them with as little pain as possible. But if we are to know more about students than their fornication rates, the length of their beards, the shortness of their skirts, and the number involved in protest, we have to demand, as buyers of the media, that it perform with more conscience and honesty than it does now. It needs the honesty of which this generation speaks. And in order that the economic impact be made, many more individuals must be taught to be searching and analytical. This is a hundred year plan, at least. For the plan to succeed, we need the kind of values and education that young people are demanding for the sake of everybody's world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Criticism as Exploration

GEOFFREY N. BERRY

ONE OR TWO COMMENTS ON CRITICAL EXPLANATION

Traditionally, it has been the job of the critic to make life easier for those who don't want to waste a lot of time yet wish to "keep current" with developments in the world of art. When confronted by works that don't seem to be part of any tradition, making life easier for an audience means explaining to it "what the works really are." Several years ago, for example, a critic might have "explained" Robert Rauschenberg in the following manner: "The collage-paintings of Rauschenberg aren't really so terribly startling if we remember that compositionally they are solidly rooted in the tradition of the free-flowing color forms of Kandinsky and Mirò." This type of explanation takes the form of showing that a seemingly unusual object is actually something with which everyone has long been familiar. As a result, that which was formerly thought to be unique is now seen to belong (with respect to one of its elements, at least) to a respected tradition.

A SHORT ATTEMPT AT CLARIFICATION IN THE FORM OF AN APPARENT DIGRESSION

A knowledge of Kandinsky and Mirò on the part of this critic's audience is a necessary (although not a sufficient) condition for the audience's acceptance of the critic's statement about Rauschenberg. Kandinsky and Mirò must be familiar (not unusual) so that the comparison may serve to render Rauschenberg accessible to the audience's sensibilities. If the two older painters are familiar, the critic's explanation will save the audience the embarrassment of having to say, "Oh, dear! I'm not at all sure whether or not this is really art." In other words, the audience now knows where to place a new experience with respect to a body of fixed, familiar experiences.

In this fashion, the critic spares the audience unnecessary uncertainty.

NEW ART IS ALWAYS AN ATTACK ON OUR IMAGINATIONS

Any truly new work of art is an attack on our imaginations and defies us to come to grips with it. In defying us, the work demands sacrifices of us. It demands that we come to it stripped of our old ways of knowing the world. This is a difficult sacrifice to make.

The function of the typical critic has been to protect us from having to go naked to the new work of art. He has always tried to assure us that nudity is unnecessary and sacrifices are beside the point. A line from Bob Dylan's "Ballad of a Thin Man" illustrates just what the traditional relationship between a critic and his audience is all about: "You have many contacts among the lumberjacks* who supply you

GEOFFREY N. BERRY graduated from Northwestern University in 1966 with a Bachelor of Arts degree in English literature. He is now engaged in graduate study at the Annenberg School of Communications of the University of Pennsylvania.

* A lumberjack is a person endowed with magnificent intellectual strength and the ability to conquer any size tree without even thinking to look at any of the rest of the forest. He doesn't need to see the forest, or the trees either, for that matter.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with facts when someone attacks your imagination."

The critic as lumberjack has been sufficient for most people because for a very long time we have lived with the notion of the art *object,* a lifeless entity that we *observe* in its timelessly fixed form. Consequently, the only important question was the question of how to *appraise* the art object, how to *evaluate* it, how to fix a final notion of it in our minds by formulating an *opinion* of it that would remain essentially unchanged. And, of course, it is only proper within the framework of this mode of thinking that opinions should remain unchanged. Why shouldn't they? The object is unequivocally what it is. All we have to do, therefore, is to make an *objective, unbiased* appraisal and let it go at that.

Dylan's line about the lumberjacks is illuminating, then, because it reveals one of our fundamental notions about the nature of art and perception. The lumberjacks in Dylan's song supply the disconcerted and confused Mr. Jones with facts to bolster his imagination against the onslaught his mind is undergoing at the hands of a totally new reality. Mr. Jones thinks that this will work because for him there is only one reality and because "facts are facts." Facts, in the world of Mr. Jones, are thought of as entities about whose nature there can be no dispute among objective observers, not only at a single instant in time but through time, since they are unchanging and relatively eternal. With facts at his disposal, Mr. Jones feels that he is invincible because right and reason are on his side even though a temporary suspension of the rules of "reality" seems to be in effect all around him. (The paradigm of this type of rationalization is Kipling's poem, "If.") Mr. Jones* is unable to realize that he's relying on a plane geometry book in a world that is non-Euclidean. He mistakenly believes that he's still in "the real world," and that everyone around him is simply mad.

* My apologies to everyone named "Jones." Dylan's villain was discussed here to *emphasize* a point about a certain intellectual predisposition. No such person exists in the real world.

WITH THE PROBLEM OF PERCEPTION, THE QUESTION OF METAPHYSICS BECOMES REAL

Few people have a real interest in metaphysics, which is unfortunate because we live in a world where high-level decisions involve more people in a more fundamental way than ever before in world history. If, like Mr. Jones, we think that there is nothing more to knowing the world than getting the facts, and that making decisions requires only that we fair-mindedly draw inferences from these universal facts to fit a particular case, then we are in for trouble.

HOW DOES THE ABOVE APPLY TO THE CRITIC?

In the opening sentences of this essay, I said that critics explain new works, or tell an audience what they are, by establishing a relationship between the works and a fixed body of familiar experiences. This is what the critics in the tradition of Dylan's lumberjacks have tried to do. They have always tried to make works fit into artificial structures (established traditions) about which critical opinion is fixed. This has been done so that the critical act might be accomplished merely by associating the new work with previously formulated values. Unfortunately, traditions are not fixed entities. As soon as this is realized, it will become apparent that evaluation is no longer a valid enterprise, for evaluation entails beginning with facts (traditions), and drawing inferences from these as to the nature and value of the new creation. With the realization that traditions are merely helpful conventions, criticism will become ontological, not evaluative; and the critic will become a guide to perception, not an arbiter of taste.

THE CRITIC MUST NOW BECOME A METAPHYSICIAN

The handwriting is now on the wall, the wall that threatens to disintegrate before our very eyes. The critic can no longer see himself as an arbiter of taste. Taste and the seasoned judgment of the gentleman critic are (perhaps unfortunately) things of the past. The older notion of tradition, that saw tradition as the source of norma-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive values against which new works are to be tested, is today irrelevant. Tradition today must be a thing created with the apprehension (whether by artist or critic) of each new work of art. The new creation must spawn its own tradition. This orientation is very different from that which has gone before it. Previously, the tradition postulated by the critic as being relevant to the new work was often viewed as absolute and the source of evaluative standards. Its existence, for the most part, was something not questioned. Consequently, its values were those in terms of which the critic appraised the *objet d'art*. Today, it is essential that the critic be aware that any truly new work of art calls into question the very existence of traditions, and that he must construct a new tradition upon the foundation of the new work.

This is what I mean when I say that the critic must become a metaphysician of at least the second magnitude. The critic, having stripped himself of an old world, is now able to enter completely into the new work. The new work is a new reality, a new world possessing its own dimensions, its own rules, and its own modes of measurement. It is a knowledge of all these with which the critic must approach the critical situation in the hope of telling his audience about the world he has just known. The critic at his best will, of course, aspire to do more than merely tell his audience about new works. If his powers of perception are particularly strong (or, conversely, if his attachments to his old world are particularly weak) and his rhetorical powers great, he may succeed in presenting the reader with something more compelling and more vivid than the artifact with which he is dealing. When this happens, the critic deserves the titles metaphysician of the first order and magician, both synonyms for "Artist."

THE ARTIST IS THE ANTENNAE OF THE RACE

Ezra Pound once called artists the "antennae of the race."

As a gloss on Pound's statement, Marshall McLuhan has the following to say:

> This concept of the arts as prophetic contrasts with the popular idea of them as mere self-expression. If art is an "early warning system," to use the phrase from World War II, when radar was new, art has the utmost relevance not only to media study but to the development of media controls . . .
>
> Art as a radar environment takes on the function of indispensable perceptual training rather than the role of a privileged diet for the elite.

As the antennae of the race, artists tell us where we're at, what's probably going to come, and where we'll be when it gets here. Not everything we classify as art fulfills this function, and, as McLuhan says, "We can afford to use only those portions of them [the arts] that enhance the perception of our technologies, and their psychic and social consequences."

In telling us where we're at, the artist explains worlds that are completely alien to most of us, something not so surprising if we accept Edward T. Hall's thesis that most men are never aware of the rules, dimensions, and modes of measurement constituting their environmental systems. Since few of us know where we're at, we need our antennae, the artists, to enable us to be aware of the forces shaping the situations in which we find ourselves. These situations, or environments, are not containers into which we are dropped. They are multidimensional force fields, ever in flux and indeterminate.

"ART AS AN ANTI-ENVIRONMENT IS AN INDISPENSABLE MEANS OF PERCEPTION."

In his essay, "The Emperor's Old Clothes," Marshall McLuhan said, "Art as an anti-environment is an indispensable means of perception." He goes on to say that the power of an environment to impose its ground rules on our perceptual life is so complete that "there is no scope for dialogue or interface." What the artist does, then, is to make our modes of perception perceptible. He does this by bringing into being an anti-environment that throws our immediate environment into relief. Having been thrown into relief against the new anti-environment, the environment is provided with a set of per-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ceivable dimensions. A knowledge of these dimensions provides us with a set of clues that will help us discover the ground rules that have been imposed on our perception.

THE ABOVE PARAGRAPH PROVIDES US WITH A CLUE AS TO WHY WE HAVE DIFFICULTIES WITH THE AVANT-GARDE

Avant-garde artists provide us with anti-environments that throw into relief environments that have not arrived at their inevitable destinations. As McLuhan points out, an environment is an energy system, a process. Since *avant-garde* artists are antennae supreme, their job has always been to map out for their fellowmen the immediate environment, the environment that is, of necessity, imperceptible to us since we are kept busy trying to follow its ground rules in order to "get ahead." We follow our environment's ground rules like automata, unaware that we are being directed by "rules," unaware, even, that there are rules that determine our mode of being. The only rules that are perceptible to us are the rules of environments that have ceased being, of environments that have exhausted all the possibilities of their own ground rules, that is, those that have arrived at their inevitable destinations. Since these are the only rules with which we are conversant to some degree, we try to understand our immediate environment by applying the static formulae we have abstracted from the old system to the dynamic world of the "here and now." This is like trying to stop a blob of mercury from rolling across the floor by stepping on it.

We have difficulties with the *avant-garde* because it demands that we resist the impulse to stamp on the mercury. *Avant-garde* art tries to make us stop allowing ourselves to be propelled headlong into the future by the tacit mandates of our environmental system. It asks us to try to come to grips with our immediate environment, the environment that it has attempted to throw into relief. Since most men, particularly Americans, are anxious "to get on with business," it is understandable that the appeal to them to do something as unproductive as examine their mode of perception usually goes unheeded.

METAPHYSICS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS OF MAN

Calvin Coolidge once said that "the business of America is business." In a very real sense this is the credo of all Americans, even today. We are preoccupied with being "occupied," with "being busy all the time." We want something to fill our time (productively, of course), to keep us busy. We fail to realize that metaphysics is the most important business of Man.

WHY IS THIS THE CASE?

Because we are too busy with being occupied to examine our mode of perception, to attempt to make our perception perceptible. This is why we fail to realize that metaphysics is the most important business of Man.

WITH THE PROBLEM OF PERCEPTION, THE QUESTION OF METAPHYSICS BECOMES REAL

Whether or not one accepts the full implications of the epistemology of Benjamin Lee Whorf (the notion that if people lack a word for an event or object, then they cannot think about it), it must be granted that his insights into our (the West's) way of seeing the world have been invaluable in helping us look at our perception. Whorf pointed out that speakers of Standard Average European tend "to see the world in terms of things, the things themselves built up of a formless stuff given a determinate form. Non-spatial entities are conceived by spatial metaphor." Other cultures, however, tend to see things quite differently. The Hopi Indians, for example, Whorf says,

> have analyzed reality largely in terms of *events* (or better "eventing"), referred to in two ways, objective and subjective. Objectively, and only if perceptible physical experience, events are expressed mainly as outlines, colors, movements, and other perceptive reports. Subjectively, for both the physical and non-physical, events are considered the expression of invisible intensity-factors, on which depend their stability and persistence, or their fugitiveness and proclivities. It implies that existents do not "be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come later and later" all in the same way; but some do so by growing, like plants, some by diffusing and vanishing, some by a procession of metamorphoses, some by enduring in one shape till affected by violent forces. In the nature of each existent able to manifest as a definite whole is the power of its own mode of duration; its growth, decline, stability, cyclicity, or creativeness.

I think that it is becoming increasingly the case that speakers of Standard Average European are being forced to regard the world through new eyes, eyes more like those of the Hopi. Many factors, but particularly the revolution in twentieth-century physics, have made the West more and more disposed toward seeing the world as a dynamic series of processes. From this vantage point, events/objects must be considered the "expression of invisible intensity-factors." No longer is our world one in which we are able to think in terms of "things" enduring through time. Things are merely the coming together of various forces. When the points of intersection thus formed act on one another, a new point of intersection is created, one that subsumes the two original meeting points. All "things" are at all times in dissolution; and/or, all things are continually being reborn.

Art, to remain functional in a world that sees itself as becoming increasingly indeterminate, is faced with the very difficult task of discovering some of the clues that might lead us to an existential awareness (one that is the simultaneous interaction of a multiplicity of modalities) of those features of our environment's ground rules that are molding our perception of the world in such a way that we need to become process-oriented.

IF THE PERCEPTUAL IMPLICATIONS OF OUR NEW METAPHYSICAL COMMITMENTS ARE GRASPED, OUR MUSEUM CIVILIZATION WILL BECOME INCOMPREHENSIBLE

Leo Steinberg, in an essay entitled "The Eye Is Part of the Mind," had the following to say about the role of the concept of "representation" in the history of art: "Thus the relevance of naturalistic representation to art depends on no aesthetic doctrines, but on prior metaphysical commitments. And the argument for and against representation, which has agitated critics for so long, has rarely been fought at its proper level." Representation, the attempt to render natural objects "naturally," has been the *cause célèbre* of much debate in the art world of this century. Such controversy, of course, would not have been possible if critics and museum keepers had been attuned to the metaphysical transformation of the modern world. As Steinberg says elsewhere in the essay, ". . . natural fact can be purely apprehended only where the human mind has first endowed it with the status of reality." If those who had persisted in waging the battle had realized that the recognition of "natural fact" was a thing of the past, then much unnecessary verbiage would have been avoided and perhaps the necessary task of constructing an aesthetic upon the notion of indeterminacy might have been undertaken by more than the one pioneer in the new artistic territory, John Cage.

If the rest of the art world had moved along with Cage, we would certainly be further advanced toward a way of knowing the world that would render our museum civilization incomprehensible, and, conversely, would provide a climate conducive to an anti-environment capable of throwing our environment into sharp relief.

THE EXISTENCE OF MUSEUMS MAKES US EQUATE ART WITH CERTAIN OBJECTS RATHER THAN WITH IMMEDIATE EXPERIENCE

In our museum civilization (the Apollonian world of Nietzsche, the Gutenberg galaxy of McLuhan) we think of the world as an accumulation of objects. This way of thinking is reflected in (perhaps it is a *result of*) our way of looking at art. Art for us is something we find in our museums, our concert halls and our anthologies of great literature. It is something that can be easily identified, placed somewhere within a tradition, and cataloged. Although we employ the concept of the aesthetic experience, this experience is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still thought of as an experience *of* an object outside the "beholder." I suspect that this unwillingness to view art as experience stems from our obsession with being "objective" and its correlative emotion, our fear of the subjective.

To me the desire to be objective is not a particularly praiseworthy or noble attitude. More often than not it is simply a guise covering our inability to feel. Rather than admit that we are totally desiccated and unable to respond to each other on an existential level, we kid ourselves into believing that we are engaged in the quest for truth and, therefore, only reason is to be trusted. Objectivity, we claim, and detachment are the cardinal virtues of a "truth seeker." Consequently, our lives become extremely fragmented. Ideas belong to our intellectual life, and emotions to our emotional life. Furthermore, the two "lives" must never overlap for each of them must remain uncontaminated. After all, if emotions crept into our intellectual life we would probably think "irrationally." And if ideas infiltrated our emotional life we would act "artificially."

At any rate, we see art as something outside ourselves, and, says Susan Sontag, "It is the same with our own lives. If we see them from the outside, as the influence and popular dissemination of the social sciences and psychiatry has persuaded more and more people to do, we view ourselves as instances of generalities, and in so doing become profoundly and painfully alienated from our own experience and our humanity."

Whether I'm talking about "art" or "life," the point I wish to make is that the cognitive style of our museum civilization is disintegrative, and analytic. Since I believe that, ultimately, nature imitates art, I would like to see a way of thinking about art come into prominence that would be integrative and experience/process oriented. This, I feel, would be an important first step in developing a cognitive style that would restore our lives to us. Susan Sontag came close to articulating the point I'm trying to make about art: "A work of art encountered as a work of art is an experience, not a statement or an answer to a question. Art is not only about something; it is something. A work of art is a thing *in* the world, not just a text or commentary on the world." For the most part, I am in agreement with her, but I would prefer to equate art directly with experience. I don't believe that there is something outside the beholder to be encountered. Art is an encounter with the self. Therefore, I would prefer to quit using terms like "work of art" and "art object." Art is precisely the process of encountering. It *is* the experience. It *is not* the experience *of* something, not even the self, for the self is not a thing. It is process.

There is one statement of Susan Sontag's, however, with which I am in complete agreement. In discussing the relation of knowledge to art, she says that ". . . the knowledge we gain through art is an experience of the form or style of knowing something, rather than a knowledge of something (like a fact or a moral judgment) in itself." This identifies the experience that is art. It "is an experience of the form or style of knowing something," an experience in which we are one with the process of knowing, or the self, even as it is knowing. Art is the experience in which our perception becomes perceivable. It is the process of becoming aware of what we are aware of.

ART IS NOT WITHIN THE MUSEUM, IT IS WITHIN

Art is not within the museum, or in the anthology of great literature. Only artifacts can be found in these two places. We have lived for such a long time with the subject-object way of looking at things, however, that we have forgotten to make the distinction between artifacts and art.

For this reason, most of our aesthetic concepts are inadequate. The subject-object orientation in epistemology necessarily entails the performer-audience dichotomy, the book-reader dichotomy, and the object-beholder dichotomy in aesthetics. Consequently, it is not surprising that the officially acknowledged and accepted aesthetic of the past few generations attempted

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to establish the autonomy of the art object. It is also not surprising that the serious critics who subscribe to the doctrine of the autonomy of the art object think that their sole purpose as critics is to perform a structural analysis of the formal elements of the "object," and to report on their findings in scholarly journals.

At a time when the prevalent attitudes toward art (and its reason for being) contained the notion that art's function was merely to make dogmas palatable, establishing the autonomy of the art object was a valid and necessary response to those who wanted to monopolize artists only to grind their own particular axes. But now, we must leave behind us as historically irrelevant an aesthetic that equates art with artifacts or the structure of artifacts. Such a view is too static and disintegrative to deal with art as I have defined it. Such a view of art won't enable us to see that art itself is a dynamic "process," a process in which the implicit ground rules imposed on our perception are made explicit and visible. An "autonomous object" approach to art is completely incompatible with a "process"-oriented aesthetic because it asks us to allow the art object to remain by itself in its own ethereal realm of autonomy. If art is to be thought of as a dynamic process, an "experience of the form or style of knowing something," we must abandon the concept of autonomy by denying the notion that "art" is equal to the structure of certain "artifacts." Just as the New Theologians have proclaimed the death of God by affirming the existence of Christ in the world, so we must affirm the notion of art as indispensable perceptual training by proclaiming the death of Art as it was known by those who equated it with the structures of our treasured artifacts. The possibilities inherent in a given artifact are not exhausted once we have gained a knowledge of its structure. This knowledge may be arrived at by merely reading or listening to somebody else's descriptive structural analysis of the artifact in question. Knowledge of art begins only when there is direct confrontation with the artifact itself. Only when an artifact begins to strip us of our prior metaphysical commitments do we begin to apprehend art, to come into possession of the knowledge referred to by Susan Sontag as the knowledge that ". . . is an experience of the form or style of knowing something. . . ."

"ART IS A NITROGLYCERINE PILL THAT DESTROYS THE NERVOUS SYSTEM IN ORDER TO REBUILD IT."

Norman Mailer is reported to have said this once in a conversation. To my mind, the statement out-McLuhans Marshall McLuhan in its brutal sententiousness. For McLuhan, the arts are prophetic and train perception. Mailer views art as effecting a kind of death within those who confront it. Both views are correct. In fact, they're synonomous and complementary. The only difference between the two is that the brutality of Mailer's statement enables us to see more easily than before the religious implications of a process-oriented aesthetic.

To be stripped of our nervous systems is to be made completely disoriented with no certainty that we will be located again within a new mode of perceiving. It means giving up everything we have known, and accepting the possibility of *nothing* with only faith to sustain us, faith in the possibility of redemption and/or rebirth into a new state of awareness.

To go to an artifact of our volition and give ourselves over to it, to allow ourselves to be swept away, stripped of our nervous systems, is to perform an act of existential affirmation of faith in process, in uncertainty. Our nervous systems do more than register sensations from without. Perception is active, a process in which the world around us is structured by our nervous systems. The rules governing this act of structuring have been acquired by us from our culture. As long as we structure the world in the manner prescribed by these rules and behave accordingly, we are considered sane and thought to have "our feet on the ground." In allowing an artifact to explode our nervous systems, we allow ourselves to become completely disoriented. We find ourselves in transition, in the pro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cess of moving from one state of awareness to another. We find ourselves being towed down the Heraclitean stream in which we can be immersed only once. Exactly where we will be washed ashore is unknown to us because flux, by its very nature, can never be grasped with certainty.

ART IS SEEING DOUBLE

As an artifact reveals itself to us, we become aware of new sets of relationships among its formal components. This is as true for painting as it is for those arts that are traditionally thought of as unfolding themselves for us through time, for example, literature and music. We never see the entire set of possible relationships inherent in a painting at first glance. I remember reading an essay on Paul Klee that said that he wanted his paintings to be a journey over the terrain created by him on the canvas. To me this implies that Klee believed that the beholder should be more than a passive spectator who merely "registers" an artifact in his mind. The beholder is considered an active participant in the creative process itself, and the creative process is seen to extend far beyond the point in time in which the painter applies the final stroke to his artifact. With the acceptance of a process orientation in aesthetics, the creative process is thought of as extending beyond the final stroke, and even beyond the point in time in which a painting is hung on the museum wall. Each person who confronts the painted object hanging from the museum wall contributes something to the creative process that must continue through time if the artifact is to remain alive. The artifact must constantly be redeemed by being constantly re-created. Otherwise it becomes inert, merely another discarded inanimate object among the growing plethora of such objects forever accumulating in our museums.

While it is true that an artifact must constantly be redeemed, it is also true that Man can redeem his world only through his artifacts or symbolic constructs. As Nietzsche said, "Art is not an imitation of nature but its metaphysical supplement, raised up beside it in order to overcome it." The nature of this overcoming is, as I have said before, the process of becoming aware of what we're aware of, the act of coming into possession of a knowledge of the ground rules imposed upon our perception. Borrowing from Ernst Cassirer's description of the mythological process, I would say that to come to grips with the world, to transcend it, is "to transform existing unity into known unity." Artifacts accomplish this transformation by bringing into being an anti-environment, throwing into relief our immediate environment, and revealing relationships that had determined the life-styles of our culture.

It should be apparent, then, how art is double vision. On one level we see the artifact itself, and, as it unfolds before us, we become aware of new sets of relationships among its formal components. Gradually, however, we become aware of much more. If art is successful, we come to possess a knowledge of relationships beyond the artifact. The relationships that we come to apprehend are the relationships that exist between our minds and the world. In understanding the process of knowing something, we become aware of the way in which we select a few "things" from an infinite number of possible "objects" and construct our reality.

ART IS AN ATTEMPT TO REALIZE THE FUSION OF THE TWO COMPONENTS OF THE SUBJECT-OBJECT DUALISM

Up to this point I have failed to make explicit the role of the sensuous aspects of art. My contention that art makes us aware of what we're (unconsciously) aware of is true but necessarily incomplete, since it focuses too much attention on the cognitive relationships that art brings into being.

As I have said, art is double vision. On one level, we are aware of relationships among the formal components of the artifact. This awareness is primarily sensuous in nature. On another level, of course, there is our knowledge of the relationships that exist between our minds and the world. This knowledge is basically cognitive. In coming into possession of the arti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fact (or in coming to be possessed by the artifact—there is no real distinction between the two) the two forms of knowledge occur simultaneously and the distinction between the cognitive and the sensuous is broken down. We have in art a simultaneous awareness of the artifact, of the world, and of ourselves, an awareness through the simultaneous interaction of a multiplicity of faculties or modalities.

Art, then, is a cleansing of our doors of perception, a release from the constrictions (placed upon us by our formal educations) that disintegrate and compartmentalize our worlds.

Norman O. Brown, however, would ask us to look deeper and nearer home for the compartmentalizations from which art can free us. The primary dualism for each of us, says Brown, is the dualism of mutually antagonistic instincts within. This dualism, the struggle between the pleasure principle and the reality principle (Eros and the aggressive or death instinct), is inherent in each of us, and determines that each of us lives a life of sickness or neurosis in which the aggressive instinct attempts to repress the struggle of the pleasure principle to break through and express itself in polymorphously perverse sexuality—a sexuality in which we delight equally in the pleasure of all our bodily organs and in which we delight in the self-expression of pure play trying to perpetuate itself. We might liken the attempt of the pleasure principle to free itself to an attempt to free sexual foreplay from the demands that a genital orientation in sexuality makes for getting on with the business of achieving an orgasm. In Brown's own words, "But we can introduce in advance the Freudian theorem that the instinctual life of man starts from a primitive undifferentiated fusion of the two instincts—a fusion in which they are not mutually antagonistic—and, in so far as it is fixated to childhood, seeks to restore the instinctual fusion." Thus, it seems that the subject-object dualism in perception has psychosexual roots deep in our personalities; and it is at this root level that art must work to integrate our world for us.

THE DEATH INSTINCT KEEPS MEN COMBAT-READY

It is the death or aggressive instinct that keeps men at war with themselves. The epitome of aggressive or ego instinct development in this country is to be found in the successful businessman whose life goal is "to make a killing," a metaphor used to designate the extremely successful outcome of a business venture. With a look at Freud through the eyes of William Blake, it becomes apparent that the achievement of a high degree of ego instinct development means severe repression of the pleasure principle and, consequently, death to most of the world around us. As Blake says, "Perceptive Organs closed, their Objects close." The successful professional man, concerned only with self-advancement, closes himself to all objects other than those that must be manipulated in the process of getting ahead. And, in doing so, he expends a tremendous amount of psychic energy in repressing the instinct for delight that wants to tarry along the straight and narrow path and play with things.

But the instinct for delight is unconquerable. As Blake says, "The soul of sweet delight can never be defil'd," and we pay a tremendous personal price in attempting to vanquish it. The repression of the pleasure principle demands nothing less of us than our lives, for it demands, as compensation, that we carry around within us an unborn, aging infant that sucks us dry from within.

ARTIFACTS MUST BE REDEEMED TO BE ART

There is no art outside the inner world of each beholder of an artifact; and, if the artifacts within them make no new inroads into anybody's mind, then all the museums in the world should be burned to the ground.

For art is nothing less than a way of being, a way of being in which we become aware of the multitude of things we really know. This awareness is so large that our "getting-ahead-of-the-game" way of looking at things is thrown into relief beside it and found to contain only a miniscule

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

portion of the things it is possible to experience in the world around us.

Art is the process of learning to apprehend the world. Ultimately, the process should integrate our world for us by returning us to our undefil'd delight. Having broken through the self-imposed bonds repressing our spirit of play, we redeem ourselves by dying and being reborn into a new way of being in which we experience the world through the simultaneous interaction of a multiplicity of faculties or modalities.

This way of being gives birth to a new world at the same moment it gives birth to a new self.

For in redemption, we realize that "Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth." Thus, we are freed from the world of the reality principle in which the only relevant things (those that demand being dealt with seriously) are those that represent obstacles to our getting on with the business of getting ahead.

AS THINGS GO MORE AND MORE QUICKLY IT BECOMES INCREASINGLY THE CASE THAT MAN MUST INSTANTLY ESTABLISH A WORKING RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS SYMBOLS

Anyone who has experienced LSD knows that the thin line separating a bum trip (psychosis) from a good one (euphoria) is "merely" a matter of the relationships we establish with our "hallucinations." If we become frightened when things won't allow themselves to be known in the way we know them in the "real" world, we're in for trouble. If, on the other hand, we believe with Blake that "Every thing possible to be believ'd is an image of truth," then a trip can be taken in stride and teach us a great deal.

The same state of affairs exists in the "down" world, as Marshall McLuhan is attempting to point out to people. As our technology of electronic circuitry (an extension of our central nervous system) bombards us with more and more images demanding immediate involvement, the most important task before us is that of becoming aware of the ways in which we know the world. This means knowing how we structure our world, or, in other words, what "reality" is for us. Since our reality consists of a series of symbols, and since symbols are actually events in which relationships are established by human nervous systems, the task before us consists of discovering how we make symbols.

For this will tell us how we make/know the world. And the manner in which we make/know the world determines how we must act within it.

For the set of symbols we accept as being the definitive reality determines the alternative life-styles available to us. Pathetically, it's all too often the case that the alternatives available to us are completely irrelevant to the situations in which we find ourselves. A working relationship with our symbols demands that we possess the ability to see instantly exactly where alternative life-styles will take us and where they came from, that is, what sets of symbols gave birth to them.

ARTIST AND CRITIC SHOULD PERFORM THE SAME FUNCTION (ALMOST)

The artist creates artifacts that can make men whole again by bringing about a fusion of the dualism underlying all dualisms. This dualism, the one separating the pleasure principle from the reality principle, is responsible for all subsequent bifurcations: up vs. down, good vs. evil, and subject vs. object. In the primal undifferentiated affective life of man, these distinctions were not known. Adam's fall from grace was nothing more or less than finding out that he was a distinct, solitary entity in opposition to his world, a world that came, after the fall, to consist of a space filled with "objects" of perception that were to be used by Adam to "make his way in the world." Adam, after falling, was outside his world, not in it.

The artifacts of the artist take men back again to the undifferentiated affective life preceding the fall by effecting a simultaneous awareness of the relationships among the formal components of the artifact, of the manner or style of knowing these relationships, of the relationships existing in the world outside the confrontation with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the artifact. This awareness, by throwing into relief our immediate environment, illuminates the ground rules that provide us with our very limited set of alternative ways of looking at the world, and, consequently, of acting within it. This heightened perception of the way we live releases the pleasure principle, and brings it into harmony with the reality principle, enabling men to approach the extremely serious business of making a killing with a spirit of play. Viewing the work of the world as play enables men to retain at least some semblance of spiritual dignity.

The critic is considered a metaphysician of the second order. He illuminates our immediate environment by discussing his confrontations with artifacts, but the relationships he makes us aware of, we apprehend with only one of our faculties of knowing, the cognitive. His primary function is that of guide. He leads us to artifacts that he considers valuable instruments of perceptual education, and justifies his doing so by trying to show us, cognitively, the relationships revealed to him by the artifact.

Having returned to the critic (with whom I began), I shall bring this discussion to an end.

Halves

ANN CAMERON

Saying it was not your season
you lay in my summer of dark dreams
resisting like a seed in winter.
For all the working of soft thought
you never opened, but hoarded
all your lives and worlds
and robbed me, taking nothing.

✪ Now a New Yorker, ANN CAMERON grew up in Rice Lake, Wisconsin. She is a recent graduate of Radcliffe College, where she shared the undergraduate prize for poetry.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tied for Third Prize: Essay Contest

And We Were Left Darkling

Notes on *King Lear*

LAWRENCE RAAB

FOOL: So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

King Lear is a play about survival. Within it man is reduced to the barest of all human forms: a naked body standing against "the winds and persecutions of the sky." Yet as a man is shorn of love, respect, sanity, is torn from warmth, sight, light, food and clothing, those human needs remain always. What is faced upon the heath is the blank scar that is the sky. Part of what remains from that encounter is the power and will to survive in the face of all loss. Yet as a body is stripped and the mind torn, what becomes revealed is not only all that has been lost, but more important, all that a man might hope to win.

For, though a tragedy maim and kill, those deaths are sacrifices to the living who watch. What comes clear when a man loses all is the quality and extent of those human feelings that may be worth the winning and thus painful to the losing. As Lear fails to find the public signs of love, he gains the knowledge that a greater love might be possible, or, indeed, essential. As Hamlet learns the terms of mortality, so also he learns the terms of life. This duality is necessary: that, against a background of endurance, what a man holds in his hand is taken away or falls away or is thrown away, so that he (and we) might come to know the value of that which has been lost, the possibilities of what might be gained, and the limits and numbers of a man's days.

The hero of tragedy wears a pained Janus mask. Fixed on the edge of light, he faces both ways. And although he must lose, his death is as a birth, for it is not a dying from life, but a being born away from life. Death then is not darkness, but light so bright that once seen, the eyes cannot but choose to go blind.

The drama of *Hamlet* is poised against the tortured reaches of a single mind. The drama of *King Lear* is played against the sky. As *King Lear* is a play about the power of endurance and the worth of survival, so it is a play always centered upon life. Hamlet knows the earth that is to be his grave. But Lear rages against the earth. Hamlet learns from what he sees of himself in the faces of those about him, but Lear is looking always outward (even when mad), past the eyes, and his sight is bent upon all human forms.

King Lear is about the weight of the human world. Thus, Lear's enemies are not storm or rain or sky, not the gods who have no voice, nor the God who may have no heaven. Nature here mirrors how the mind might burn and the body break.

And finally, and most of all, *King Lear* is a play about love. Goneril and Regan are not evil incarnations. They are real people who have lost the ability and the power to love, but must, because they are human, be burdened with the need that emptiness makes for itself. So Edmund might say truthfully, "Yet Edmund was belov'd." There are spaces in a man, this play tells

✪ A senior at Middlebury College, LAWRENCE RAAB is editor of the literary magazine there. Mr. Raab, whose poems have appeared in *Quest*, has studied independently with Robert Pack for several years. He plans to do graduate work in English.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

us, which cannot be abandoned. What might be called evil, is yet a voice in the dark asking somehow to be loved.

And in the storm or rain or on the dark plain about to die, a man might learn how the wheel upon which we all move must come full circle in its own time, and how no human passion dies but that another fills its place. Although love might easily be lost, its need is never dissolved, but only masked.

We are not asked to judge tragedy, but rather to recognize the enemy that we all might become. So also we see what might be won. The Fool's candle flutters and fails and we are left darkling in a world where light might burn but darkness heals. Gloucester and Lear, the Fool and Mad Tom, all come to know that where pain still rages, something yet lives.

In Act IV, hours before Lear will die, he somehow dies. His madness has been a kind of long graveyard scene, a way of dying; so his sleep is the sleep of the dead:

LEAR: You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

On a point almost past death, he remembers the pain his life has come to. But then, dressed in white, almost magically he is resurrected from his own grave. What he had thought lost, is restored:

LEAR: For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
CORDELIA: And so I am, I am.
LEAR: Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have (as I remember) done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
CORDELIA: No cause, no cause.

Cordelia is his child, and Lear is once again a father and a king. He could die now, but the girl, daughter and child, who loves him dries the fire from the wheel. "No cause," is the magic leap love might make for love's sake, and so restore all the world.

But although the fire dies from Lear's wheel, the wheel remains. For a moment love might make the world warm and safe from all odds, might make a prison a home, but, as Hamlet learned, there is no permanence. The wheel moves still, though its turning break no bones yet.

So *King Lear* has argued for naked survival where the very power of the body is wracked. It has argued for love where love had once lost. And it has argued life for life's sake even at the end. Out of darkness are born the bearers of white candles, and out of long night are born the strength to endure, and the hope to live and love and to continue. As Lear was belov'd, he lived.

But Cordelia is murdered, so Lear must die, and where then does the world stand? The chance that might redeem all sorrows is lost.

LEAR: And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life!

Then Lear asks the final, always unanswerable question:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.
Never, never, never, never, never!—

But he is not where he began. He has lost a life, but not the love that a life might promise. For Cordelia and Lear to live, even imprisoned, would promise us too much. The wheel must swing all the way round, for the end must be shown. The play does not say, as *Job* says, that a man who suffers much and learns, will be rewarded and live all the rest of his days in peace. It tells us more: that a man might suffer and win but that loss is also inevitable. Yet it tells us more:

LEAR: Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.
Do you see this? Look on her! look! her lips!
Look there, look there! O, O, O, O. (He dies.)

There is a great mystery contained in those lines, like Hamlet's:

I shall win at the odds, but thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart.

Hamlet faces the dark, because, although he learned the terms of the living, he also

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has become a dedicant to his own death. Lear faces the other way. Both are at the same moment.

Until this point *King Lear* (and *Hamlet*) have spoken of life and of death, of the pain of the loss of love, and of the place where love might return.

But now *Lear* ends in a mystery that is neither death nor life. Yet this is a strange kind of birth, for now the play holds Lear's mirror, not to Cordelia's lips, but back to us who will live past this death. The knowledge of the mystery of that last breathing can be known only to Lear. And "thou" (Horatio and all of us) cannot truly fathom the depths of that ill which is all about Hamlet's heart. That pain is real to Hamlet, that breathing plain to Lear. But to us, it is and must be, a mystery. Kent, Edgar and Albany think this moment a delusion, a trick of the wind playing on a dead girl's lips. But it is no illusion; it is no clap of simple irony showing the heavens to be more than blank; nor is it a bright promise redeeming all possible sorrows.

A mystery is that which cannot be named, but which through its illusive darkness returns us to where we ourselves live, confused and indecisive. There, somehow it speaks past naming. For the love that circles around this haze of dark turns life finally into more than survival. And the frailty of such love is just that illusion of breath, born on the wheel and on the rack, with which we make whole all bodies and breathe back, singing, into all living things.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Artificial Paradises

Baudelaire and the Psychedelic Experience

CATHERINE B. OSBORN

For many of us Baudelaire remains a name, a name dimly associated with some required course in the French language or less dimly figuring in an elective course on modern poetry. For the student of literature Charles Baudelaire is a giant whose magnificent perceptiveness lies at the basis of modern poetry. And for the acid-head, whether he knows it or not, Baudelaire is an understanding loving brother. In 1851, six years before the publication of his one superb volume of poetry, *The Flowers of Evil,* he wrote an essay for *Le Messager de l'Assemblée,* a Paris magazine, "On Wine and Hashish, compared as ways to the Multiplication of the Personality." Nine years later and one year before the expanded second edition of *The Flowers of Evil,* he published a slim volume called *Artificial Paradises, Opium and Hashish.* The following pages present a translation of selected paragraphs from both of these works in which Baudelaire explored the psychedelic experience. His description of the experience is fascinating because it is so like the stories told today by the LSD enthusiasts. And his analysis of the motivation of the addict and of the effect of the drug upon him sheds considerable light on the aspirations and psychic processes of our present-day acid-heads.

Baudelaire is concerned with the individual psychedelic experience. It is interesting, however, to remember that there is also a sociological parallel between his Hashish Club and our various LSD groupings. Baudelaire and his friends, to the horror of their elders, were expressing by their eccentric dress and by their drugs their disgust with the ruling bourgeois and the Catholicism of the Second Empire. One hundred years later our rebellious young protest in the same way an Establishment solidly based on the Protestant Ethic: doesn't the interchangeability of Protestant and Catholic as the object of their abuse suggest a more common denominator?

Before we turn on, I must emphasize that we are taking hashish with Baudelaire, not, of course, LSD. Hashish like marijuana is a form of cannabis. It is much stronger than marijuana and produces effects strikingly similar to LSD. It is not preferable to LSD, because it tastes bad. Baudelaire describes it as a smelly green jelly and advises melting it in a cup of black coffee.

"I forgot to say that it's best to give in to the action of the drug only in favorable surroundings and under favorable circumstances because hashish causes a greater awareness of the self and at the same time a very keen perceptivity of surroundings and circumstances. Every joy, every feeling of well-being is overflowing, and likewise every pain, every feeling of anxiety is terribly intense. Don't try for this experience if you have some disagreeable job ahead of you, if you're depressed, if you've got a debt to pay. As I've already said, hashish doesn't help get things done. It isn't comforting like alcohol; it only develops infinitely the human personality in those circumstances in which it is. Wherever possible, you need a beautiful room

✪ CATHERINE B. OSBORN is assistant dean of Flora Stone Mather College of Case Western Reserve University, and a member of the department of romance languages there.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or a beautiful spot out-of-doors, a free and detached mind and a few friends whose interests are the same as yours. A little music, too, if possible."

"So here is happiness! It just fills a little spoon! Happiness with all its intoxication, all its madness, all its childishness! You can swallow it without fear; you won't die from it. Your body won't be affected in any way. Later perhaps if you resort to it too often, the strength of your will may be diminished, you may be something less of a man than you are today. But the punishment is so far off and this future disaster so difficult to define! So what do you risk? A little weariness tomorrow. Don't you run the risk every day of greater retribution for less reward? And so you've decided: you've even melted your dose in your cup of black coffee—the effect is quicker this way. You've been careful to have an empty stomach so that the drug can act more freely. Dinner has been put off until late tonight, and the most you'll have now is a little light soup in an hour or so. All right, you're sufficiently unencumbered for a long extraordinary trip. The whistle has blown, the sails are set, and you have the great advantage over the ordinary traveler of ignoring where you're going. You wanted to do it; here's luck!"

"There are usually three phases in the hashish experience that are rather easy to distinguish, and it is funny to watch a beginner experience the first symptoms of the first phase. You've heard about the marvelous effects of hashish and you have a preconceived idea of what it will be like —a sort of ideal of the psychedelic experience. You're in a hurry to find out if the real thing will live up to your expectations. That's enough to throw you right off into a state of anxiety that contributes to the victory of the drug. Most beginners, at the start of their first trip, complain about the slowness of the drug's effect. You wait for it with a childish impatience. Because the drug doesn't act quickly enough to please you, you are quite voluble in expressing your disgust. This seems really funny to the experienced travelers who know how the drug acts. Like the first rumblings of an approaching thunderstorm, the beginning effects of the drug show up right in the middle of your disgust. A certain hilarity, absurd and irresistible, takes hold of you. You're a bit ashamed of these attacks of unmotivated merriment which recur frequently, and you vainly try to pull yourself together in the intervals of stupor. The simplest words, the most trivial ideas seem strange and new; you're astonished that they've always seemed so simple. Similarities and incongruous comparisons that are impossible to foresee, interminable puns, comic ideas tumble constantly out of your brain. The demon has invaded you; it's useless to be refractory even though this hilarity hurts like tickling. Every now and then you laugh at yourself, at your silliness, at your madness, and your friends if any are there laugh at you and at themselves, too. For there's no feeling of malice, no rancor.

"On the other hand, the common sense and the good judgment, the well-ordered thoughts of the prudent observer who hasn't taken anything amuse you and delight you, for this seems like a very special kind of dementia. The roles are reversed. His sangfroid pushes you to excesses of irony. Isn't it an intriguing thing to watch an incomprehensibly merry man from quite a different frame of reference? The madman takes pity on the wise man. From this moment on the idea of his superiority begins to dawn on the horizon of his intellect. Soon it will grow and swell and explode like a meteor."

"After this first phase of childish gaiety there is a momentary lull. But new developments are announced by a sensation of coolness in the extremities. This can even become a very intense cold in some cases. A great weakness invades the limbs: your hands are made of butter and you feel a troublesome stupor and stupefaction in your head, in your whole being. Your eyes get large; they feel as if they were being pulled in all directions by a pitiless paroxysm. Your face is washed with pallor. Your lips contract and turn inward into your mouth—the defensive movement of the victim summoning his breath for his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

next attack. Your throat seems to close off. Thirst parches the palate. It would be infinitely sweet to satisfy this thirst if it weren't even more sweet to submit to torpor and to the refusal to make the slightest bodily movement. Deep hoarse sighs escape from your chest as if your *former* body couldn't endure the desires and activity of your *new* soul. From time to time a jolt shakes you and produces an involuntary movement like those sudden jerks that precede a deep sleep at the end of a day of hard work or during a stormy night."

"It is in fact at this stage of the experience that a new acuteness, a superior perceptivity is manifested in all the senses. The senses of smell, sight, hearing and touch participate equally in this progress. Eyes strain for infinity. The ear perceives almost imperceptible sounds in the midst of the wildest din. At this moment the hallucinations begin. Exterior objects slowly, one by one, take on extraordinary shapes; they are deformed and then transformed. Next come the ambiguities, the errors and the transpositions of ideas. Sounds take on color, and colors contain music. You'll say that that's all very natural: every poetic brain in its normal healthy state easily conceives these analogies. But I've already warned the reader that there's positively nothing supernatural in the hashish experience. These analogies just present an unusual vividness; they penetrate, invade, overwhelm the mind in a truly despotic manner. Musical notes become numbers, and if you have any mathematical aptitude, melody and harmony, although they keep their voluptuous and sensuous attributes, are transformed into one vast arithmetical operation where numbers beget numbers. You follow the phases and generation of this operation with inexplicable ease and with an agility equal to the performer's.

"Sometimes it happens that the personality disappears and that the objectivity that is the special attribute of the pantheist poet is developed so abnormally that the contemplation of exterior objects makes you forget your own existence and you identify with them. Supposing you fix your glance on a beautifully proportioned tree bent by the wind; in a few seconds what would be in the poet's mind only a very natural simile becomes in yours a reality. First you lend the tree your emotions, your longing or your melancholy; its groanings and wavings become yours, and soon you are the tree. Similarly, the bird that is floating far in the blue *represents* at first the immortal wish to float above human affairs; but already you are the bird itself. Suppose you are sitting smoking. Your attention is fastened a little too long on the bluish clouds that are curling up from your pipe. The idea of an evaporation, slow, successive, eternal, takes hold of your mind, and soon you begin to apply this idea to your own thoughts, to your thinking matter. By an extraordinary ambiguity, by a kind of transposition or intellectual blunder, you will feel yourself evaporating and you will attribute to your pipe (in which you think you are crouching, all huddled up like the tobacco) the strange ability to *smoke you.*

"Fortunately this interminable fantasy lasted really only a minute, for with a great effort you procure a lucid interval which lets you focus on the clock. But another wave of ideas carries you off; it swings you around for another minute in its living whirlpool, and this minute is another eternity. For the relative proportions of time and being are completely upset by the quantity and intensity of your sensations and ideas. You seem to live several human lives in the space of an hour. Don't you think you're like a fantastic novel that is being lived instead of being written? There's no longer any equilibrium between your physical sensations and your ecstasies. At this point especially where freedom disappears the critical reader will disapprove.

"When I speak of hallucinations, you mustn't take the word in its strictest sense. There's a very important difference between pure hallucination, as the psychiatrist often has occasion to study it, and the hallucinations, or rather the sensory mistakes, of the psychological state brought about by hashish. In the former the hallucination is sudden, complete and irrevocable; moreover, it finds no pretext or excuse in the world of external objects.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The sick man sees a shape, hears sounds where there aren't any. In the latter, the hallucination is progressive, almost voluntary, and it doesn't become perfect, it doesn't ripen except by the activity of the imagination. And also it has a justification. The sound will speak, it will say very distinct things, but there has been a sound. The intoxicated eye of the man, high on hashish, will see strange shapes; but before being strange or monstrous, these shapes were simple and natural. The energy, the aliveness of the drug hallucination doesn't contradict this fundamental difference. It has roots in the tangible environment and in the present time; the other kind doesn't."

"Now it's time to put aside all these conjurer's tricks and huge figures born of the dreams of childish minds. Shouldn't we speak of more serious things: of the modifications of human feelings and, in a word, of the *ethics* of hashish?

"Up to now I've written just a short monograph on drug experience. I've emphasized the principal characteristics, especially the material characteristics. But what is more important, I believe, for intellectual man, is to recognize the effect of this poison on his spiritual being. I speak of the expansion, the deformation and the exaggeration of his usual emotions and of his moral perceptions. In this extraordinary atmosphere what happens to them is a true phenomenon of refraction."

"The best kind of person to experience the total impact of the drug is one who combines a sensitive temperament with a cultivated mind, trained in studies of form and color. His mind should be impressionable too, acquainted with anxiety and depression, but still resilient. Let's pretend, if you're willing, that he's even made some rather serious mistakes in his life. Because he is so emotional by nature, if he doesn't actually feel guilty, he feels at least sorry for the abuse and the waste of time. A metaphysical turn of mind, knowledge of the different philosophical hypotheses on the destiny of man are certainly not useless attributes. And a love of virtue is helpful, that abstract virtue—stoic or mystic—that is postulated in all the books that form the mind of the modern child. This virtue is the highest peak that man can climb. If we add to all these qualities the great sensorial perceptivity that I should have mentioned first as an indispensable quality, I think I have assembled the most common traits of the sensitive modern man. We could call this the *common look of difference.* Now let's see what happens to this fellow when his consciousness is expanded way out by hashish. Let's follow the progress of human imagination to its ultimate and most splendid resting-place, the belief of the individual in his own divinity.

"If you are one of these people, your innate love of form and color will find immense satisfaction during the first stages of your intoxication. Colors will take on an unaccustomed energy and will enter the brain with a victorious intensity. Whether they are charming, indifferent or even bad, the designs of the wallpaper will take on a frightening life. The most tasteless kind that decorates old hotel-room walls will deepen into splendid dioramas. Nymphs with sparkling flesh look at you with large eyes, deeper and clearer than sky or water; ancient heroes wrapped in their priestly or martial garments exchange solemn confidences with you in a single look. The curving lines are a very clear language where you read excitement and desire. A mysterious but temporary state of mind develops where the meaning of life, prickly with countless problems though it is, reveals itself completely in the picture that you have before your eyes—no matter how normal or trivial this picture may be. Any object around becomes a sparkling symbol. Fourier and Swedenborg, the former with his *analogies,* the latter with his *correspondances,* are incarnate in the vegetable and in the animal that fall beneath your glance. Instead of teaching by words, they are indoctrinating you by form and color. The understanding of allegory takes on depths you had never previously guessed at. I would like to emphasize in passing that allegory, this truly spiritual figure of speech, which clumsy painters have taught us to disdain, but which is really one of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the primitive and most natural poetic forms, resumes its legitimate supremacy when the intelligence is illuminated by the drug experience. Hashish at this point spreads over all of life like a magic gloss: it colors everything with dignity and lights up every darkness. Mountainous landscapes, distant horizons, perspectives of cities lying white beneath the storm's cadaverous lead-gray or bright in the concentrated fire of the setting sun—depth in space becoming an allegory of depth in time—the dance, the gesture, the speech of actors if you go to the theater—the first sentence that meets your glance if you pick up a book—everything, finally, the totality of creation rises in front of you with a new glory never before suspected. Grammar, even dry grammar itself, becomes a sort of suggestive magic. Words rise again, clothed in flesh and bone: the substantive in his substantial majesty, the adjective a transparent garment that clothes and colors like a glaze, and the verb, angel of movement that sets the sentence in motion. Music, that other language dear alike to the lazy and to the profound who look for relaxation in a change of activity—music speaks to you of yourself and tells you the poem of your life. It embodies itself in you and you melt into it. It speaks your emotion not vaguely and indefinitely as it has in your nonchalant evenings at the opera, but circumstantially, positively, every movement of the rhythm marking a movement familiar to your soul, every note becoming a word, and the whole poem entering your mind like a dictionary endowed with life.

"You mustn't think that all these phenomena happen confusedly in your mind with the shrill accent of reality and the disorder of the external life. The internal eye transforms everything and gives to each thing that complement of beauty it lacks so that it is really worthy of delight. In this essentially voluptuous and sensuous stage we find the love of clear water, running or still, that is so astonishingly developed in the intellectual intoxication of some artists. Mirrors evoke this dreamy musing which resembles a spiritual thirst, united to the physical thirst which parches the throat and of which I spoke a little while ago. Flowing water, fountains, musical cascades, the blue immensity of the sea splash, murmur, sleep with indescribable enchantment. Water beckons like a real sorceress. Although I don't really believe that hashish causes wild insanity, I wouldn't dare affirm that the contemplation of a clear pool was entirely without danger for a spirit in love with space and limpidness. The old fairy story about Ondine might become a tragic reality for the real enthusiast.

"I think I've said enough about the monstrous expansion of time and space. These two ideas are always connected, but under hashish the mind confronts them without sadness and without fear. It gazes with a certain melancholy delight across the distant years and plunges daringly into infinite perspectives. You've guessed, I presume, that this abnormal and tyrannical expansion happens to all emotions and to all ideas. It happens to kindness . . . It happens to love. The idea of beauty must naturally loom large in the sensitive personality I have supposed. Harmony and balance of line, rhythm of movement appear to our dreamer to be necessities, to be obligations not only of all the beings of creation, but also his obligations. The dreamer at this point of crisis is endowed with a marvelous talent for understanding the immortal and universal rhythm . . .

"As for love, I've heard lots of people, excited with a schoolboy's curiosity, trying to pry information out of those who were familiar with the effects of hashish. What can this intoxication of love be like? It's already so strong in its natural state, what can happen when it is encompassed by this other intoxication, like a sun within a sun? This is the question raised by a multitude of souls that I call the lounge-lizards of the intellectual world. In order to answer an unfair implication, that part of the question that nobody dares ask, I'll send the reader back to Pliny who wrote somewhere about the qualities of cannabis in such a way as to dissipate all illusions on this subject. Everybody knows anyway that im-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

potence is the most common result of abuse of nerves and substances to excite them. Moreover, as it's not a question here of affective power but rather of emotion or susceptibility, I will simply ask the reader to consider that the imagination of a sensitive man, intoxicated by hashish, is developed to a prodigious degree. The point his imagination reaches is as difficult to determine as the greatest possible force of the wind at the center of a hurricane, and his senses are refined to a point just as difficult to define. So we're permitted to believe that a light caress, the most innocent of all, a handshake for example, can have a hundred times greater value in this present state of mind and of sensation. It can perhaps lead, and very quickly, to that syncope that vulgar mortals consider the very *summum* of happiness. In any case it is unquestionable that hashish awakens tender memories that even gain a new luster from anguish and adversity in an imagination frequently busied with the stuff of love. It's no less certain that a strong dose of sensuality accompanies this spiritual excitement . . .

"We have seen in the intoxication of hashish the manifestation of an unusual kindness that reaches out even to strangers. This is a sort of philanthropy made rather of pity than of love. (Here appears the first sign of that satanic state of mind that will develop in such an extraordinary manner.) Since this kindness is afraid to cause anyone distress, we can guess what happens to it when it is localized, directed toward a beloved one who plays or has played an important role in the emotional life of our subject. Veneration, adoration, prayer, dreams of happiness project themselves and shoot forth with the ambitious energy and the crash of fireworks. Like the roar and fiery-colored sparks they dazzle and fade into the shadows. There isn't any emotional combination that can escape the supple love of the hashish addict. The desire to protect, a warm and devoted fatherly feeling, can combine with a guilty sensuality that the hashish will always know how to excuse and to absolve. It even goes farther than that. I'm imagining some past mistakes that have left bitter marks on the soul. In his normal state the husband or lover looks back with sadness on this past only slightly touched with storms. Now the old bitterness can change to sweetness. The need for forgiveness makes the imagination more skillful and more beseeching. And remorse itself in this diabolic drama, long monologue that it is, can act as a stimulant and powerfully rekindle the heart's exaltation. Yes, remorse! Was I wrong to say that hashish strikes the true philosopher as being the perfect satanic tool? Remorse, a singular ingredient of pleasure, is shortly drowned in the delicious contemplation of remorse, in a kind of voluptuous analysis. This analysis is so rapid that man, this natural devil, to speak like the followers of Swedenborg, doesn't notice how involuntary it is and how, from second to second, his is approaching diabolical perfection. He *admires* his remorse and glories in it while he is in the act of losing his freedom.

"So here is my hypothetical man, the mind of my choice, at that degree of joy and tranquillity where he is *forced* to admire himself. Every contradiction disappears, all philosophical problems become clear or at least seem so. Everything is a source of pleasure. The fullness of his present life is inspiring him with inordinate pride. A voice speaks within him (alas! it is his own) and says to him: 'You now have the right to consider yourself superior to all mankind; no one knows or could comprehend all that you think and all that you feel. They would even be incapable of appreciating the kindness you feel for them. You are a king whom passersby do not recognize, who lives in the solitude of his conviction: but what difference does it make? Don't you possess that sovereign scorn that makes the soul so good?'

"However, we can suppose that from time to time a biting memory invades and corrupts this happiness. A suggestion coming from some external object can revive a past that is disagreeable to contemplate. How many foolish or vile deeds are there in the past life of this king of the mind? Deeds that are unworthy of him, deeds that soil his ideal dignity? But you can be sure that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the hashish here will courageously confront these reproachful phantoms. He will even know how to extract new elements of pleasure and of pride from these hideous memories. His rationalization will go something like this: once the first sensation of pain is gone, he will analyze with curiosity the remembered deed or the feeling that is troubling his present glory. He will study the motivation of that past action, the circumstances that surrounded him. If he doesn't find in these circumstances sufficient reasons to absolve him or at least to minimize his sin, don't let yourself imagine that he feels defeated! I can watch his reasoning as if it were a mechanical device under a transparent glass: 'This ridiculous deed, cowardly or vile, whose memory has troubled me a moment, is in complete contradiction with my true self, my present self, and the energy even I show in condemning it, the inquisitorial care I take in analyzing and judging it prove my noble and divine aptitudes for virtue. How many men do you think you can find who are this skillful in self-judgment, this severe in self-condemnation?' Not only does he condemn himself, but he glorifies himself. . . . He completely mixes up dream and deed. His imagination gets more and more excited before this enchanting spectacle of his own self, improved and idealized. He substitutes this fascinating illusion of himself for his real self that is so poor in willpower, so rich in vanity. He finally decrees his own deification in clear and simple terms. Before him he sees a world of abominable joys: 'I am the most virtuous of men!'

"Do I need to follow any further the development of this victorious monomania? Shall I explain how my hero places himself shortly in the center of the universe? How he becomes the living and excessive expression of the proverb that says that emotion relates everything to itself? He belives in his virtue and his genius: can't you guess the end? All surrounding objects are suggestions that stir up a world of thoughts, each one more colorful, more alive, more subtle than ever, and all clothed in a magic gloss. 'These magnificent cities,' he says to himself, 'where gorgeous buildings are lined up as in decorations, these beautiful boats rocking on the water of the channel in nostalgic idleness that seem to translate my thought—when do we leave for happiness? —these libraries with the accumulated works of Science and dreams of the Muses, these assembled instruments that speak with a single voice, these sirens more charming than ever with their studied adornment and fleeting looks—all these things have been created *for me, for me, for me!*' I skip and abbreviate. No one will be astonished when a final supreme thought bursts forth from the dreamer's brain: 'I have become God!' A wild ardent cry escapes from his chest with such energy, such projectile force that it would overthrow the angels scattered over the paths of heaven if the desires and beliefs of a drunken man had any effective power. 'I am a God!' Soon, however, this hurricane of pride is transformed into a state of calm beatitude, still and restful. The totality of creation seems colored and illuminated in a golden dawn. If by chance a vague memory slips into the consciousness of this deplorably happy creature: 'Isn't there possibly another God?' you can believe that he stands up to *That One,* that he discusses what he wants and confronts Him without terror. Who was the French philosopher that made fun of modern German doctrine with the statement: 'I am a god who had a poor dinner'? This irony wouldn't disturb the soul soaring on hashish. He would answer quickly, 'It's possible that I've had a poor dinner, but I am a God.' "

"It's really superfluous after all these considerations to insist on the immoral character of hashish. If I compare it to suicide, to a slow suicide, no reasonable mind would contradict me. It is like a weapon, always bloody and always sharp. If I point out its likeness to witchcraft, to magic, no philosophic soul will object to the comparison. It is a magic that wants to achieve a mastery forbidden to man or permitted only to him who is judged worthy. It wants to act on matter by secret spells which cannot be proved to be either effective or ineffective. If the Church condemns magic and witchcraft, it is because they act

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against the intentions of God, that they suppress the work of time and want to make purity and morality superfluous. The Church recognizes as legitimate and true only treasures earned by assiduous good intention. We call the fellow who has learned to beat the game a crook; what will we call the man who wants to buy happiness and genius with a little small change? It is the very infallibility of this means that constitutes its immorality, as the supposed infallibility of magic stamps it with the mark of infamy. Shall I add that hashish, like all solitary joys, makes the individual useless to man, and society superfluous to the individual, urging him on to admire himself ceaselessly and rushing him daily closer to the luminous abyss where he can admire the features of Narcissus.

"Still, at the price of his dignity, sincerity and free will, what if man could extract from hashish great spiritual benefits? What if it were a mechanism for thought, a productive tool? I've often heard this question asked, and I will answer it. First of all, as I've explained at length, hashish reveals to the individual only the individual himself. It's true that this individual is concentrated and pushed to the limit. As it is equally true that the memory of the impressions survives the debauch, the hope of the *utilitarians* doesn't seem at first glance to be completely unreasonable. But I would ask them to notice that these thoughts, which seem so full of importance to them, aren't really as beautiful as they seem to be in their temporary finery and draped in their magic tinsel. They belong to the earth rather than to heaven and owe a considerable portion of their beauty to the nervous excitement and eagerness with which the mind greets them. Besides this hope is a vicious circle: let's admit for an instant that hashish gives or at least increases genius. Its partisans forget that it is the nature of hashish to reduce the will. Thus it gives with one hand what it takes away with the other: that is, imagination without the ability to make use of it. Finally, you do have to think of another danger, supposing that the fellow has been firm and vigorous enough to avoid the former, and this danger is fatal, terrible—the danger of all habits. They all soon become necessities. The man who turns to a drug *in order to* think, will soon not be able to think *without* the drug. Can you imagine the dreadful fate of the man whose paralyzed imagination can no longer function without the help of hashish or opium?"

So Baudelaire here rejects hashish on the familiar basis of addiction. The addiction that he understands is purely psychological and results in the dreadful abulia that is after all the celebrated Baudelairian ennui:

Sur l'oreiller du mal c'est Satan Trismégiste
Qui berce longuement notre esprit enchanté
Et le riche métal de notre volonté
Est tout vaporisé par ce savant chimiste.

He discusses earlier in the essay, in a paragraph that I did not translate, this "abdication of the will." He relates it to the break in the relationship between the inner life and the outer life. In short he sees the final effect of the psychedelic experience to be a withdrawal from life, a flight from reality that culminates in narcissism. "Fearful marriage of man with himself." He considers this self-generated glorification of the self—remorse becoming pride, *et cetera*—as a dead end. The dead end may be in the middle of a big bubble, but when the bubble explodes you aren't anywhere at all. And there is a reduction in the potential for activity in the real world of man—and greatness lies in the respect of other men.

Why do men take drugs? To reach the infinite, to overcome guilt, to revel in the senses, to step outside of time? Why do we long for Artificial Paradises? Everyone experiences moments, very fleeting moments, of perfect bliss, of beatitude. A sudden awareness of the sunrise, a child's confiding look, the perfect execution of a musical phrase—from many sources springs quite unexpectedly this moment that Baudelaire calls Paradisiac. It has no definable cause. "This is why I prefer to consider this abnormal condition of the mind as a true moment of grace, like a magic mirror where man is invited to see himself to his best advantage, that is to say, as he ought to be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and could be; a sort of angelic stimulant, a call to order in a complimentary form." Because these perfect moments have seemed like the ultimate good, man has tried for centuries to find a way of producing them, of prolonging them. If only for a few hours he wants to escape from his mud dwelling and conquer Paradise with a single blow. The feeling of these Paradisiac moments seems to be regained under the psychedelics. When our present-day acid-heads speak of the Great White Light, they must be describing Baudelaire's Paradisiac moments. But according to him whether the Great White Light accompanies a superorgasm or an explosion into the infinite, the Drug moment is counterfeit. "Alas! the vices of man, as horrible as you can imagine them, furnish the proof of his longing for the infinite, if you consider only their infinite expansion! . . . It is in this depravation of the sense of the infinite that lies in my opinion the reason for all the sinful excesses from the solitary and concentrated inebriation of the man of letters to the most repulsive drunkenness of the city streets."

"In the beginning I spoke about that marvelous state into which the mind of man is sometimes thrown by a special kind of grace. I said that man shows in every country and in every epoch a frantic taste for any substance no matter how dangerous that by expanding his personality can create for an instant before his eyes this bargain Paradise, the object of all his desires. He is always aspiring to rekindle his hopes and lift himself to the infinite. This daring spirit, which without knowing it is driving on to hell, bears witness also to man's original grandeur. But man isn't so abandoned, so deprived of honest ways of reaching heaven, that he has to sell his soul to pay for the intoxicating caresses and the friendship of the houris. What good is a Paradise that you buy at the expense of your eternal salvation?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Revolving Bookstand . . . . . .

Harvard Advocate Centennial Anthology

GEOFFREY A. WOLFF

The *Advocate* first appeared in the spring of 1866 just after its shortlived predecessor, the *Collegian*, was banned by Harvard's faculty for its polemics against compulsory chapel. Although its name proclaimed the seemingly innocent intention to argue for and intercede on behalf of the four hundred or so undergraduates who comprised the College, the *Advocate* was conceived in secret and its first issues distributed behind the shield of darkness. On May 10, the night before the magazine appeared, its editor-in-chief, F. P. Stearns, had declared he "cared little whether I was suspended or not." The publishing enterprise seemed to him a radical one, and Stearns and his fellow editors buoyed themselves with such bold mottoes as *"Dulce est periculum"* and *"Veritas nihil veretur."*

The students had good reason to be uncertain of the *Advocate*'s reception. For official Harvard, as the late Perry Miller described it in "American Religious Freedom," took the *Veritas* of *its* motto to mean not intellectual and academic truth but "simply and entirely 'Christo et Ecclesia'. . ." The magazine was quickly sold out and was greeted by the faculty with a yawning and weary grunt of approval. Excepting the war years 1943-46, the *Advocate* has appeared since 1866, and the present anthology, published by Schenkman ($7.95), celebrates its centennial.*

The collection should be a fascinating social and historical document. Although it became a student literary magazine in the 1880's, the *Advocate* continued to welcome essays and criticism on national, as well as parochial, arts and issues. As an indicator of student response to two world wars, a depression, wars in Korea and Vietnam, civil rights, the McCarthy years, and political activism, the contents of the anthology are as anticlimactic as was the reaction to its inception. Come the holocaust, were no book to survive save this one, the record of American public life since the Civil War would consist of Theodore Roosevelt's invective against World War I peaceniks (1915), Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.'s incredibly trite and simplistic plea for American isolation (1923), Corliss Lamont's essay occasioned by the creation of a college division of the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association (1923) and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s exceptional assessment, in 1936, of the temper and direction of the Republican Party.

Schlesinger's piece, written when he was two years too young to vote, is remarkable for several reasons. Its prose is balanced and alive and its confidence promises the authority of a mature historian without diluting the virtue of youthful irreverance.

* For the history of the *Advocate*, I am indebted to Jonathan D. Culler's fine introduction to this volume which he edited.

✪ GEOFFREY A. WOLFF, twenty-nine, studied English literature and American civilization at Princeton University, was graduated *summa cum laude* in 1961, and was a Fulbright scholar at Churchill College, Cambridge University, in 1963-64. He taught for several years in Turkey, at Robert College and Istanbul University, and lectures now in literature at the Maryland Institute College of Art in Baltimore. Mr. Wolff is book editor of the Washington *Post*, and his articles and reviews have appeared in the *New Leader*, the *New Republic*, *Book Week* and elsewhere.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He writes of David Lawrence, Mark Sullivan and Frank Kent:

> [Lawrence] seems the most informed of the three; but his combination of *ex cathedra* judgments with a blanket disapproval of the New Deal gives him a flavor of insincerity. If Lawrence writes like a pope, Kent hands down his opinions like a Justice of the Supreme Court. . . Where Lawrence is a predisposed interpreter of issues, and Kent of men, Sullivan is a good-natured and rather bewildered dissenter to the vagaries of the New Deal.

Of Alf Landon, Schlesinger writes that he "has yet to show that he is more than an Alfalfa Bill Murray in a business suit."

But Schlesinger's piece, free as it is from earnestness and gilded gentility, stands alone among the social and political commentaries that have been anthologized here. Sententiousness seems to have been a characteristic of *Advocate* nonfiction from its first year. In December, 1866, the magazine, in an editorial beneath the title "The Propriety of Admitting Women Into Our College," delivered itself of the kinds of smug Boy Scoutisms that would continue into, and sometimes beyond, Schlesinger's era:

> Our sisters, who desire a collegiate education, cannot but feel disappointed to see us entering a first-class college, while they must put up with an Antioch or an Oberlin. What a disgraceful sight!—an Eastern girl forced to leave her home in New England, so famous for its educational advantages, and seek the State of Ohio, as a place where she can enjoy even tolerable advantages! . . .

Lest the reader fear he's the victim of a put-on, the writer marches to this breathless conclusion:

> What a glorious era it will be for American civilization when a brother and sister, after attending school together during their younger days, can finally be received under the classic shades of Harvard, hand in hand, and continue here together for four happy years! A blessed day, too, will it be for the morals of our College, when the young men have the restraining influence of women's society before them during their college course.

President Eliot, however, in his inaugural address three years later (which the *Advocate* excerpted), was less sanguine about the golden future the editorialist saw adawning: "The difficulties involved in a common residence of hundreds of young men and women of immature character and marriageable age are very grave." (And ninety years later, the genre known as the Harvard Square Sex Story justified Eliot's fears.) But in 1869 Eliot's apprehensions were born of logistics, not of eroding character and morality. In the same address, he declared his faith in Harvard's continuing virtue. After assuring his audience that the College was not exclusive, that it welcomed the poor as well as the privileged, Eliot added this postscript:

> Nevertheless, this College is deeply indebted to those who, bringing hither from refined homes good breeding, gentle tastes, and a manly delicacy, add to them openness and activity of mind, intellectual interests, and a sense of public duty.

He called for the continuation among Harvard men of a sense of aristocracy,

> the aristocracy which excels in manly sports. . . the aristocracy which in peace stands firmest for the public honor and renown, and in war rides first into the murderous thickets.

By 1915 Teddy Roosevelt, who had been treasurer of the *Advocate* in 1880, felt compelled to reassert President Eliot's values in an article titled "Harvard and Preparedness." The objects of Roosevelt's scorn were the "professional pacifists" who had "weakened the moral fibre of our people." Some Harvard students, it seems, were taking the lead "the wrong way," although this volume contains no record of such misdirected leadership. Teddy's diatribe was directed against

> all Harvard men who have had anything to do with the absurd and mischievous professional pacifist or peace-at-any-price movements which have so thoroughly discredited this country during the past five years. . .The pacifist of this type stands on an exact level with the poltroon. His appropriate place is with the college sissy who disapproves of football or boxing because it is rough.

By 1923, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.'s third year at Harvard, the patrician course had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shifted a hundred and eighty degrees but its tone not at all. The misguided advocated a more vigorous role in Europe's affairs:

> Were we to "go in," [Lodge wrote in the *Advocate*] it is my opinion, and I am using the phrase in its broadest possible sense, we should go on the most gigantic wild goose chase the World has ever known, involving the risk of leaving Europe even worse off than she is now and risking the money and lives of our own people.

Leaving aside the syntactical curiosity of "it is my opinion, and I am using the phrase in its broadest possible sense" (compare transcripts of President Eisenhower's speeches), the significance of this passage gathers itself around Lodge's concern for American money.

> The Government [he said] is a business concern and it must be run on the most business-like basis possible, for the millions of people whose interests it administers.

The twice Ambassador to Vietnam continued:

> There can be no sentiment in business and there should be even less sentiment in our Government.

Earlier in his essay he wrote:

> Many of us mistake loose thinking for altruism; and many of us are willing to substitute phrases for facts. It is only natural; we are young, we have no property, no immediate responsibility toward our community. Imbued with an idealism which is the privilege of our irresponsible youth, we can well afford to say lightly "Cancel the debt". . .

Idealism and irresponsibility, young Lodge notwithstanding, are hardly the qualities that leap forth from the pages of this anthology.

The *Advocate* and its authors were as laggard responding to radical literature as they were to radical social and political theories. Walt Whitman's verse was especially inhospitably received by the magazine's editors:

> Whitman has no idea of delicacy, and supposes none in the reader. He penetrates our closets, and accompanies us to the bath, pursues us through the day, passes the evening with us, sees us into bed, and then, unasked, jumps in with us. If we rebuff him, he reproaches us with "gossamer delicacy," taunts us with purism. Indeed, his sense of delicacy is utterly dead.

But the editors' sense of fair play stopped them short of bolting the door they had just slammed:

> When, however, Whitman shall have given us noble thoughts or elevating ideals, he may be sure the youth of America will appreciate him; but nobody can force us to drink from the polluted bucket which a maniac has filled. . .

And in 1916 (four years after the founding of *Poetry* by Harriet Monroe, the appearance of the American verse issue of Harold Monro's *Poetry Review*, containing work by Pound and W. C. Williams, and the publication of Pound's *Ripostes*) the *Advocate* found space for this judgment: "The undisguised unwholesomeness of the new manner in poetry we reject without more ado as unfit for human consumption." In 1915, however, E. E. Cummings, then a senior at Harvard, published in the *Advocate* an essay titled "The New Art" that showed a nice awareness of what was new and exciting in painting and music and, although he banished Gertrude Stein's work from the realm of art, he praised Amy Lowell and Donald Evans.

Cummings' verse in the *Advocate*, like the verse of Wallace Stevens and T. S. Eliot that preceded his on the magazine's pages, was predictable, bland and delicate. Stevens was president of the magazine in 1900, and the anthology includes eight of his undergraduate poems. A short one, "Song," is representative:

> Ah yes! beyond those barren walls
> Two hearts shall in a garden meet,
> And while the latest robin calls,
> Her lips to his shall be made sweet.
>
> And out above these gloomy tow'rs
> The full moon tenderly shall rise
> To cast its light upon the flow'rs,
> And find him looking in her eyes.

This half-hearted celebration of rustic pleasures, not so much inept as lacking

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

utterly in interest or edge, has nothing in common with his mature work. But for the really inept performance, we must go back in the anthology, to 1891, to the poet-asting of Edwin Arlington Robinson, whose "Ballade of the White Ship" insistently rejoices in a set of line endings that go: water-sought her; daughter-slaughter; brought her-caught her. T. S. Eliot joined Stevens in Arcadia in 1907 with his "Song":

When we came across the hill
No leaves were fallen from the trees;
The gentle fingers of the breeze
Had torn no quivering cobweb down.

The hedgerow bloomed with flowers still
No withered petals lay beneath;
But the wild roses in your wreath
Were faded, and the leaves were brown.

But two years later, in the first stanza of "Nocturne," it is possible to locate the cadence of the writer of "Prufrock":

Romeo, *grand serieux,* to importune
Guitar and hat in hand, beside the gate
With Juliet, in the usual debate
Of love, beneath a bored and courteous moon. . .

Still flow'rs and bow'rs had the poetic field of the *Advocate* pretty much to themselves until the 1920's. Van Wyck Brooks wrote "The Poet Who Dies Young" for the November, 1907, edition of the magazine. The essay cautions the man of sensibility against the grubby perils of life without poetry in a world of getting and spending. It concludes on this exultant note:

Throw open your shutters to the green grass glittering with dew, each blade turned whitish in the gentle breeze, with here and there a pale rose clover topping its rounded leaves,—to the twitter of early robins, busy among the longer blades: and with the faint scents of the morning quivering in your nostrils, behold the great rich sun throwing splendor across the maples by the road. [Quite an assignment!]

Some distinguished poetry did appear in the *Advocate* as early as 1908, with Conrad Aiken's gritty and muscular "Francois Villon." His work for the magazine was verby and direct, freighted with the kinds of blunt and specific lines we discover in "Le Reveur" (1910):

Bring me the chisel! Hot is the impulse now,—
One fiery stroke will work a miracle,
Yea, like a magic, change this shaggy brute
Into a god! Ho, boy—thou heartfree elf!—
Bring me the chisel, where it lies and gleams
There by the grindstone; . . . . .

Between the wars the *Advocate* published verse by poets as capable and various as Malcolm Cowley, Dudley Fitts, James Agee, Robert Fitzgerald, Peter Viereck and Howard Nemerov. None of the few poems we find anthologized from this period are ahead of their age, but they aren't far behind either and many are creditable.

But that section of the *Advocate* anthology devoted to work after World War II abounds with poetry, and Jonathan Culler, editor of the anthology, rightly remarks on the "vitality and variety of undergraduate poetry" during this period and adds this assessment of contemporaries writing in the 1960's:

Never have undergraduate writers been so intense; never have they achieved such technical proficiency. Compare the poems of the last five years with Robinson's, Eliot's, and Stevens' early poems. Some readers may prefer the latters' *kind* of poetry but they would still admit that their efforts are amateurish by comparison.

The evaluation is just. Harvard's young poets, as well as the undergraduates and young teachers the *Advocate* has welcomed to its pages from other universities, have been influenced enormously by the analytical equipment of the New Critics. With few exceptions these recent poets are revealed in postures of anxious self-consciousness, now and again jerking a glance over their shoulders at Empson, Blackmur or Brower, laying down ambiguities like sharded clues in a paper chase, complicating their diction, winding their syntax tighter and tighter until, like the remarkable snake of the Hamburg Zoo, the front devours the end and the middle magically disappears.

But the intellectual investment these poets have made builds structures far more enduring than the pastoral shacks raised by the *Advocate*'s Arcadians. There is even playfulness and humor to be located in the magazine's recent verse, qualities entirely

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lacking in its earlier work. These appear, typically, when the poet steps back from himself, touches externals, and juggles them until they fall into place.

But nearly all the recent poetry and prose collected in this book are inward and solipsistic. From Van Wyck Brooks's exhortations that we celebrate the robin and the glade we have come to celebrate the interior. The trouble is, one interior, like one blade of grass, is apt, on the printed page at least, to look very like the one we saw before and the one we will see next. Perhaps this failure to attend what is without, the failure, for example, so curiously evident in this anthology to look at Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a *place* or an intellectual environment rather than an experience, is a function of age as well as era. A column in the July, 1967, edition of *Encounter* suggests as much:

> There is a type of experience, sometimes protracted, and normal in adolescence, which one might call the somnambulance of youth, a stage of development in which everything outside oneself loses outline, weight, and substance and only that which originates in the self seems to possess reality. For a moment, under pressures which seem intolerable, the adolescent willingly or unwillingly loosens his grip on the external world, lets it fall from his fingers like a child's toy he is now too old to play with, to plunge into the unimaginable world of the self, which offers both pleasures and tortures in comparison with which all other experiences seem shallow and insubstantial.

But while this loosening of the grip on externals exists so obviously in the work of these young poets, so too does the awareness of the default—and sometimes the loss of a world outside to measure against the world within can be poignant, as in David Berman's "Distorted Dialogue" (1961): ". . . Like a boy carrying a too-full glass of milk/Up a flight of uneven, rickety stairs,/ I spill emotions that I am aware/Are neater when contained. . ."

In Robert Dawson's "The Pigeon Roof" the ego binds even tighter, as in this figure taken from the middle of the poem: "The young man nailed to his page, . . ." Less typically the ego exerts itself with attendant irony and awareness of a world outside its images. Mary Ann Radner begins her "Entry in a Winter Diary" (1965): "As if the day had been made for me/And not me for the day/I came out. . ." Her next poem, "Thou Art Lighting and Love" begins "Who is my Christ? . . ." (It's her beau.)

But what is symptomatic of the verse afflicts most of the *Advocate*'s prose beyond redemption. In a letter to his daughter in 1940, F. Scott Fitzgerald wrote that

> the talent that matures early is usually of the poetic [type], which mine was in large part. The prose talent depends on other factors—assimilation of material and careful selection of it, or more bluntly: having something to say and an interesting, highly developed way of saying it.

Almost without exception the piece of fiction anthologized by the *Advocate* is by a writer who stumbled on someone else's thing to say or someone else's way of saying it (more often both) and belittled both the tale and its telling in the retelling.

James Laughlin's story of near suicide, for example, is called "Death by Water" and manages, on a single page, to borrow images from Wordsworth, Eliot and Shakespeare. Written in 1933, it is the first of several pieces collected here to take a turn on the stream-of-consciousness wheel. Italicized inanities play across the net from unitalicized ones. The night is hot, the young man rowing downstream peers over the stern of his dinghy:

> *You could be quiet here. And your weary body would be washed away. There would be just your head left, there with pearls for silent eyes. Quiet and sure there, untroubled, un-. . .* Why was he being such a damn fool, his head under water, thinking sentimentally about death? Pitying himself to death, thinking he hadn't strength enough to give life meaning. God, what silly slosh!

It is apparent that the work of Joyce and Woolf and Faulkner influenced Harvard's prose writers far more than did that of Fitzgerald or Hemingway. What is equally apparent is that they ignored their masters' rigorous and artful blockings of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

internal monologue and failed to connect them to any recognizable motivation. Stream of consciousness spared writers like Laughlin from having to answer the need for several voices of conventional fiction. Norman Mailer's "Maybe Next Year" is another extended internal monologue, less naïve but equally contrived, which the mature author unaccountably included in *Advertisements for Myself*. It too alternates italic and nonitalic passages, employing pointlessly repeated images and phrases.

Mailer's story, a tale of lost innocence and the poignance of its memory, is picked up again and again in the poetry and fiction of later *Advocate* writers. "In Dust" (1950), by Frederick English, is about a little girl who cuts her pigtails (and thus loses her youth), the story rendered in lowercase typography to bring it nicely up to date. In Doris Garter's poem, "Go Slay Your Rival" (1964), there is a doll in the attic that must be destroyed before the narrator can marry.

The anatomy of the self is a predictable frame for the young writer. He feels distanced from his childhood and assumes himself master of the child's concerns. There is evidence in Mailer's story that it was written from need, the need to exorcise a place and event from the writer's memory, and it derives a certain power from such need. But when the diction and response of a child is merely used as the closest contrivance at hand upon which to build a received method, the young writer chooses to retreat rather than advance. When the need to be a writer overwhelms the need to write, the result is unarticulated feeling, raw chunks of sentiment sent to fall where they may.

But there are three short stories in the anthology that demand the most serious kind of attention. The three, by Howard Nemerov, Nathaniel La Mar and Donald Bloch, convey no sense of youth writing. Indeed, they convey only a sense of the craft that shaped them, not of the craftsman's hand. The three could scarcely be less alike, yet they do share the assertion of their own autonomies, of environments that may, or may not, be the environments of their creators. Various characters speak in various voices, they proceed from various, and often complicated, motivations.

Nemerov's "The Native in the World" (1941) is about the suicide of a Harvard homosexual who finds himself emotionally and physically bankrupt. The inevitability of the young man's death, the mothlike beating of his wings against the light before he dies, is terrifying and complete. Just before the hero dies of an overdose of amytal, the narrator tells us:

> It is doubtful that he thought any more of death, of the probability or the certainty. He listened to the dried icy branches of the trees scratch together in the wind, down in the courtyard; and it is doubtful that he thought of leaving anything behind, of regret, or the irrevocability of death.
>
> For his room, warm with the lights full on, seemed to him some tall citadel of the sun, with a certain congenial ease of sunlight upon it, and when the sleep came down, it drifted in like the cool sudden shadow of a cloud, that only made him shudder slightly.

La Mar's "Creole Love Song" (1954) is instructive because it is yet another tale of loss, narrated by a boy. Yet this time the persona does not share the loss, it does not gather in his ego. Instead he observes it, without understanding it. He tells a story about which we are forced to make judgments, about which we wish to make judgments. The story, about the corruption that follows the relaxing of ideals, has its own lives: an intellectual life, an emotional life and an ethical life.

Donald Bloch's "Metastasis" (1963) seems the most valuable piece in the anthology. It is a macabre story of the death by cancer of the young wife of a small-town butcher. It manages in nine pages to create half a dozen characters of extraordinary interest, create a town that could be none other than Claypool and make the death as devastating to us as it is to the unnamed narrator. Bloch's prose is impacted and precise. His description of the butcher, John, and his shop and house is typical:

> John, sensible at his trade and quick with his hands, thrived as was expected of him. The sawdust on his floor was always fresh and suf-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Cambridge

Martov: A Political Biography of a Russian Social Democrat Israel Getzler

The first full study of the founder and leader of Menshevism and of his ideas and activities in the Russian revolutionary movement and in international socialism. $12.50

Scientific Principles and Moral Conduct
James B. Conant

In this Eddington Memorial Lecture, delivered at Princeton University, Dr Conant discusses some important questions concerning science and the pursuit of truth as related to ethics and religion. $1.95

A Mathematician's Apology G. H. Hardy
Foreword by C. P. Snow

This classic personal account by a great mathematician of what mathematics meant to him as a man is now reissued with a new foreword by C. P. Snow. $2.95

The Journals of George Sturt, 1890-1927
Edited by E. D. Mackerness

George Sturt was the author of *The Wheelwright's Shop* and other books. These selections from his journals reflect his observation of changing English country life and its effect on the people. 2 volumes, $19.50

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS
32 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ficient; no dried blood set about his meat. The last of his family in Claypool, John lived alone in the old Davidson place, a greygreen frame house like gradeschoolers draw in crayon.

The sum of information contained in this passage is quite astonishing. We see everything we need, and see it freshly and in isolation. Yet each term in the description makes sense beside the next, but not until we see them all. This is so because Bloch has gone forth to see, for himself, a world outside himself. Having done so he has done what his craft demands: he has deflected our attention from Bloch as a young writer, or an *Advocate* writer, to what he has written.

STUDENTS USA: A Survey of Their World Affairs Activities. *"Intercom," Foreign Policy Association, 345 East 46 Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. July-August 1967. Pp. 29-72. $1.* This special feature includes survey reports on student activities concerning international issues, comments by Clark Kerr and Seymour Lipset, a collection of readings on politics and protest on the campus, a list of national and coordinating youth agencies and organizations, and information on people-to-people programs, working or studying abroad, and on other ways of getting involved in world affairs.

Other Books by Young Authors

Young Women and Fiction

GIRL WITH A ZEBRA. *By Perdita Buchan. Scribner's. $4.50.*

THE TOUCHING HAND. *By Sallie Bingham. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.*

A KILLING FROST. *By Sylvia Wilkinson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERTA FARR

When Henry James defines a novel as "a personal, a direct impression of life" and states that this "constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression," he writes of the same integrity as Virginia Woolf in her more particular advice to women writers: do not consider only relationships and "do not dream of influencing . . . people"; "think of things in themselves." Technical skills cannot atone for limited conceptions of life, and the works under review falter when the authors do not consider the life of them fully—with honesty, persistence, intelligence and freedom (James's intensity).

Perdita Buchan ranges widely in her first novel, *Girl with a Zebra,* which concerns Cambridge (Massachusetts) shenanigans. With some ingenuity and control Miss Buchan follows a motley collection of familiar figures—Cyndy Darling and her blond crew with hairbands, Officer Grady, silly professors and worried deans. She shows us a boat race on Hill Street during a winter thaw and an assortment of parties; crowds gather in a spring rite for the current campus idols—Emily, who is a biology major from Indiana, and a zebra belonging to the biology department. But the impression of life is confused since Miss Buchan betrays concern for some of her characters. Helen Figwort is an aging eccentric who has lived believing in myths and trying to breed a phoenix. Emily, the heroine, is sensible, gentle and sad:

> . . . Going to the window, she looked at the moon. . . . She wondered if Miss Figwort were doing an incantation and wished that she knew a prayer of any kind, or at least a good-luck charm. She peeled a banana she had found on her desk. Below her window the grounds were empty. . . . It seemed peculiarly her Cambridge, this deserted terrain of the wavering moon.

But Emily is able to recognize and tame only unicorns (the zebra), it seems, since she is seduced, exploited and, alas, scarred by the parody of a social climber:

> Blaise had dined at his club and regretted it. Not feeling part of the self-conscious group spirit, he had left to walk home under the same

ROBERTA FARR teaches English at Vassar College and writes stories. Her most recent publication is "A Ride on the Esplanade" in the winter issue of *Shenandoah.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE POETRY OF HART CRANE: A CRITICAL STUDY

R. W. B. LEWIS

One of the leading critics of our time, R. W. B. Lewis, charts the career of Hart Crane's imagination—of his vision, his rhetoric, and his craft. Crane, who has heretofore been assigned a relatively minor place in American letters, emerges from this book as one of the finest poets in our language. *448 pages. $10.00*

THE FEDERAL THEATRE, 1935-1939
Plays, Relief, and Politics

JANE DEHART MATHEWS

With skill and sensitivity Mrs. Mathews explores the turbulent history of the WPA Theatre Project from its ambiguous origins in 1935 to its tragic demise in 1939. *352 pages. illus. $8.50*

SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE AND TIMES
A Pictorial Record

ROLAND MUSHAT FRYE

This handsome illustrated biography provides a dramatic, intimate view of Shakespeare as he lived. Narrative and pictures follow Shakespeare from his birth and boyhood in Stratford, through his career in the London theatre, and back to Stratford during the last years of his life.
128 pages. 8½" × 11". 114 illus. $10.00

THE MEDIAEVAL ARTIST AT WORK

VIRGINIA WYLIE EGBERT

This scholarly picture-book presents portrayals of sculptors, painters, goldsmiths, and ivory carvers at work. The text includes quotations from writings of their time which supplement the illustrations.
75 pages. 50 illus. $7.50

Princeton University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moon. He did not notice that the streets were strangely empty, even of shadow, for his mind was filled with a thousand shadow sequences. . . . Sharply he regretted not having asked Emily out that night. There was a good Western at the Brattle. Still, you didn't want to push too hard in the beginning. A lot depended on it.

Sincerity, mythology and ingenuity only conflict at such a level of intensity. Miss Buchan must decide what is important to her. Like Miss Figwort's notions, her novel charms, but it is odd, unreal and trifling.

Sallie Bingham, another Radcliffe graduate, shows in some of the stories republished with her new short novel, *The Touching Hand,* that she can shape the social complexities of the Cambridge experience with compassion and intelligence. In "Winter Term," included in *The Best American Short Stories 1959,* a boy, caught in an undergraduate affair, lunges with unexpected savagery. The same flash of insight enlightens "The Ice Party," in which a young man leaves the "High Communion" of his nursing wife to go to a skating party on the Charles; in a series of reverses as quick as the skaters' blades, Miss Bingham reveals the dark ways of competitive friends. Look at the wit and rhythmic intensity in a conversation from a story about her native Kentucky:

"It's been thin pickings, Bay." [Shriver said.]
"Not for me, it hasn't."
"Well, maybe not, but you have your house and your mother and pretty soon your job running the library or practically running it."
"I don't see why you don't have the same. You have your job, your life—" She had to stop there. Hitchhiking up from Florida with his family dead or gone; he didn't even have a picture to show her of the place where he'd been born. Thin pickings indeed!
"You're right," he said as though he had heard her. "All my life, I've had the whole weight of myself on my hands. It's not a satisfaction."
"Have a deviled egg," she said. . . .

These classic stories are limited only by their very classicism—the predictability of their forms. Miss Bingham seems to think that men live unpredictably. Why must she throttle this conception from the start?

Since Miss Bingham's first novel, *After Such Knowledge,* brimmed with well-considered life, the weakness of *The Touching Hand* is disappointing. In the five days during which a superliner crosses to England, an old Southern nurse realizes that her groping and gentle hands have not been as soothing as she had thought. Relationships and coincidences remain unexplained as the novel ends, and one feels the darkness of hoax—tenuous characters and forced form—rather than the glow of fictive life.

Surely Sylvia Wilkinson, a Southerner whose sympathies have not strayed as have Miss Bingham's, has written a second novel that is a deep personal impression. Told from the point of view of the thirteen-year-old Ramie, *A Killing Frost* attempts to recount the child's growth to an acceptance of the ways of life and nature represented by the ecological perfection of a swamp forest on her grandmother's farm:

. . . Papa said that everywhere else on the farm there was either too much or too little of everything, too little wild grass where the banks washed away, and too much wild grass in the garden. But in the swamp forest, if you were to touch a single flower or kill a bug, it would never be the same. And when there are too many greenflies, they go up over the trees and are eaten by the swifts. . . . Papa said he would never bother the swamp forest. . . . He said he would go there to be reminded of his place. Reminded of his place; that's what he said and I can hear him saying it sort of low and fuzzy and high up.

Miss Liz is Ramie's grandmother—fearful, loving of kin, thrashing (like the black widow spider that killed Ramie's brother) at what she does not know; senility, illness and death overcome her at the end. Ramie loves Miss Liz, but she does not quite *accept* and respect limitations when she writes the name of "Dummy," an idiot neighbor and anathema to Miss Liz, in the old woman's Bible.

If *A Killing Frost* is a more interesting and shapely novel than Miss Wilkinson's first, *Moss on the North Side,* which delineates much of the same territory—pond, forest and farms—it has the same technical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

"No better book of criticism will be offered this year."

—THOMAS LASK, *New York Times*

WILLIAM TROY

SELECTED ESSAYS

Edited and with an introduction by
STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN
with a memoir by ALLEN TATE

"We have never had, and are never likely to have, a critic of more perceptiveness, philosophic and historical enlightenment, and high integrity: the appearance of this book is an important event in American letters. . . . Troy is for those who enjoy the passionate and witty play of a first-rate mind upon the perennial mysteries of human conduct, and upon the beautiful forms that literature may take now or in any age."
—FRANCIS FERGUSSON, *Commentary*

"Now that his essays have been brought together in a single volume, we can see what a splendid writer he was: how forthright, clear and learned."
—IRVING HOWE

"William Troy was a critic of distinction and originality and the publication of his collected essays makes a notable event."
—LIONEL TRILLING

"When confronted with a text, he analyzed it with a firm sense both of its inherent meaning and of its cultural implications, in a style which expresses seriousness of commitment precisely and clearly. He was better than a seminal critic; he was a usable one."
—CHARLES T. SAMUELS, *The Nation*

" . . . no American critic of the last three decades has written with comparable distinction and refinement on matters and talents as commanding as those which fill the pages of this extraordinary book. In this respect, William Troy has helped to shape an epoch."
—BEN BELITT

"Thanks to *Selected Essays*, a new generation of literature students will come to understand the importance of William Troy. They will profit by his perceptive analyses of American, British and French writers, from his predictions concerning Joyce, Lawrence and Balzac, so many of which today are justified."
—WALLACE FOWLIE, *Duke University*

"I predict it will be an influence wherever literature is discussed during the rest of our century—and beyond."
—LEON EDEL

289 pages, bibliography, index $9.00

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey 08903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problem with weaving in too many memories. The real trouble, though, is that Miss Wilkinson's personal impression is not quite a direct one: Virginia Woolf's "things in themselves" have no moral colors. Ramie is too sweet. Her language, thick with knowledge of local growths and often lyrical and sharp, reverberates too often also into a celebration and message that limit rather than expand.

Young women are writing almost as variously as Virginia Woolf would have wished. While I have yet to meet Shakespeare's sister, each author considered here can become a better writer, and something marvelous may come from her more insistent demands.

Où est la gauche d'antan?

THE NEW STUDENT LEFT. *An Anthology Edited by Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale. Revised and Enlarged Edition. Beacon Press. $1.95.*

Reviewed by STEVEN KELMAN

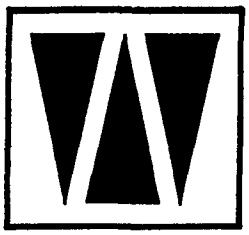
Reading Mitchell Cohen's and Dennis Hale's anthology of writings by members of the New Left is a welcome change from a normal diet of weekly copies of *New Left Notes,* the "internal discussion bulletin" of Students for a Democratic Society. The latter publication, aside from the almost uniformly hideous style of the writing, has begun to read like something the old-old-old Left—maybe the Trotskyists—would have put out in the thirties. One recent issue contained denunciations of either "the social democrats" in general or Norman Thomas in particular, in every article except one. (It is of course assumed that "corporate liberals" are beyond the pale.) The contributions in *The New Student Left,* in contrast, are generally intelligent, valuable, insightful and well-written. Many times while I was reading the book, I said to myself, "That's a good point there," or "I didn't know that."

Because the contributions in *The New Student Left* generally display a reasoned-out awareness of the problems in American society, the dilemmas in building a radical movement, and the difficulties and possibilities of social change in general (in addition to some fascinating reportage on civil rights projects in the South), I would recommend them to those who want to find out something about American society. But not to someone who wants to find out about what S.D.S. and the "New Left" are thinking today. The fact is that anyone with a reasonable knowledge of the history of the "New Left" can, on reading the various selections, guess about when they were written. The closer the time gets to the present, the further they depart from sanity. In the first article in the collection, Tom Hayden (in the book he is called Thomas Hayden, probably for the first time since he left school) warns against "anti-anti-Communism" in the radical movement, "which tends to seal off critical, freewheeling discussion in the worthless name of 'group unity.'" That was 1961. Five years later, Jonathan Eisen, reporting on the January, 1966, S.D.S. convention in one of the last excerpts in the book, says that the "democratic left" (identified by Eisen as people like Michael Harrington, Irving Howe and Tom Kahn) "is coming increasingly under the barrage of the SDS folks" for their anti-Communism—*not* on ideological grounds, but, according to Eisen's somewhat curious phrase, for "sound *organizational* reasons" (italics mine). In other words, S.D.S. *has* to criticize anti-Communists on the Left because, to put it bluntly, there are so many Communists and crypto-Communists in the organization.

Unfortunately, Cohen and Hale were unable to include any material reflecting the most recent currents in S.D.S.—such as the "protest to resistance" theme of this year. This revised edition does update the

✪ STEVEN KELMAN, a sophomore at Harvard University, is completing a book on his freshman year at school. *Harper's,* the *New Leader,* the *New York Times Magazine* and the *Saturday Evening Post* have published articles by Mr. Kelman. He is a member of the National Executive Committee of the Young People's Socialist League.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Literary Titles From Washington—Fall

The Ireland of Sir Jonah Barrington

SELECTIONS FROM HIS *PERSONAL SKETCHES*

Edited with an Introduction by Hugh B. Staples. Sir Jonah Barrington, barrister and member of the Irish Parliament, was both an active participant in the public and private life of eighteenth-century Ireland and a keen observer of its idiosyncracies. This new edition of Sir Jonah's *Personal Sketches* makes readily accessible to all lovers of Irish literature and history a colorful work that recreates the exuberant life of the late eighteenth century. 352 pages, illus. $7.50

Jonathan Swift as a Tory Pamphleteer

Richard I. Cook. An examination of Swift's contributions to the fierce and brilliant pamphlet wars of the early eighteenth century, throwing new light on a largely neglected period in Swift's career while bringing into sharp focus his early political convictions as well as his use of satirical and rhetorical techniques. 184 pages, illus. $6.95

The Teller in the Tale

Louis D. Rubin, Jr. Demonstrates through a study of Cervantes, Stendhal, Twain, Joyce, Mauriac, and others how the presence of the novelist in his work, and the communication of this presence to the reader, is a vital part of the literary experience. 228 pages. $5.95

The Edge of the Image

MARIANNE MOORE, WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS, AND SOME OTHER POETS

A. Kingsley Weatherhead. An exploration of the use of concrete images in the works of Moore and Williams, and such literary descendants as Levertov and Ginsberg, that clarifies many of the intricacies of mid-twentieth-century American poetry.

Selected Washington Paperbacks

Nathanael West: The Ironic Prophet. Victor Comerchero. "Analyzes each of West's novels, and gives the reader a clear picture of the peculiarly modern neurotic personality who appears under different names in all of them."—*Columbus Enquirer.* 202 pages. WP-30 $2.95

H. L. Mencken, Literary Critic. William H. Nolte. "The most perceptive study to date . . . and he comes up with conclusions that might surprise some of the most devoted of H. L. M.'s numerous hardcore following." —*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* 296 pages. WP-31 $2.95

Answerable Style: Essays on Paradise Lost. Arnold Stein. ". . . A notable book . . . I have no hesitation in proclaiming it the best book on *Paradise Lost* that has appeared in many, many years."—Cleanth Brooks in *Kenyon Review.* 178 pages. WP-32 $2.45

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PRESS Seattle and London

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

concerns of S.D.S. by removing articles on the role of students in labor organization and strike participation and adding a new section on "War and Foreign Policy," which includes Carl Oglesby's important "corporate liberals" speech. But the haphazard ahistorical arrangement of the articles (even within the same sections) gives the reader a false impression of what's going on in the New Left. Also, some articles by nonmembers of the New Left, like Michael Novak, Tom Kahn and Phil Altbach, obfuscate things further. I read this book when it first came out in hard-cover early last year. Reading it again now I am impressed by how much things have changed with the "New Left" from the early days of '62 and '63—most of it, as seems to be the S.D.S. inevitable historical law, for the worse. One's only hope, and one often is doubtful about the effect of this, is that S.D.S. kids are thinking and acting, at least on occasion, constructively. And even their unarticulated thoughts and wild actions are generally much more praiseworthy than the nonthoughts and self-centered actions of the majority of their peers on the American campus today.

First Novels by Young Negroes

THE FLAGELLANTS. *By Carlene Hatcher Polite. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $4.95.*
A GLANCE AWAY. *By John Edgar Wideman. Harcourt, Brace and World. $4.50.*

Reviewed by ROGER EBERT

Of all the images used to describe the Negro condition in America, none has seemed more vivid or painful to me than the sentences in *Black Boy* when Richard Wright tells of placing his mouth to a faucet and forcing his stomach full of water to stop the hunger. There is now a novel that throughout its length remains at that pitch of endurance and despair.

I do not know who Carlene Hatcher Polite is, or where she comes from, and the book jacket of *The Flagellants* tells me nothing. I deduct from the copyright page that she, like Wright and Baldwin, went to Paris to live, because her novel was first published there. But none of that is important. This is not a novel that makes one want to know more about its author; one wants instead to know less, to know nothing, to wish one had not been told so truthfully of a human agony there is very little to be done about.

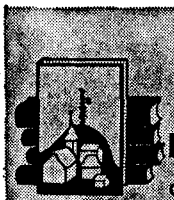
The Flagellants describes a period in the lives of two Negroes, Jimson and Ideal, who are lovers in Greenwich Village, who are articulate, who are cursed with the ability to watch as their own lives deteriorate, and who are masochistic to the degree that they mercilessly analyze their existence in white America instead of trying, as they might have, to block the hard questions out of their minds.

There is a prologue about The Bottom, the ghetto in which Ideal was born, where "everyone knew that the devil was a permanent resident walking, talking, visiting freely among the dwellers," but where the same notion had apparently never taken hold about God. There is a certain amount of exposition by the author. All the rest of the novel is given over to the speeches of Jimson and Ideal. Their eternal argument fills all of their waking time together, and when they are apart the dialogue continues, directed at the absent member as if he were present. Their arguments are Socratic; they learn from each other. They brilliantly and bitterly tear off layer after layer of rationalization and myth. Each speech provides the starting point for the next, which plunges even deeper into the truth of being black in this society.

Nothing is overlooked. One by one, the white and black folklore, fantasy, beliefs and fears about the Negro are taken apart and examined. Jimson and Ideal shout at

✪ ROGER EBERT, film critic for the Chicago *Sun-Times,* was editor of the *Daily Illini* at the University of Illinois and president of the United States Student Press Association during 1963-64. Mr. Ebert has done graduate work at Illinois and at the University of Cape Town, South Africa, where he studied the English literature of southern Africa. At present he is working toward a doctorate at the University of Chicago. His book, *An Illini Century,* was published in June.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AUTUMN BOOKS / 1967

BEACON PRESS • BOSTON 02108

Complete catalog (with indexed subject guide) available on request

GIANNA

By Libby Machol

An entertaining and eye-opening account of an Italian student's impressions of America — and of the American Field Service International Scholarship Program in action.

October 27/$4.95

CONTAINMENT AND REVOLUTION

Edited by David Horowitz

A myth-shattering reappraisal of the motives and impact of U.S. intervention in the revolutionary upheavals of other nations since 1917.

October 13/$5.95

EXPLAINING DEATH TO CHILDREN

Edited by Earl A. Grollman

A brilliantly-organized blend of helpful information and insight from top authorities in religion (Catholic, Jewish, Protestant), psychology, psychiatry, sociology, anthropology, biology and children's literature.

November 3/$4.95

OUR OWN CHRISTMAS

Readings selected by Jean McKee Thompson

A uniquely provocative collection of prose and poetry expressing what Christmas has meant — personally — to outstanding individuals in many times, places and circumstances.

October 27/$5.95

TIKOPIA RITUAL & BELIEF

By Raymond Firth

A valuable new collection of papers from Firth's famous investigations of primitive Polynesian society and religion.

September 8/$12.50

THE NATURE OF CONVERSION

By Albert I. Gordon

An enlightening inter-denominational study of 45 American men and women who changed their religious affiliation — and why they did it.

October 18/$5.95

THE CRITICAL SPIRIT

Edited by Kurt H. Wolff and Barrington Moore, Jr.

Essays in honor of Herbert Marcuse — by E. H. Carr, Leo Lowenthal, Hans Meyerhoff, Herbert Read, Carl Schorske and others.

September 22/$12.50

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN JEWISH TEACHERS

Edited by Oscar I. Janowsky

A comprehensive study of accredited Hebrew Teachers Colleges and the prospects for Jewish education in the U.S.

November 10/$8.50

MAIMONIDES: MEDIEVAL MODERNIST

By Fred Gladstone Bratton

The first major biography from a Christian viewpoint of one of the greatest of Jewish philosophers.

September 22/$5.95

HUSBANDMEN OF PLYMOUTH

By Darrett B. Rutman

Details of New England farm and village life, 1620-1692.

November 10/$5.95

WHEN BRUCIE CAME TO PLAY

By Esther Bailey

For pre-schoolers, 19 beautifully-illustrated stories which put troublesome aspects of contemporary society in healthy focus by treating them as normal background.

August 25/$3.95

SERVICES & SONGS FOR THE CELEBRATION OF LIFE

By Kenneth L. Patton

Outlines and materials for 54 worship services, plus 96 adaptable lyrics, by a gifted humanist post-clergyman.

August 25/$6.00

REALITY OR PREACHMENT

By John K. Forrest

A practical guide to the crucial differences between moralistic words and philosophical realities.

November 3/$5.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each other about the symbol of the Negro matriarch, putting on fat as if it were authority; the myth of Negro sexuality and white desire; the values of violent and nonviolent resistance; the possibilities of escape through sex, jazz, drugs, drink, college, clothes, intellectualism, religion, learning an accent and pretending to be from Jamaica, taking a white lover, taking a white mistress, making a white victim, being a black victim.

It all comes back to the same thing: Jimson and Ideal are themselves, and they are desperately unsatisfied with their existence. They know absolutely everything about each other. They have got rid of all evasions and euphemisms, and in their acute self-consciousness they even realize that they are flagellants, using words instead of whips. Quite simply to get into bed and make love is impossible for them. There are too many issues to be settled first.

Like the flagellants of classic pornography, Jimson and Ideal are tender by turn, never at the same time. When Jimson berates himself, attacks Ideal, exposes her as a fraud and himself as an imposter, it is Ideal who begs for love. She is the supplicant, he the master. But the master must have pain, as well. "Can you surmise that all my life I have been dissatisfied with conditions, especially those that I have created for myself?" Jimson screams. And later: "Can you tell why I am not engaged in daily actions that would affect my desires?" This is suffering pushed to its extreme, when the masochist denies himself his pain, and the sadist his pleasure.

Miss Polite has chosen a strange and interesting style to tell her story. Jimson and Ideal speak by turns in elevated language, in jargon, in gutter idiom, in poetic incantation, and in obscenity. Ideal is capable of saying at one moment, "Yes, Jimson, but we are practicing hatred. We have transcended that pain which is existent in the world, that evil condition which is the natural lot of mankind. We have gone a step further. We create it." At another moment, she says instead, "My man says his prayers, sucks my soul, beats my ass, tells me truth, talks love with his eyes, and is so good while being so mean." Both speeches are appropriate and true.

It is rare in fiction for characters to possess complete awareness of their situation. That is what happens here. There is no room left in the sky above Ideal and Jimson for an omnipotent author to hover. What is more, there is no corner left inside the minds of Jimson and Ideal where the other has not ventured. They hate each other, they love each other, they know each other. Novels so ambitious almost always fail. Sometimes, as with Doris Lessing's *The Golden Notebook,* they succeed, and when they do, they seem inevitable. *The Flagellants* succeeds.

Another first novel by a Negro writer suffers by comparison. John Edgar Wideman's *A Glance Away* does not completely disguise the traces of the writer at work. His craft and plan occasionally become visible at the surface of the novel, blurring the characters beneath. They are three: Eddie Lawson, a Negro drug addict who has returned home after a year of therapy; Robert Thurley, a homosexual English professor; and Brother, an albino Negro who is by turns Thurley's lover and Eddie's closest friend.

Wideman cuts back and forth between the actions of his characters during a single day (Easter; but it could have been worse, it could have been Christmas or the Fourth of July). He explains the sense of uselessness and defeat held by both Thurley and Eddie, and then he brings them together through Brother for a reconciliation with life.

Wideman has the materials of a good novel, but his command of language is concealed by a bagful of stylistic tricks. He makes no distinction between quotes and narrative, and while I suppose there's nothing wrong with that, I can't understand why anyone would want to do it now that the innovators of the 1920's have shown it can be done. At the novel's end the three characters come together, drunk, in a hobo jungle, and Wideman presents their thoughts at random. The technique fails;

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New

Korea in World Politics, 1940-1950
An Evaluation of American Responsibility
SOON SUNG CHO
Mr. Cho offers a dispassionate, forthright analysis of the United States failure in Korea, focussing his attention on problems of the division and reunification of Korea. He attempts particularly to ascertain and explain how various policies were adopted and why they failed. *A publication of the Center for Japanese and Korean Studies.* **$7.50**

Bureaucracy and Rural Development in Malaysia
GAYL D. NESS
Mr. Ness attempts to explain the success of Malaysian national development, a success of interest not only for itself, but for the sidelights it affords on other, less successful, developing nations in Southeast Asia. *A publication of the Center for South and Southeast Asian Studies, University of Michigan.* **$6.50**

By Reason or Force
Chile and the Balancing of Power in South America, 1830-1905
ROBERT N. BURR
"This is a pioneer work. . . . Professionals will appreciate the thoroughness of the author's scholarship . . . his careful documentation . . . and his successful effort at objectivity."—John J. Johnson, in the *American Historical Review.* Professor Burr's book was awarded the *Bolton Memorial Prize in Latin American History* for 1966. **$7.95**

The First Rapprochement
England and the United States, 1795-1805
BRADFORD PERKINS
"This superlative monograph, based principally on American and British archives, is an irenic study of Anglo-American relations from the signature of Jay's Treaty in 1795 until the outbreak of the Napoleonic Wars in 1803, following the short-lived peace of Amiens." Samuel Flagg Bemis in *The American Historical Review.* **$6.95**

Britain and the Balance of Power in North America, 1815-1908
KENNETH BOURNE
The War of 1812 provoked British apprehension in regard to the long, vulnerable land frontier that lay between Canada and the United States. Prof. Bourne describes British naval and military strategy, planned in the event of a possible war with the United States, and how these calculations affected the course of British foreign policy in North America. **$8.00**

from California
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS • Berkeley 94720

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one is not moved but simply confused. Or does it matter anyway whose stream of consciousness is chanting, "Paddy cake Paddy cake"? There are other signs of the phantom English professor lurking in and behind the author: Eliot is quoted, as are nursery rhymes and spirituals; and one scene suddenly turns into a fragment of a play. Emerging intact from the confusion, however, is the well-drawn character of Thurley, who is memorable and sympathetic as, in his own words, "in religion an aesthetic Catholic, in politics a passive Communist, in sex a resigned anarchist."

Unimaginative Utopianism

THE IDEA OF A WORLD UNIVERSITY. *By Michael Zweig. Edited with a foreword by Harold Taylor. Southern Illinois University Press. $7.*

Reviewed by LAURENCE R. VEYSEY

The ideal of world brotherhood, to be achieved by peaceful conversion, is liberal rather than radical. It represents a liberalism more advanced than Woodrow Wilson's, to be sure, for it marks a genuine revulsion against the nationalism of the nineteenth-century liberal tradition. But an urgent belief in the promotion of global understanding through education stems from an outlook that is unmistakably centrist in complexion. Perhaps it is important to be reminded, at a time when revolutionary ferment so often captures attention, that unabashedly moderate causes, such as the Democratic Party, the League of Women Voters, and proposals for an international university, are still capable of evoking passionate commitment from their staunch supporters. Thomas Jefferson can yet be worshiped with the same blind fervor as a Lenin or a W. E. B. DuBois. This fact teaches us that zealous idealism, as a purely psychological response, is by no means tied to the advocacy of drastic measures. Despite what Daniel Boorstin and Eric Hoffer have said, many Americans exist today who can only be termed middle-of-the-road ideologues.

From this persistent centrist strain within American idealism comes Michael Zweig's book. In the main it is a detailed description of every scheme for a truly international university that has been proposed since the early days of the League of Nations. It also comprises a renewed plea for such an institution; the frequent reply that existing exchange programs adequately fill the need is insistently denied. In its recital of proposals for a world university, the book reveals a characteristically centrist amalgam of utopian idealism and organization-mindedness. The initials of half-forgotten, vaguely advisory international bodies are sprinkled upon nearly every page. The never-questioned assumption is that established bureaucracies, no matter how shadowy or ineffectual, are to be taken with the utmost seriousness. Indeed, in this respect Mr. Zweig's conception of a world university is just about opposite to the several recent New Leftist "free university" projects. Although Mr. Zweig is also against the cold war, he instinctively remains close to all the respectable agencies.

Intellectually, too, he admires tidiness and unity: "It is the responsibility of all men to work together toward a world community of shared scientific knowledge and philosophic propositions not delivered at the hands of national jealousies and hatred." His ideal curriculum, it is true, would emphasize the inclusion of major conflicting approaches within each discipline, but on the whole he is far more concerned with harmony and synthesis than with clash and confrontation of ideas. Also, although he is somewhat bothered by the problem of academic respectability, his orientation is political, not scholarly. Global citizenship, more than theoretical research or intellectual liveliness, is what he would want such an institution to foster.

Who, liberal or radical, can be against the dream of world brotherhood? Most thoughtful Americans—if not the voting

LAURENCE R. VEYSEY is an associate professor of history at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and author of *The Emergence of the American University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Announcing the publication of . . .

Flaubert

Benjamin F. Bart

Flaubert was a compulsive writer. The most trivial experience was incomplete for him until he had recorded it, and he never deliberately discarded anything written. The result of this mania, as he himself called it, was a chaotic mass of papers, the raw material of a total self-documentation.

Only after years of exhaustive study of the mass of Flaubert material did Professor Bart complete this monumental literary biography. He says in the Preface: "His concerns, his joys, his anxieties and his fears, his casual daily events and his psychological depths he recorded and then kept. . . . Out of thousands of letters, tens of thousands of sheets of drafts for his novels, and uncounted private papers in Paris, in Rouen where he lived, and in Chantilly where many of his letters are stored, I have sought to establish a coherent account of how he came to create what he did."

This biography, with its wealth of detailed information about Flaubert's personal life, his emotional relationships, and his tortured, complex personality, and with its illuminating exploration of the interweaving of Flaubert's experiences and his creative works, is one of the most complete and fully documented books ever published on the nineteenth century French novelist. Written in excellent narrative style, it is an absorbing book to read.

Part I covers the years from Flaubert's birth in Rouen in 1821 through the trial of **Madame Bovary** on grounds of immorality in 1857. Part II traces the middle years and the writing of **Salammbo** and **A Sentimental Education.** Part III concludes with Flaubert's death in 1880.

There are forty pages of illustrations—photographs, caricatures, portraits, drawings—and a detailed index for convenient reference.

832 pages $16.00

From your bookseller or

Syracuse University Press / Syracuse, New York 13210

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public—will agree that any step is beneficial that reduces the level of nationalistic emotion in the world, and such a university, no matter how establishmentarian in flavor, would help slightly toward this end. But the problem of proportion remains, and it is never faced by Mr. Zweig. Why, after all, devote one's energy to this kind of project when so many far more urgent campaigns need waging? A university is intrinsically an elitist institution. A world university could bring together many intellectuals, but only in isolation, thereby avoiding the larger question of contact between the elites and the poor in each country. The point is not that this scheme is utopian, for so are most good ideas, but that in 1967 it no longer seems like a very imaginative form of utopianism.

Like the Bones of Dreams

STRESSES IN THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM. *By Stephen Sandy. Houghton Mifflin. $4.*
THE MARCHES. *By James Scully. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $4.*
THE LOST PILOT. *By James Tate. Volume 62 in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. Yale University Press. $3.75.*

Reviewed by HEATHER ROSS MILLER

Kipling says in a story: *If you hit a pony over the nose at the outset of your acquaintance, he may not love you, but he will take a deep interest in your movements ever afterwards.*

These three poets don't come on with the paralyzing slap-in-the-face à la Sylvia Plath. None of them try to hit you over the nose. But there is much about them that makes you want to take a deep interest in their every movement.

They walk, even run, on tiptoe and they are able to see better and longer than you can because they are cautious and alerted to something the rest of us haven't got wind of yet. And although we may not be ready for such knowledge, they want to share it. Scully says in the very first of his poems, "I, I could unfold you a story." And he goes on to do the unfolding in all his poems, as does Tate in one called "The Tabernacle":

> A man would wrestle
> with his soul, and all
>
> the other sinners cheered,
> and soon we heard
> the voices of another tongue—
>
> garbled, and far too
> inflated for us
> to understand who
>
> taught them how to sing such songs;

and Sandy in one called "Two Dimensional":

> Slumber falls away
> like a parade that passes by
> without a band, the stillness leaving
> a sense that fades of something long
> gone by without its happening.

I know it is not the business of poems to tell stories, but these poems cannot help themselves; and I cannot help myself for believing them. Every *word* counts, every *color* contributes, every chosen *verb* makes a difference: to resolve at last into a sparsely rendered (like the bones of dreams), but extremely important, *story*. And that story calls for our immediate attention in every poem. It is the story of *why* we are here on this absurd planet and *where* we are going as it gyrates through space.

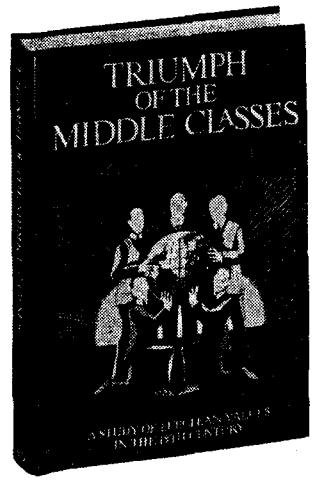
These poets are not (to borrow a phrase from Karl Shapiro) "goofing around with the Muse." They bother us with their thoughts and deeds and confessions; and we like it. We do not always understand it, but we do like it. Many of the poems may fool you with their light-colored dress, but down underneath there is a hard and inflexible bone structure. Sometimes there may be a "colossal obscurity" about them, especially about Tate and Sandy. Scully

HEATHER ROSS MILLER, who is twenty-seven, has published two novels and a collection of poetry, and will have a third novel published this winter. She is a graduate of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, where she studied with the late Randall Jarrell. A member of a well-known writing family (including Peter and Eleanor Ross Taylor, Donald and Jean Ross Justice), she is married and has two small children.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Triumph of the Middle Classes

by Charles Morazé

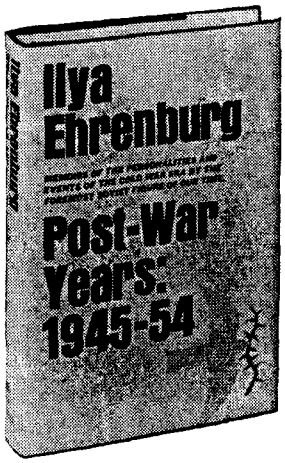


The author's complete command of his material provides a perceptive as well as accurate study of the European middle class from 1780 to 1880. During that hundred years the middle class made use of its technological and financial skills to dethrone the old order and to conquer the world.
This book is an important contribution to our knowledge of the nineteenth century . . . an important work for scholars and students of History and World Literature.

16 pages of illustrations plus maps
$12.50

o

Post-War Years: 1945-54



by Ilya Ehrenburg

These are the memoirs of the personalities and events of the cold war era by one of the foremost Soviet literary figures of our time. Mr. Ehrenburg was an active participant and an acute observer.
His two previous volumes, Memoirs: 1921-1941 and The War: 1941-1945 established Ehrenburg as an important custodian of Russian culture.
In this third volume he has recreated the frenzy of the final hours of the Stalin era, and the easing of the tensions that came with the Korean truce. The feelings and needs of the Russian people are described, especially their freedom from fear after Beria's arrest. This first hand account brings into sharp focus these critical years—it is a penetrating document of our times.

$6.50

At your book store

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE TIMES MIRROR COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seems classic. This is not to say that his work is traditional or ordinary. It means that his work feels pulled in, tested, balanced under a sure hand. Scully knows what he is doing with poetry and his lines read with a ring of finality. Tate and Sandy, however, may change a word here and there in the next six weeks. They write nervous, excited lines, and it is my feeling that they sometimes use a kind of body English to get across whatever they are trying to get across; whereas Scully never feels such a strain.

But, deep down inside, I am attracted by that body English. It dazzles my eyes and I fall on my knees and say, "I believe! I believe!" In short, I have run up like a child to the candy-store window and banged my nose.

And at this point in the story, all of them step up and with either body English or classic control put their words under a spell,

> . . . so the wrong ones can't find it,
> So can't get saved, as Saint Mark says they mustn't.

It means, as it meant for Robert Frost in "Directive," that there is a kind of inborn merit or demerit about people: you either understand or you don't understand; you're either one of the elect or one of the damned. And whichever you are, you had nothing to do with it; the joke is on you, baby.

Scully says it better than I; he says this world is:

> not false or true
> but something to be lived with.

Then he proceeds in his subtle, refreshing way to:

> . . . shape a universe, a toy glass ball
> one shakes, seeing the plastic snowflakes fall
> within a pool, upon a parasol . . .

These poets have a sense of humor; all is not gloomy to them in this world; they can laugh at themselves in their misery; they have a dignity. And they all work for a living. James Tate teaches creative writing at the University of Iowa, a place Robert Lowell once called "the most sterile of sterile places, a post-war, cold-war, mid-western university's poetry workshop for graduate student poets." Lowell was marveling at the fact that W. D. Snodgrass had flowered in Iowa. James Tate, apparently, has flowered there, also.

Stephen Sandy, a Ph.D. and a veteran of both the Army and the Navy, teaches English at Harvard University. And James Scully, the editor of *Modern Poetics,* is an associate professor of English at the University of Connecticut.

All of them are in the "under-thirty generation," or just edged above it; and that makes them, like myself, children of the Second World War. Wars, or the games of war, have touched them in particular ways: Tate in the loss of a father he never saw, Sandy in the loss of his hearing, Scully in the loss of kinsmen and friends. It is the "lost pilot" that gives Tate the title for his book and perhaps his best poem in it. But it is Sandy's poem "Home From the Range" that is more interesting, tough and spooky and unbearable. The title is a pun of sorts, meaning a firing range, not the longhorn-sagebrush saga of the American West. He begins:

> I can hear the dour howl of far
> breakers from sea shells held to my ear
>
> and deep from my skull I hear the
> same small, inveterate tolling
> —I've come of age!
> America,
> a screened knowledge;
> the bad duty
> serving one's country.
> My head is,
> the waste is, not clear; is a sound
> rings like the sea in my ear . . .

There is a terrible knowledge in these lines, a sense of knowing and then of losing, a feeling of having been played with. The poem is long and it ends with the grim, sad remembrance one might have of an amputated limb:

> . . . nothing will clear this waste;
> guns of unlearned knowledge toll.
> Arms
> hold me with a light G. I. ring;
> a slight ear-plug, always in place.
> At Gethsemani
> Merton hears

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IMPORTANT RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

The Concept of Ideology and Other Essays

By GEORGE LICHTHEIM

A foremost scholarly analyst of totalitarian, democratic and Marxist ideologies examines the major European philosophies and political movements over the last three centuries. $5.95

A Sense of the Present

Essays and Stories of Two Decades

By WILLIAM PHILLIPS

Writings by a co-founder of *Partisan Review*, some of which have changed the intellectual course of our times. *A Chilmark Press book.* $5.75

Bertrand Russell and the British Tradition in Philosophy

By D. F. PEARS

Russell's ideas, and his profound influence on modern philosophy — explained with exceptional clarity and brilliance. $5.95

Transforming America

Patterns of Social Change

By RAYMOND W. MACK

The problems of change in five crucial areas — population, education, economics, politics, and our national "sense of purpose." $4.95

Now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the guns of Fort Knox. The ring of
sea
the sound of the traffic down
the inmost canals of our life.
Srrrrriiiinng—
"Always
be deaf in the highest ranges."

This poem takes on a determined little solar system that valiantly breaks away from the unspoiled natural squalor we like to call Eden, or the United States.

I would like to talk on about these three strangers whose words have become like comrades. They have written of love and ugly landscapes, beautiful dirt and snow and waterfalls, machines and museums, loneliness and dreams and waking-up-to-start-all-over-again, Indians and Eskimos and Italians and Polacks; they have written of what is naked and what is dressed up.

I should talk about their titles: the "lost pilot" orbiting forever like a "tiny African god"; the "peaceable kingdom" where there is no gun, no grenade, only "stress"; and lastly of "the marches," those long stretching borders and perilous frontiers, the white spaces in a child's drawing between the definite blue sky and the definite green grass.

But I will not do this, because, as Scully says:

like an old comedian, one expects to go on
forever
rolled over and over until the dream
he is in Paradise.

Tragedy at Fort Pillow

THE FALLING HILLS. *By Perry Lentz. Scribner's. $6.95.*

Reviewed by ROBERT STAROBIN

During the desperate third year of the American Civil War, several hundred Negro freedmen, led by white Union officers, and several companies of white Tennessee loyalists garrisoned Fort Pillow, a federal stronghold on the Mississippi River, near Memphis. On April 12, 1864, the third anniversary of the firing on Fort Sumter, a thousand Confederates commanded by Nathan Bedford Forrest, the prominent slave-trader, assaulted Fort Pillow and massacred most of its black defenders. The Mississippi "was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered," reported General Forrest with satisfaction. "Negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners."

The origins of this bloodbath are traced by Perry Lentz, an Alabama-born graduate student in English at Vanderbilt University, in *The Falling Hills,* the most perceptive Civil War novel of recent years.

Despite occasional lapses in historical reality (for example, by erroneously asserting that the black regiments were drunk and refused to surrender, Lentz virtually excuses rebel bloodletting), Lentz does have a profound understanding of the class, racial and sexual antagonisms among both Northerners and Southerners in the Civil War era. Moreover, Lentz brilliantly analyzes the relationships between these conflicts, and how they culminated in the Fort Pillow tragedy.

These themes of class, racial and sexual conflict are carried forward by several characters. Union Corporal John Suttell typifies the poor, slaveless, white Tennessee "Tories" who vent their class jealousies by murdering in cold blood slave-owning Confederate families. At the same time, the Southern Unionists so hate all "niggers," the basis of planter power but the object of their sexual cravings, that they let the Negro troops bear the brunt of the Confederate onslaught. A traitor to the white race and to secessionism, the fearful, guilt-ridden Suttell cowardly avoids the fight, and with his animal-like instinct for survival is the only Union soldier to escape.

Confederate Captain Hamilton Acox is a sensitive slave-owning Tennessee lawyer, who, unlike planter sons, has never sexually abused slave women and passionately hates the war. But Acox was wounded at Chickamauga, has already lost two children, and is obsessed by a recurrent dream that back

ROBERT STAROBIN teaches history at the University of Wisconsin at Madison. In 1965-66, he was the Max Farrand Traveling Fellow at the University of California, Berkeley, where he is completing his doctoral dissertation on industrial slavery in the Old South.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The first paperbound edition of
"A literary masterpiece."
—*P. A. Sorokin*

ON THE SHOULDERS OF GIANTS

A SHANDEAN POSTSCRIPT

Robert K. Merton
Foreword by Catherine Drinker Bowen

"OTSOG" is a sociological and literary detective adventure—part parody, part history of ideas, part sociology of science—which searches through centuries of learning to track down the origin and travels of Isaac Newton's famous aphorism "If I have seen farther, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants."

"One of the most astoundingly learned, most universal and far reaching, most whimsical and suggestive books I have ever read." —*Henri Peyre*

"A comfort and a delight... Its cool prose and its passion for Swift (even more than for Sterne) is an ideal astringent for the turgidities one hears daily... I marveled at the maintenance of Form under the appearances of improvisation and discursiveness: *that* puts Merton in Sterne's class." —*Jacques Barzun*

"There is genuine excitement in following the range of the learned reference... The pleasure I took in the reading was lively and unremitting... The Aphorism comes to have an enchanted and enchanting life of its own."—*Lionel Trilling*

"A work of stupendous scholarship and ubiquitous wit." —*Alfred Knopf*

illustrated with drawings and photographs

$2.45 • A Harbinger Book

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC.
757 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home his own inscrutable slaves are raping his wife. Like most white Southerners, Acox has "that one fear, the fear of the nigra uprising," of which Fort Pillow's armed Negroes are an incarnation. Acox thus uncontrollably participates in the wanton butchering of defenseless black soldiers, with the poor white Mississippi partisans whom he leads but despises.

Lieutenant Jonathan Endicott Seabury is a wealthy young Boston abolitionist who comes South to uplift Negro troops, toward whom he has wholly romantic and paternal attitudes. Seabury's request to teach Negroes to read is rejected by his Lincoln-like commanding officer who regards black soldiers as only a military necessity. Seabury is ostracized by his fellow officers who have volunteered to lead Negro regiments because they need the extra pay, not for humanitarian reasons. Totally disillusioned and unable either to win the respect of his black soldiers or to have sexual contact with black women, Seabury anxiously awaits (and receives) bloody martyrdom from Forrest's avengers.

Although such private disenchantments as Seabury's and Acox's are poignant, it is the freedmen who collectively suffer most. Also expressing the novel's central themes, the Negroes, who have endured centuries of brutal labor exploitation, witness black women turned into army whores, are castrated by white Unionists for having sexual relations with poor white women seeking black men as "prize bulls," and are diffidently led by white officers who doubt the Negro's fighting ability. Such treatment produces the inevitable results: a rebel accidentally encounters a Negro patrol which castrates him with his own bayonet to avenge white abuse of slave women. "Hey man, we gon to take yo' sistuh!" yell Fort Pillow's black defenders as they insultingly gesture to the Confederate attackers. And, poorly trained and outnumbered, the Negroes are systematically slaughtered by rebel soldiers for defying white morality and defending black freedom.

Thus, to all whites—Northern and Southern—involved, the Fort Pillow massacre was both "a relief and a purgation" of all of the hatreds and frustrations that it represented. But for the Negroes, it was just another example of man's inhumanity to his fellowman.

A Long Look at Nabokov

NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN ART. *By Andrew Field. Little, Brown. $8.95.*

Reviewed by MARK DEVOTO

Vladimir Nabokov's real fame began with one novel, the best in a long line of excellent works. Nabokov had moved from Cambridge (Massachusetts) to Cornell some years before *Lolita* detonated over America in 1958, but many of my neighbors remembered him (he had lived up the street from me), and I can still hear them saying, "That nice man wrote *that book?*" I read *Lolita* then, and every so often I read it again in whole or in parts, recapturing every time the book's heady impacts, delicate bouquets, and dreamlike small things. Because most of the controversy over *Lolita* has died down, the usual appellation for the book nowadays is "funny." This is the crowning ironic footnote to the quiet career of a genius: that one of the most beautiful books of the century should be popularly regarded as "funny" or "controversial" (= "dirty" = $$$) and purely as a result of this misconception be the book that at last enabled Nabokov to give all his time to writing.

Nabokov's art transcends language, transcends style, transcends even his own amazing erudition. His linguistic achievement alone has made the more famous accomplishment of Joseph Conrad merely a tedious pile of sea yarns by comparison. Like Stravinsky's music, Nabokov's writing has no obvious stylistic ancestors. Nabokov's art is many arts at once, all superbly synthesized and controlled. There are the

MARK DEVOTO *is an assistant professor of* music at Reed College. He received a bachelor of arts degree from Harvard College in 1961 and a doctorate from Princeton University in 1967.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA PRESS

Scholarly best sellers

ORIENTAL AND BIBLICAL STUDIES

Collected Writing of E. A. SPEISER

edited by J. J. FINKELSTEIN and MOSHE GREENBERG

E. A. Speiser, author of the Anchor Bible **Genesis** and a leading American orientalist, was at home in the modern as well as in the ancient Near East. Rarely has mastery of a field been combined with such style and lucidity as in his writings. These thirty-six essays capture the broader humanistic implications of Speiser's approach to oriental studies. 616 pages. **$10.00**

CULTURE AND EXPERIENCE

by A. IRVING HALLOWELL

"Hallowell has been an informed and influential introducer of ideas from dynamic psychiatry into anthropology for some decades. This book is a garnering of the selected works of a respected elder statesman in anthropology, and as such is of interest and importance to all social scientists." **—American Sociological Review.** 461 pages **$10.00**

THE GREAT LEGAL PHILOSOPHERS

Selected Readings in Jurisprudence

edited by CLARENCE MORRIS

A collection of writings on the philosophy of the law which range from Aristotle to Roscoe Pound. "An impressive and well-considered selection."— **Library Journal.** "Can immeasurably contribute to any lawyer's thinking." **—American Bar Association Journal** 571 pages **$10.00**

Note: These books are each ideal for supplementary reading in courses in the Humanities and in the Social Sciences.

UNIVERSITY of PENNSYLVANIA PRESS
Philadelphia 19104

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

word games that he plays with the reader ("Dr. Blanche Schwarzmann" and "Melanie Weiss" in *Lolita;* "the three conjoined lakes called Omega, Ozero, and Zero" in *Pale Fire* which represent O-O-O or the chess symbol for castling the long way) and those that he plays with himself (". . . and his address was, let me see, 10 Killer Street (I am not going very far for my pseudonyms)" in *Lolita;* the titles of Sebastian Knight's books). There are the private passions for chess, butterflies, literary allusions, all of which are vital tissue for Nabokov's structures. Most of all there is his astonishing imagery, pervasive and exact, the very antithesis of that obscurantism that has so often been this century's unwanted inheritance from the nineteenth-century symbolists. (I like to imagine that it is Nabokov's experience as a scientist that has sharpened his sense of verbal iconography which gives meaning to his settings and events.) All of these ornament Nabokov's perpetual and many-sided concern: the artist and his art.

Andrew Field's new book gives us for the first time a good long look at the whole of Nabokov's *oeuvre,* which stretches over five civilizations, three languages and more than fifty years. The amount of Nabokov's work that today remains untranslated, uncollected, or years out of print is dismaying to realize, but Field has ferreted out nearly all of it and examined it with great care. The eleven chapters in the book are organized not chronologically but thematically, that is, more or less according to the qualities of Nabokov's self-imposed artistic hurdles. Nabokov's many short stories and fragments are summarized and discussed individually as they relate to his larger works; among the most interesting studies are those of the incomplete novel *Solus Rex* which was the early proving ground for many of the ideas in *Pale Fire,* and of "The Magician," the short story of 1939 that Nabokov thought he had destroyed and that later became *Lolita.*

Of necessity Field discusses in detail only a few examples from Nabokov's voluminous output of verse, notably the poem "Pale Fire" which begins Nabokov's novel and which is probably his only well-known poem. It will surprise many to learn from Field that Nabokov has written nine plays, mostly in verse, all in Russian, and only one, *The Waltz Invention,* translated; similarly the enormous amount of criticism published, like much of Nabokov's poetry, in *The Rudder,* the Russian émigré newspaper in Berlin of which his father was a founder. Nabokov's critical writings in English are few by comparison, but memorable; Field quotes a heart-swelling passage from Nabokov's attack on Sartre's *Nausea.* Finally we see noted in Field's large checklist twenty-one mostly technical articles on butterflies—yet another aspect, unjustly laughed at, of Nabokov's remarkable career.

As a nonspecialist I find few errors in Field's book; I will mention only the two sentences inexplicably misquoted from *Lolita* on page 327 (or has Nabokov made revisions I haven't caught up with?). But these are small things. Mr. Field's book contains such a wealth of information and profoundly skillful analysis that it will be an important starting point for future Nabokov study. More than this, I expect that it will stir many people to go running to library stacks, or to write angry letters to publishers demanding more translations. Field says that if all of Nabokov's works were collected, they would fill thirty to thirty-five big volumes; many of us agree that this would be an excellent idea.

On the Campus

WALDO. *By Paul Theroux. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.*

NO TRANSFER. *By Stephen Walton. Vanguard. $4.95.*

Reviewed by PHILIP KOPPER

The campus is a fitting place for a first novel, an intimate world with its own special ethos to temper (for the postgraduate reader) the young writer's microcosmic foil.

PHILIP KOPPER, a former drama editor and critic for the Washington *Post* and Baltimore *Sun,* is a free-lance writer who lives in Washington. Mr. Kopper is a graduate of Yale University.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLEDAY ANCHOR BOOKS

THE FIRST NAME IN QUALITY PAPERBACK PUBLISHING

THE HERRING GULL'S WORLD
Niko Tinbergen; foreword by Konrad Lorenz
Widely recognized as a classic, this study of the social behavior of a fascinating bird reveals an astonishing amount about not only the functioning of the herring gull's brain but the workings of the human mind. $1.75

ANTIWORLDS AND "THE FIFTH ACE"
Andrei Voznesensky; edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward
A bilingual edition, including eight new poems, with English versions on facing pages by W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur. $1.95

THE COMPLETE POETRY OF JOHN DONNE
Edited with an Introduction, Notes and Variants by John T. Shawcross
All Donne's poetry — the Elegies, the Satires, the Songs and Sonnets, the Epigrams, and the Divine Poems — plus the elegies to Donne by friends including Ben Jonson and Sir Thomas Browne. This is the only edition of the complete poems available in paperback and is published in the *Anchor Seventeenth Century Series* in the large Octavo format. $3.95

CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART
With Sections on Korea and Vietnam
Jean Buhot; edited by Charles McCurdy; translated from the French by Rémy Inglis Hall
A succinct, over-all study of Far Eastern art, from the second millenium B.C. to the present, taken from the famous *Pléiade Encyclopédie d'Art.* With 111 halftone and linecut illustrations. *An Anchor Original.* $1.95

MUSEUM WITHOUT WALLS
André Malraux
Translated by Stuart Gilbert and Francis Price
THE VOICES OF SILENCE was, in Edmund Wilson's words, "one of the really great books of our time." Now M. Malraux has substantially rewritten and expanded the first volume of that work, creating a brilliant new inquiry into the meaning of all art and a landmark in man's search for expression.
With 172 photographs, $2.95 (Hardcover, $4.95)

DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York
Our Laidlaw division, River Forest, Illinois, serves the textbook needs of today's schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the basis of these two books by new novelists, the campus story may best be wrought by a student still on the scene, one who is willing to stay within the clearly defined context he understands fully and immediately. This is especially true for the ambitious apprentice who deals with satire in any degree since the diaphanous medium requires that his subjective substance be under constant intuitive control.

That Paul Theroux's *Waldo,* for instance, is less than a stunning success may be the result of the twenty-five-year-old's desire to flap his literary wings too soon and fly too far. Perhaps he is impatient with the cloister, having left it, and yearns to explore the World at Large. In any event, Mr. Theroux forsakes his original reform school setting, follows his central character to Rugg College on a sexual fellowship of sorts, and turns him into a newly famous writer typing in a glass cage over the heads of enraptured nightclub audiences, Waldo is a disturbed gadfly who darts from crag to silhouetted crag, precluding the author's opportunity to dig beneath the complex surface he surveys.

On the other hand, the people in *No Transfer* have only one brief holiday away from Modern University, the collegiate figment of Stephen Walton's extrapolative imagination. M.U. is the world to these characters, and it is fertile enough for their creator, a Michigan State University senior, to till in a compelling manner. Of course, the novel's kinetic pace rests on the perverse distinction of M.U.'s system: the Self-Discipline Rule whereby an academic underachiever is publicly decapitated once a term by a Dean's List student. Both individuals are chosen by lot, and undergraduate attendance is mandatory, so that if the narrator can't declare *"nous sommes tous des assassins,"* he can murmur that we are all potential executioners and parties to the bloodletting.

The murderous discipline of M.U. isn't the only unique element of the coeducational college: it's sort of a futuristic Brook Farm of higher learning, completely contained in a Pan Am-esque monolith of Texan dimensions designed by a Walter Gropius gone mad; Big Men on Campus live in swank four-room suites while some freshmen rooms don't have windows; cohabitation is winked at, nay, promoted by the administration that sponsors Paramour's Day each term for those protean couples who want publicly to formalize their relationship; the football team always wins. In short, Mr. Walton has created an institutional *reductio ad absurdum* for his black satire, but he has populated it with some recognizable students, like the searching Gary Fort and stolid Duncan Chase.

More than being a sinister melding of Poe and Orwell, the novel is a story of undergraduates as they are now and ever shall be. Despite the rarefied atmosphere, they still study and flirt, compete and learn to drink, ponder great questions and play house together, albeit self-consciously in a dormitory *cum* Star Chamber. Modern University, in hip and conventional parlance, is a tough college. But it remains a place where students start finding out how the world turns, and the worm. Except for the academic penalties, things haven't changed much since I was a student two academic generations ago.

One must, however, regret some of the Undergraduate Prose Syndromes that Mr. Walton is heir to. He studies Comparative Cigarettes for pages and flunks what might be called a Gut Issue with such an evasive nonsentence as "Their life together was. . . no single word in my vocabulary could be adequate." One wonders whether the writer or the narrator was at a loss for words. But is it fair to undercut an undergraduate novel for its callow chapters? It's only as pertinent as criticizing the Russians for being long-winded or George Plimpton for being a loser.

In sum, *No Transfer* is an undergraduate tour de force that carries itself with able energy and insight. It's something like a gangling adolescent in that a soul does struggle beneath an uncertain complexion. Moreover, it is encouraging to realize that an undergraduate can still bring an oddball idea to fictional fruition and that an intrepid publisher, Vanguard here, will still gamble on a valid tale by an unheard-of.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New from Gregg Press...

Conflicts that Shaped America

"Americans in Fiction"

A Noteworthy Series of Seventy American Novels

Facsimile editions of 19th century American novels important to the study of American social and literary history, culture and folkways; introduced by Clarence Gohdes, editor of American Literature magazine. In his commentary, Professor Gohdes states:

> ***". . . during the 19th and 20th centuries, the novel usurped the play as the chief abstract and chronicle of the times and in holding the mirror up to the homely face of society."***

This selection of important fiction of the 19th century is indispensable in obtaining a thorough and penetrating insight into our present turbulent society. A list of seventy novels (of which 25 are now available) by forty-four authors will be included in the series.

According to Professor Gohdes, ". . . the Gregg Press series of reprints of American fiction merits the attention of all students of Americana and of librarians interested in building up adequate collections dealing with the social and literary history of the United States. Most of the three score and ten novels or volumes of short stories included in the series enjoyed considerable fame in their day but have been so long out of print as to be virtually unobtainable in the original editions."

Some authors included are: Charles Waddell Chesnutt, Gertrude Atherton, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Joel Chandler Harris, John Hay (Secretary of State under McKinley) and Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Printed on high-quality, acid-free paper; bound in durable cloth.

Special pre-publication price $475.00

For complete information write to:

THE GREGG PRESS

171 EAST RIDGEWOOD AVENUE, RIDGEWOOD, NEW JERSEY 07450

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

On the other end of the shelf, I wonder why Houghton Mifflin published *Waldo*. This is not to deny that Mr. Theroux has a book in him, it is simply to opine that this, like many a first novel, isn't the book because the author has not learned to control his chosen form, material, scope and style simultaneously. There are interesting moments and some of the comic images glance off truths like stones from a chisel—but the pieces don't fit together and the final sculpture doesn't fit the pedestal.

Again the setting is a campus, rather two campuses with miscellaneous hustings thrown in. My favorite spot was the very first, the Booneville School for Delinquent Boys, a parody on the enlightened reformatory where the walls are made of glass and matriculees make fudge in wholesale lots for occupational therapy.

Waldo is maladjusted. He has flushed his father's truss down the john or somesuch. His mother has a cast eye. Grammy picks dandelions in the cemetery. His psychiatrist is really an opthalmologist, and his insatiable patroness an indulgent exstarlet named Clovis who introduces him to the explicit rites of. . . in the back of her car. Before Waldo becomes a literary fad under her tutelage, they spend many, many consecutive weeks voluntarily locked in a motel room. (At least there were weekly dances on the roof at M.U., weather permitting.) Finally Waldo reaches his zenith, or his nadir I suppose, in the glass cage.

Guided by an experienced satirist this route from glass-walled detention to suspension might be trenchant; but Mr. Theroux has not created a moving odyssey and the best elements of the book are the little sojourns of passing images, phrases and moments.

The shortcoming is really a very common one that's not shared by young writers exclusively. While attempting broad, incisive commentary, the author only skims the top. A stiletto is required, but the instant tool is a squeegee. The final target of Mod writing fads is an example. By the time Mr. Theroux approaches it with his implicit criticism, one realizes that his episodic, kaleidoscopic approach has been attempting seriously to emulate it all along. This is not his skill, yet; and besides, he hasn't finally chosen his thesis.

I submit that the fault is not really the author's; he has an itch to write, literary ambition and some obvious talents that can grow with experience—but they need to be focused and distilled. The fault lies with the publisher who does a disservice to himself, the reading public and the author by publishing him too early. Some people ask why nobody reads fiction any more; one reason is that readers are put off by books that are not good enough.

The Importance of Place

THE ATTEMPT. *By John Hopkins. Viking. $4.50.*

Reviewed by ELIZABETH KUGLER

"I like these days when one's actions take on importance," observes Caffery while he and two companions try to stay topside of a jungle raft in turbulent waters. In other days of action, this young American, the central figure of Mr. Hopkins' first novel, involves himself in a series of adventures throughout Peru, from Lima, to the Sierra, to the rotting jungle towns of Tingo Maria, Bella Vista and Yurimaguas. First a splendid, gory accident: one truck impaled on the protruding cargo of another. The drivers decapitated, a truckload of the best pigs in all Peru reduced to a jumble of snouts, hooves and guts. Uninjured, Caffery later muses on the scene of carnage, "It was a good ride, but I was beginning to wonder whether it required the sacrifice of two men and two hundred pigs to make me happy." There follow the haphazard probing of pre-Inca graves, the river trip into the Peruvian jungle, an attempt to run a cattle-fattening ranch, a solitary bout with hepatitis on a barge in

✪ ELIZABETH KUGLER, a graduate of Duke University, has traveled widely in South America, Europe and the United States. A former member of the editorial staff of the SCHOLAR, she lives now in New Bedford, Massachusetts, where her husband is director of the Whaling Museum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WESLEYAN Fall 1967

A YEAR FROM MONDAY:
New Lectures and Writings
By John Cage

Major writings by the author of *Silence*. "Is Cage a genius? . . . His prose style is the finest since Gertrude Stein."
— *Kirkus Service.*
192 pp. October 5 $7.92

LSD, MAN & SOCIETY
Edited by **Richard C. DeBold** *and* **Russell C. Leaf**

The facts about LSD — its pharmacological characteristics and effects, its impact on the individual and on society — soberly stated and analyzed by nine authoritative scientsists.

Contributors: Frank Barron, Ph.D.; Neil Chayet, LL.B.; Nicholas Giarman, Ph.D.; Murray Jarvik, M.D., Ph.D.; Milton Joffe, Ph.D.; Albert Kurland, M.D.; Donald Louria, M.D.; Walter Pahnke, M.D., Ph.D.; Dominick Purpura, M.D.; 232 pp. *With references and notes on contributors.*
October 19 $5.00

JOHN ROGERS, THE PEOPLE'S SCULPTOR
By David H. Wallace

The life and work of the man who created "Rogers Groups." Size 7″ x 10″. 336 pp. With 26 full-page plates, illustrated catalog of Rogers' works. $20.00

SPEAKER'S MEANING
By Owen Barfield
128 pp. October 19 $5.00

THRESHOLDS OF INITIATION
By Joseph L. Henderson, M.D.

A practicing psychiatrist considers the archetype of initiation. 272 pp. *With notes, bibliography, and index.* $7.95

POEMS AFTER MARTIAL
By Philip Murray
104 pp. November 2 $4.50

THE WESLEYAN POETRY PROGRAM: NEW TITLES
RICHARD HOWARD:
The Damages (P35)

JOSEPHINE MILES
Kinds of Affection (P36)
Each: $4.00 cloth; $1.85, paper

BEYOND EAGLE AND SWASTIKA:
German Nationalism Since 1945
By Kurt P. Tauber

1648 pp. *With 50 photos, chart, appendixes, notes, bibliography, full indexes.*
Two volumes, $35.00

KINAALDÁ:
A Study of the Navaho Girl's Puberty Ceremony
By Charlotte Johnson Frisbie

448 pp. *With 15 photographs, 200 pages of musical examples, charts, appendixes, notes, bibliography, and index.* $15.00

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY PRESS
Middletown, Connecticut

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Callao, and finally the engineering of a dam to control flash floods.

Mr. Hopkins writes vividly of these adventures. The style is bare, clear and factual. The description, when it is of landscape—red plains, black skies, milling Indians—or of fiestas, good food and good pisco, is often evocative and beautiful. Beyond the glamour of place, however, the novel has little independent human content. The dialogue is dry and stiff, perhaps because that is what happens when Mr. Hopkins' precise style is applied to conversation, perhaps because individual emotions do not interest the author. The action comes out of the atmosphere, not from Caffery.

A graduate of Princeton University, Mr. Hopkins has traveled in Europe, South America and Africa, and now lives in Tangier. Like other expatriate writers of the recent generation, particularly those whose heroes are disengaged, he elevates the scene at the expense of personality. In Caffery's words, "Place is important and Peru is as good a place as any." As good a place as any for observation and for an attempt to discover the Good Life.

Vietnam—the "Lessons" of History

THE FIRST VIETNAM CRISIS: Chinese Communist Strategy and United States Involvement, 1953-54. *By Melvin Gurtov. Columbia University Press. $7.*

Reviewed by ALLEN WEINSTEIN

Charles Beard once attempted to distill in a few maxims the accumulated wisdom of a lifetime spent studying history. He arrived finally at three basic "laws" or "lessons": "First, whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Second, the mills of the gods grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small. Third, the bee fertilizes the flower that it robs." Less cautious historians are often more eager than Beard to prescribe for the present or the future on the basis of imprecise analogies to the past. Melvin Gurtov, author of *The First Vietnam Crisis,* dwells on the "lessons for today" that emerge from examining the Eisenhower Administration's diplomacy during the closing stages of the French-Vietminh War. The author, his publisher, and Roger Hilsman, in an introduction, all agree on the tutorial value of this "case study of the policy-making process," which concentrates on "Chinese Communist strategy and United States involvement, 1953-1954."

Many Americans may still not recognize the degree of our entanglement in the French colonial struggle against Ho Chi Minh's guerrilla forces from 1946 to 1954. Although the United States periodically expressed its mild disapproval of French efforts to maintain effective sovereignty over the three "Associated States" of Indochina, Communist victory in the Chinese civil war followed by Sino-American conflict in Korea helped provoke intense fears of a Vietminh victory among leading officials in the Truman and Eisenhower Administrations. By 1954, the United States had assumed responsibility for financing the major portion of the French struggle in Indochina. We supported seventy-eight percent of the war's total military costs at the time of the Geneva Conference, having already poured over two billion dollars in economic and military assistance into the Indochinese War over the previous eight years. Those who blame current American involvement in Vietnam on an unplanned and haphazard train of circumstances—a "politics of inadvertence"—should remember that four successive American presidents have attempted systematically if unsuccessfully to counter the spread of Vietnamese national communism. Although it might be comforting to believe that the United States stumbled into a "needless" and "repressible" Far Eastern land war through inept leadership, the "politics of ideology" would be a sounder cliché to describe this country's Asian policies since the Second World War rather than the "politics of inadvertence."

Gurtov's study traces the unsuccessful ef-

✪ ALLEN WEINSTEIN is an assistant professor of history at Smith College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

University of Massachusetts Press

Munson Hall, Amherst 01002

Constance de Markievicz

IN THE CAUSE OF IRELAND

Jacqueline Van Voris

A new biography of the extraordinary Countess who was a leader of the Irish Revolution, the founder of the Fianna na hEireann, and the first woman cabinet member in western Europe. *392 pp., photographs, cloth, $7.50*

THE DEFENSE OF

Gracchus Babeuf

John Anthony Scott, editor and translator

A translation of Babeuf's self-defense before the High Court of Vendôme, with essays by Herbert Marcuse and Mr. Scott, and eighteen etched portraits by Thomas Cornell. A popular reprint of the 1964 Gehenna Press limited edition. *128 pp., illus., cloth, $6.00*

ANNOTATED CATALOGUE OF THE PAPERS OF

Charles S. Peirce

Richard S. Robin

A definitive guide to the papers (now available on microfilm from Harvard University) of America's most outstanding and prolific philosopher. *400 pp., cloth, $15.00*

Erwin Schrödinger

AN INTRODUCTION TO HIS WRITINGS

William T. Scott

The first comprehensive study of the Nobel Prize winner's popular and scientific writings, including a discussion of the work which led to his discovery of wave mechanics. *192 pp., cloth, $6.50*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fort by American policy makers in the early months of 1954 to sustain the French in Indochina prior to the fall of Dienbienphu. Secretary of State Dulles and other United States officials hoped to avoid another compromise agreement with the Communists similar to the earlier Korean armistice. The author's examination of American diplomacy during these months rests upon a skillful use of official documents, published memoirs and personal interviews. The story itself is familiar. Several leading officials of the Eisenhower Administration viewed the faltering French battle in Indochina as a splendid opportunity to test new foreign policy doctrines: the idea of "massive retaliation," the "New Look" military approach de-emphasizing ground troops in favor of air-atomic response, and the "domino theory" based upon a belief that the new Asian states could not maintain their sovereignty or withstand Chinese aggression without American military backing. John Foster Dulles, Admiral Radford, Vice-President Nixon and other "hawks" of the first Vietnam crisis were confident that swift deployment of American air power at Dienbienphu would turn the tide of battle, rescue the garrison, stiffen French resolve to fight elsewhere in the war and discourage Chinese intervention. Gurtov's treatment of the attempt made by the Dulles-Radford-Nixon group to bring the United States directly into the Indochinese conflict adds little new factual material to Chalmers M. Roberts' 1954 article in the *Reporter,* "The Day We Didn't Go To War," still the best short account of the episode.

The American interventionists failed for a variety of reasons in 1954. There was strong congressional opposition to American involvement once the case had been presented to influential legislative leaders. (Lyndon Johnson figured prominently among these "doves.") A war-weary American public, living in the wake of the Korean armistice, had no stomach for another major commitment in Asia which threatened the eventual use of ground troops. The British refused to cooperate with the United States on any joint military action in Indochina before attempting to negotiate a political settlement at the great power conference scheduled for April 1954 at Geneva. Even the French were deeply suspicious of American motives for wishing to intervene and considered their colonial war a domestic affair. Indeed, Gurtov presents persuasive evidence that, among all the major powers, only a handful of American leaders wished to press the war on to a military solution. For widely different reasons of state, the French, the Chinese and the Russians all seemed to favor a political settlement ending the war. Only reluctantly and with great distaste did the United States accept the partition of Indochina finally agreed upon at Geneva.

Gurtov finds obvious "lessons" for current and future American foreign policy makers in this abortive 1954 "debate on intervention [which] almost resulted in a disastrous decision based upon faulty analysis and 'wishful thinking.' " He chides the Eisenhower "hawks" for their "risky, unclear proposals" and questions their belief that the Indochinese War could be settled by reliance upon military force without regard for the nationalist feelings and social inequities that helped trigger and sustain the Vietminh revolt. His arguments parallel the major criticisms leveled against Eisenhower policies by those Kennedy and Johnson Administration analysts who popularized the various "counter-insurgency," "pacification" and "ideological warfare" doctrines of the sixties.

Yet most of the lessons drawn by the author from American response to the 1954 crisis concern ways to increase our tactical effectiveness in Vietnam rather than suggestions for alternate policies in that country. In the light of our present overwhelming involvement in Vietnam, what do Gurtov's maxims really teach? The author criticizes American willingness to pour billions into foreign crises without supervising these expenditures, and he calls upon the United States to support noncommunist nationalist movements in Asia. Future Secretaries of State are urged to work closely with allies in formulating Western policies but at the same time to recognize the limitations of American power in dealing with revolu-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tionary guerrilla wars. Similarly, Gurtov stresses the need for more realistic assessment of Chinese Communist aims in Asia and for recognition of the "geographic considerations, historical peculiarities [and] diverse developments of Marxism of the nations in that area." His concluding chapters criticize the notion, inherent in the domino theory, of the monolithic and aggressive nature of Asian communism. Finally, the author recommends that the United States explore more carefully any avenues open to peaceful accommodation with China. Gurtov's strictures seem admirable ones to this reviewer. If only he had paid more attention to them in his own analysis.

The author disregards his avowed "lessons" so often in earlier chapters that these general comments resemble a set of unreachable first principles rather than a guide to actual policy making. For one thing, Gurtov accepts an implicit double standard of international bookkeeping when he condones American financing of almost the entire French war effort but refuses to acknowledge the Chinese right to a similar role in assisting the Vietminh. Also, although the author stresses the Vietminh's nationalist roots in his last chapters, earlier in the book he describes the evolution of the Indochinese revolt as if Ho's forces in Vietnam had been transplanted by the Chinese, taking complete direction as well as assistance from their Maoist overlords. Gurtov talks of the campaign against the French being fought according to "the traditional Stalinist pattern of struggle in Asia," whatever this may have been in 1954. He appears to consider the Vietminh a predominantly "Stalinist" movement from its beginnings, cloaking Communist aims behind insincere nationalist rhetoric. That Ho's nationalism is somehow less relevant or important than his communism is one "lesson" that this reviewer is not prepared to accept on the basis of Gurtov's limited evidence. His conclusion that the Vietminh's military edge in 1954 indicated largely the success of Chinese aid and Maoist strategic doctrine, rather than a more ambiguous triumph for both Vietnamese

The Penal Press

by Russell N. Baird

Within American prisons, convict editors have for more than a century and a half produced some remarkable newspapers and magazines. For this study of the penal press—its history, goals, problems, and successes—the author has gathered data from hundreds of prisons and reformatories and has made an intensive survey of prison publications. This book includes a variety of examples of inmate writing as well as a complete directory of penal publications.

215 pages $6.95

The Poet as Critic

edited by
Frederick P. W. McDowell

Six distinguished scholars—Murray Krieger, Elizabeth Sewell, Richard Ellmann, Ralph Freedman, Donald Hall, and Rene Wellek—here explore the reciprocal relationships between the poet's methods of creation and his methods of criticism.

115 pages cloth, $4.50 paper, $2.50

Introduction to African Literature

edited by Ulli Beier

The most important African writers and many West Indian and American writers of African descent are considered in the critical writings of this anthology, which touches upon the oral tradition, poetry, the novel, and drama.

288 pages $7.50

Northwestern University Press

1735 Benson Avenue
Evanston, Illinois 60201

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW FROM INDIANA

Søren Kierkegaard's Journals and Papers
Volume I, A—E
Edited and translated by *Howard V. Hong and Edna H. Hong*
The first edition in English of the most significant of Kierkegaard's incidental writings from the Danish *Papirer*, regarded by scholars as the "key to the scriptures" of the philosopher's other works. The first of five volumes.
"A staggering accomplishment in scholarship."
—Howard A. Johnson
576 pages $15.00

Rebels and Conservatives
Dorothy and William Wordsworth and Their Circle
By *Amanda Ellis*
The fruit of many years of scholarship, this volume presents an authoritative analysis of the profound influences of the Wordsworth's circle of friends that included Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Southey, Scott, DeQuincey, William Godwin, Charles and Mary Lamb, Mary Shelley, Annette Vallon, and Sarah Hutchinson.
384 pages, illustrated $10.00

The Living Theatre of Medieval Art
By *Henry Kraus*
Mr. Kraus explores the dynamic human context —the "living theatre"— in which French Art of the Middle Ages developed. One hundred thirty-five magnificent photographs of architecture, sculpture, and stained glass illustrate his views.
272 pages $15.00

Prisms
Studies in Modern Literature
By Albert S. Cook
An original and provocative examination of the major concepts of modern literary theory and the ways they have been extended by such contemporary writers as Rimbaud, Pound, Pirandello, Ionesco, Kafka, and Golding.
196 pages $6.00

The Interior Landscape
Love Poems from a Classical Tamil Anthology
Translated by *A. K. Ramanujan*
These poems introduce Western readers to a fascinating literary tradition and offer exquisite examples of a mature classical poetry. The translator's informative essay on Tamil Poetry will enrich the reader's understanding of this unique form.
128 pages $5.75

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS
Bloomington & London

nationalism *and* Asian communism, differs little from the analysis that led Dulles to recommend an air strike to save Dienbienphu.

Although the author pays lip service in his closing chapters to the argument that the United States must develop a more flexible response to Chinese power in the Far East, his own views on American policy during the 1954 crisis remain somewhat rigid. For one thing, he concludes that the Eisenhower Administration had little choice but to continue the military aid program begun by Truman lest the French be defeated, "losing another area to Communist forces [and] emboldening the Communist movement throughout Asia." Gurtov simply cannot condone our acceptance of a revolutionary movement like the Vietminh that had both nationalist *and* communist roots. "The costs of keeping France in the war were bound to escalate," he writes at one point, "yet would be worth the price if Communist expansion could be prevented without sacrificing American lives." Unfortunately for the United States, the Laniel government in Paris proved unwilling to fight to the last French Union soldier in order to calm American fears of Chinese expansionism, fears that Gurtov himself considers groundless at the time. Although the author discusses at length the role played by *Marxist* "ideology" in shaping Chinese and Vietminh "decision-making," he is much less critical of ideologues like Dulles and Radford, who tried to involve their reluctant nation in possible global war in order to prove the effectiveness of anticommunist strategic doctrines and beliefs. Fortunately, congressional leaders refused to be stampeded into approving a resolution endorsing American action at Dienbienphu, and a more cautious soldier than Radford, Army Chief of Staff Matthew Ridgway, prepared a devastating report detailing the possible military costs of intervention, which influenced Eisenhower's eventual decision not to allow an air strike at Dienbienphu.

If any "lesson" emerged from American response to the 1954 Indochinese crisis, it was the lesson of sanity. Those in American

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

public life who urged diplomatic and military restraint in Asia succeeded in countering the missionary diplomacy of Dulles, Nixon and others who preached an anti-communist "politics of ideology." The author, a RAND Corporation staff member, assesses this struggle to shape American policy in Indochina from a perspective basically sympathetic to most assumptions, if not the tactics, of United States policies in Asia over the past two decades.* If Gurtov's study fails to teach the "lessons for today" that both the author and his publisher promise, it is not for lack of solid research and intelligent judgment. The book contains a good measure of both. Unhappily, Gurtov has not subjected to careful reassessment the assumptions on which American Asian policies have been based. Nor has he posed many new questions concerning the precise impact of American involvement in Vietnam. "Surely someone in government must have wondered," James C. Thomson, Jr., asked in a recent *New Republic,* "if a neutralized South Vietnam—even a communist-controlled South Vietnam—would really pose a significant threat to our strategic interests in Asia? And surely someone must have warned of the intolerable price of an open-ended US commitment to such a swamp." Gurtov makes few such rude inquiries in his book, although they might have increased its importance for present policy makers. Perhaps Charles Beard's *fourth* historical law will prove more applicable in the end to our current war in Vietnam than any of Mr. Gurtov's prescriptions. "When it gets dark enough," Beard remarked simply, "you can see the stars." At the moment, many Americans would settle for even a slight break in the overcast sky.

* Three recent books, apparently published too late for consideration by Gurtov, offer quite different perspectives on American actions in the 1954 crisis: Victor Bator's pro-British *Vietnam, A Diplomatic Tragedy: Origins of U.S. Involvement* (London, 1965); Bernard Fall's passionate portrait of French policy during the siege of Dienbienphu, *Hell In a Very Small Place* (Philadelphia and New York, 1967); and George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis, *The United States in Vietnam* (New York, 1967).

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

HUMAN VALUES AND ECONOMIC POLICY

Sidney Hook, Editor

A New York University Institute of Philosophy Symposium

Some of the most celebrated present-day economists—Kenneth Arrow, Kenneth Boulding, Paul Samuelson, Milton Friedman—are confronted by a group of distinguished philosophers on the vast question of human wants and needs and of economic policy as a tool for both forming and filling them. As a corollary question, they also consider the changing role of the corporation in American life with its increasing emphasis on public service as well as profit. 304 pages. $6.95.

SCIENCE AND THE MASS MEDIA

Hillier Krieghbaum

Here is an evaluation of the state of science reporting in this country, ten years after the launching of Sputnik aroused the public interest in science. The author, formerly a science writer and now Professor of Journalism at NYU, shows how ways of reporting science news influence science policy and questions the wisdom of permitting the so-called "experts" to make decisions. 256 pages. $6.95.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS
WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10003

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More Diversions from France

LA SATYRE. *By Virginie des Rieux. Translated by Elinor Smith Miller. World. $3.95.*

THE DAY IS DARK *and* THREE TRAVELERS. *By Marie-Claire Blais. Translated by Derek Coltman. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $4.95.*

NOTES OF A HYPOCRITE. *By Christiane Singer. Translated by Robert Baldick. Dutton. $3.95.*

Reviewed by GEORGE W. KNOWLES

The apparently ceaseless succession in France of provocative, young, female novelists, all daring in their willingness to confide their most intimate secrets à la Sagan and Violette Leduc, has brought forth new diversion in the recently published books of Virginie des Rieux, Marie-Claire Blais and Christiane Singer. These young women have aroused considerable public acclaim in France and even controversy in the best French postwar literary tradition. One senses, however, that among these current works there may be stuff of more durable quality than in the short-lived furors of their predecessors. As the most significant movement in contemporary French literature, the *nouveau roman,* or "new novel," has asserted itself and gained acceptance as the portrayal of the new structures and norms of the present, its spirit has obviously been adopted by these three young writers.

We must mention first, and yet dismiss Virginie des Rieux and her *La Satyre.* While much applauded in France by *France-Soir* and *Candide* as a shocking exposé of decadence in high social circles, this book will not find an appreciative audience in this country, for something, and more probably everything, has been lost in a tiresome and pompous translation. All the usual ingredients for successful sensationalism have been included by Mlle. des Rieux: sarcasm, eroticism and satire—and the author herself in the jacket portrait is a provocatively attractive young woman. Yet the effect is that of exaggeration and contrivance, and the book is more boring than daring.

As Alain Robbe-Grillet says in his *For a New Novel: Essays on Fiction,* the *nouveau roman* is an exploration and an evolution of the genre of the novel. While aiming at total subjectivity, the modern novel should not be a representation of anything but itself. Reality is sense perception and concerns only man in his situation in the world. Sequence of events and narrative are often eliminated, with the result a plotless train of occurrences alternating without warning between present and past.

Such is the style of the extraordinary young French-Canadian, Marie-Claire Blais, the only writer in this hemisphere who has fully mastered the trend current in France. Mlle. Blais has deservedly received much attention in Paris, and in 1966 she was awarded the *Prix Medicis* for her *A Season in the Life of Emmanuel.* Her most recently translated volume contains two earlier novellas: *The Day Is Dark* and *Three Travelers.* Less substantial than her later prize-winning work, these two haunting stories of death deal with young couples destined for tragedy from the outset, and trace in disconnected narrative shifts their sufferings from adolescence to later life.

In *The Day Is Dark,* Mlle. Blais allows for some plot and setting as she places three couples in a cold and somber Quebec. But from this point she follows the form of the "new novel" (which evokes often the segmented atmosphere of predestination of Robbe-Grillet's film script for *Last Year at Marienbad*) and gives us glimpses of the doomed couples at various stages in their lives. No effort is made to establish a past or a future for the characters; the occurrences are only a progression toward tragedy. In the shorter *Three Travelers,* a Spanish couple, Miguel and Monteserrat, discover self-doubt, guilt, and ultimately death in Parisian literary circles.

Through the relationships of the possessed figures in her novels among whom

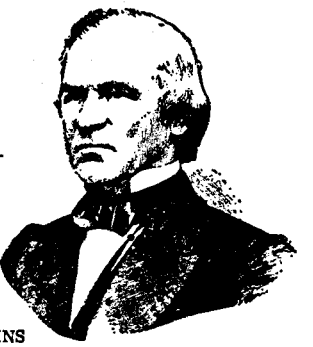
✪ GEORGE W. KNOWLES is currently completing graduate studies in international relations at Georgetown University. A graduate of Washburn University with a background in history and French literature, he has also studied at the University of Copenhagen.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coming December 1

THE PAPERS OF
ANDREW JOHNSON

Volume 1, 1822-1851



EDITED BY LEROY P. GRAF AND RALPH W. HASKINS

This first volume reveals the personality of the seventeenth President as he progressed politically from alderman to mayor to state representative to state senator to congressman. Containing letters to and from Johnson, speeches, excerpts from his personal account book, and other documents, Volume 1 traces Johnson's rise from village tailor to successful politician on the threshold of higher office.

Sponsored by The University of Tennessee, The Tennessee Historical Commission, and The National Historical Publications Commission.

744 pp., introduction, notes, illustrations, appendixes, index, $15.00

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE PRESS / KNOXVILLE 37916

Announcing

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY

Editor in Chief, Paul Edwards

The Only Major Reference Work on Philosophy in the English Language

This 8-volume encyclopedia is the most comprehensive philosophical reference work ever published in any language—the result of six and a half years of work by more than 500 scholars from all over the world. The Encyclopedia contains detailed and lucid presentations of all significant philosophical ideas—Eastern, Western, ancient, medieval and modern.

• 1,450 articles, each with detailed bibliography. Nearly 5 million words. 38,000-entry index.

• Analyzes theories of mathematicians, physicists, biologists, sociologists, moral reformers, and religious thinkers who have had impact on philosophy.

• Discusses today's most controversial philosophical issues and covers many neglected radical thinkers and ideas.

• All articles signed and written especially for the Encyclopedia.

For further information, mail coupon below. We will be glad to send you a free brochure describing this major reference work.

The Encyclopedia of Philosophy AS-2
The Macmillan Company
866 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me your free brochure on THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY. I understand I am under no obligation whatsoever.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the narrative shifts, Mlle. Blais creates a unique microcosm of her own wherein the characters, isolated from the conventional forms of time and space, are liberated to obey what seem to be the forces of predestination that drive them knowingly and almost willingly to their fates. The mood evoked by Marie-Claire Blais is that of suffering and gloom, yet the poetic imagery, which has been retained in the sensitive translation by Derek Coltman, is of such tender and delicate quality that the reader, like the characters, must follow the compelling forces to the end. To some, the characters may appear negative and weak, in that they take no positive measures to free themselves from their torments. But they are caught in a predetermined universe which they are powerless to change. This is Mlle. Blais's vehicle wherein she is free to mingle reality and the fantasy of the characters' thoughts. As each personage is gifted with exceptional powers to perceive the objects and happenings around him, the effect Mlle. Blais achieves is almost poetic.

In the opposite tone is *Notes of a Hypocrite* by Christiane Singer. Standing avowedly opposed to the conventionalities of traditional style, twenty-three-year-old Mlle. Singer's plotless, playful novel is an effervescent collection of narrated remembrances. The result is little more than a succession of notes, some undoubtedly true, and others contrived, in which she challenges the reader to discover which among them are real or fabricated. Although the book is not strictly in the form of the "new novel," for such fancied impressions of her childhood and adolescence can just barely be called a novel, the many characters drawn from her imagination and experience provide the perfect means for the young writer to flirt with the reader. This precocious approach at times may strike her audience as too contrived an effort to be clever, yet for the most part we are left delighted by her recollections of her women friends, a lover and her family. And then, without warning, we are left alone, happily bewildered as Christiane Singer looks around anxiously and asks:

> Where has the tail-piece gone which I put on one side for the end? It must have got lost in all this mess. Never mind. I have better things to do now than looking for it.

Take a Seat at the Horse Show

SIX MILE CORNER. *By Robert Dawson. Houghton Mifflin. $4.*

MEDICAL AID AND OTHER POEMS. *By Donald Jones. University of Nebraska Press. $3.50.*

THE HORSE SHOW AT MIDNIGHT. *By Henry Taylor. Louisiana State University Press. $3.50.*

Reviewed by DANIEL FRANKO GOLDMAN

Poetry may be written on any subject and in any context; once you begin prescribing proper and improper subjects for poetry, you're doomed to the limbo of those to whom nothing is poetic unless it can be sprung, with no moral, political or literary qualms, on any unsuspecting freshman English class, with no possibilities for embarrassment.

The essence of being poetic, perhaps, is the ability to perceive poetry in situations where others see none; the essence of being a poet, however, is to possess the ability to translate this fortunate perception into execution and articulation. I find ample evidence of the former in these three young men, but saddening lack of the latter. Sometimes a flash of technical brilliance rescues intractable or half-developed subject matter; sometimes good content or a superb and surprising image obscures technical incompetence.

Inconsistency, of course, is to be expected in most first efforts; each of these volumes is the poet's first. But really rampant inconsistency can be crippling, and at very least indicates lack of discipline and self-control.

Subjects present problems, too. Robert Dawson's poems about his migrant family

---

DANIEL FRANKO GOLDMAN, a University Scholar at Princeton University, is currently working on a book of his own poetry. This is his second appearance in the SCHOLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ESSAYS ON ECONOMICS
AND SOCIETY (2 vols.)

John Stuart Mill

Introduction by LORD ROBBINS
Textual Editor, JOHN M. ROBSON

These important essays include some of Mill's most original and valuable work, items which have not been republished since his lifetime. Unparalleled in the literature of his period, Mill's writings on economic theory will be of special interest not only to economists but to all students of politics and society in the nineteenth century.

(Collected Works of John Stuart Mill, Volumes 4 & 5)
$25.00

Other volumes published in the Collected Edition of the works of John Stuart Mill:

Earlier Letters, 1812–1848
Edited by Francis E. Mineka
2 vols. (12 & 13) $20.00

Principles of Political Economy
Introduction by V. W. Bladen
Textual Editor, John M. Robson
2 vols. (2 & 3) $25.00

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Toronto 5, Canada

Books for the United States shipped from our Brooklyn warehouse

SECTIONAL STRESS AND PARTY STRENGTH

A Computer Analysis of Roll-Call Voting Patterns in the United States House of Representatives, 1836–1860

An historical analysis of the forces of party cohesion and sectionalism at work in the 24th through the 36th congresses — forces which predisposed the nation for Secession and Civil War. **By THOMAS B. ALEXANDER.**
xviii + 284 pages/maps/graphs $10.00

CRITICS HAVE ACCLAIMED:

"A veritable data bank upon which future historians will gratefully draw for many years."—**Professor David Donald,** The Johns Hopkins University.

"Demonstrates the particular utility of quantitative techniques in solving some of the more critical problems of the political historian."—**Professor Joel H. Silbey,** Cornell University.

"Methodological significance transcending the subject matter."—**Professor Lee Benson,** University of Pennsylvania.

AT EASE IN ZION

A Social History of Southern Baptists, 1865–1900

An analysis of the response of the largest Protestant denomination to significant social problems facing the nation and the South in the critical post-Civil War years. **By RUFUS B. SPAIN.** $6.95

AND PROMISES TO KEEP

The Southern Conference for Human Welfare, 1938–1948

Here is the story of the popular-front organization created by early Southern liberals to initiate detailed cures for the economic and social ills of the South. Eventually abandoned by New Deal politicians and disavowed by labor, the Conference went down amid charges of Communist subversion. **By THOMAS A. KRUEGER.** $6.50

Vanderbilt University Press

Nashville • Tennessee • 37203

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and childhood are interesting and sometimes touching. But in writing about the commonplace he displays an unsettling tendency to squalidize (as Madison Avenue might put it), perhaps as an overcompensated hedge against romanticizing his tar-paper trailers and jump-starts. Perhaps because of this, he is not at his best in descriptive narrative, but once he gets away from the atmosphere of his childhood (which he does all too seldom), his abilities as a poet seem to improve remarkably. For example, the half-serious poem "Tarzan," cast in a different mold from that used for the greater part of this collection, shows his decided ability:

> Of hartebeast, waterbuck,
> Wildebeast, the nuzzle-nuzzle
> And the guzzle-guzzle by still
> Sulphury pools. Aaie! Aaie! Small hooves
> Make big thunder on the veldt. Is it
> Simba, the lioness, that ochre speck
> In sunrise, skulking? Or only
> A witchman's tree, orange-kindled
> By the burst yolk of dawn. Dust-devils
> Dance with jaundiced feet the dusty blue.
> Distance does not deceive, but affords
> No easy truth.

When the speaker is Robert Dawson at twenty-three rather than as a child, he seems to acquire greater technical competence, and there is nothing to suggest that this may be deliberate. It is difficult to understand how any man who could have written the first two stanzas of "Hepatitis,"

> Flat on my back, a foot-square paperback
> of *The New Golden Bough* propped
> on my ballooning liver, I study "the riddance
> of evil". . .
> how Romans heave-ho bad glass and Frascati
> bottles
>
> from windows on New Year's Eve to discard
> witches.
> It's New Year's Eve, I'm yellowing in Rome;
> my bed-broken kidneys chip against my spine;
> my heart pumps styrofoam . . . ,

could have perpetrated some of the other things in this book. On a smaller scale, he does this sort of thing within single poems, coming up with really marvelous lines like "We were using our souls for bait/The devil wouldn't take them for a bribe" and "We were fulfilling my father's biography, a man/ who selflessly gave his family/ the wrong start in life," then burying them in lesser verse. Inconsistency mars a poem, and it has marred this collection as a whole.

Robert Lowell, on the dust jacket, informs us that "One feels at first that Robert Dawson has a surprising energy with words . . . later this energy seems human rather than verbal." I think this is a very fair comment, perhaps fairer than the publishers realized when selecting it as a blurb.

Donald Jones is a different matter altogether. Among these three young poets, he stands out, not for any particular excellence in his verse, but because the bulk of his collection, centering so specifically on a single subject—welfare cases on which he has worked—presents us with poetry far more revealing in its implications than that of a welfare worker seeking "a slice of life and public funds," as we are informed in the poet's preface. These two goals he undoubtedly attains, and it is the disappointing use of them with which we are confronted in this volume of unskillful, priggish, self-centered and technically humpbacked verse.

One can't really figure out where Jones stands. His tone varies from rather snide amusement to bathetic sympathy to rather clubfooted "young-northern-abolitionist-style" tolerance and heartiness. I guess his heart is in the right place, and perhaps his condescension is subconscious, but one begins to doubt this when we are informed, by Mr. Jones himself on the flyleaf, that ". . . all the cases together should serve as a balanced report on welfarism," and that his poems ". . . should prove reliable and useful for political reform."

He has an almost Prussian regard for the authority and regulations of the State (we are evidently expected to applaud when informed that he broke regulations in giving a crippled old welfare client some cab fare), and seemingly an almost total lack of any genuine compassion. Apparently he thinks he is being objective, trying to keep out too much emotion—but these poems are as subjective as they could possibly be. He is not writing about welfare cases, he is writing about Donald Jones. His egotism shows up in practically every poem, and it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

Made in the Course of a Journey Through France, Italy and Germany

HESTER LYNCH PIOZZI

Hester Lynch Piozzi's lively and perceptive picture of European life in the 1780's, is an excellent example of eighteenth-century travel literature and an important source for the cultural history of the period.

Mrs. Piozzi's book is both an objective account and a colorful private diary made during a grand tour with her second husband. Her entertaining insights into people, places, art and contemporary thought are amusing as well as illuminating.

The former Mrs. Thrale wrote about and was a patron of Dr. Samuel Johnson. She was also a central figure of his literary and social circle, which included Sir Joshua Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, and Boswell.

$12.50

The UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN PRESS
ANN ARBOR

AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a YOGI

by Paramahansa Yogananda

UNITED PRESS: "Yogananda expounds the so-called esoteric doctrines of the East with the utmost frankness and good humor. His book is rewarding for its account of a life filled with spiritual adventure."

THOMAS MANN, Nobel prizeman: "I am grateful to you for granting me some insight into this fascinating world."

NEWSWEEK: "A fascinating and clearly annotated study."

Dr. W. Y. Evans-Wentz writes in the foreword: "The value of Yogananda's *Autobiography* is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is one of the few books in English about the wise men of India which have been written, not by a journalist or foreigner, but by one of their own race and training—in short, a book *about* yogis *by* a yogi."

$4.00 at your bookstore

Self-Realization Fellowship

3880 San Rafael Avenue — Los Angeles, California 90065

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is this that prevents his making better use of his material.

He has no ear for euphony: ". . . till I'd given sufficient proofs/ of my beneficent mission," ". . . though I had no reason to doubt/ your just entitlement," "I reviewed, / renewed your old entitlement." (He loves the word "entitlement," a word whose poetic usefulness is somewhat less than that of "antidisestablishmentarianism.") Often it is difficult to tell whether he's being sarcastic, but if you've gotten annoyed enough, you want to think so:

Strong black man of thirty,/ a yard- and errand-boy, you were sitting, you said,/ minding your business and beer/ when some guy—you don't know who/ and the others if they know won't tell—/comes into the bar behind you/and lays you out with a bottle/ to the tune of a grand and a half/ in intricate silvery pains/ of world-famous surgeons and weeks/ under square-meal observation./ An apparent modern miracle,/ you sat smiling, O.K.,/ as I verified the State/ would have to foot the bill—/

At other times he is obviously not being sarcastic, but is unintentionally self-revealing. Here, he is visiting a destitute old woman, and after complaints that the hall stank and the bell didn't work, we hear:

She claimed/ to have a doctor's degree/ from an Ivy League University/ seemed alarmed/ when I mentioned my master's/ to help the visit pleasantly pass.

The Horse Show at Midnight by Henry Taylor is thoroughly refreshing to turn to after the clinical clumsiness of *Medical Aid.* Taylor's gentle sensitivity is both pleasant and touching. He too has problems with language, and could use some more discipline; he too is plagued by a galloping inconsistency between his normal lines and his great ones. But his level is uniformly high, so when he rises above it, one doesn't see anything glaringly wrong. (Dawson's really good lines call attention to his bad ones; Taylor's don't.)

He is slow to warm up. One likes very few of his poems when one starts reading, but the frequency with which the reader is converted by poem's end is an indication that Henry Taylor will go far, particularly once he has successfully dealt with certain not very momentous problems, one of which is an occasional inconsistency of diction. Sometimes a word or phrase is startlingly out of place, or a conclusion is drawn or a simile introduced that either clashes with or is not justified by what has gone before. (As, for example, when he paints a charming and skillful picture of a young girl practicing archery on a straw-filled target, and at the end turns her into Artemis—the comparison is out of place, not in step with the tone of the poem.) One is also bothered by his surprising and occasional rhyme. Most of his poetry is unrhymed but rhythmic. When a rhyme pops up suddenly and unexpectedly, it jars. One could wish he would stick to one or the other, at least within single poems.

His tendency to warm up slowly inevitably makes his longer poems the best. Even the collection as a whole seems to exhibit this trait—it starts with "In Medias Res," a poor exercise in singsong iambic tetrameter, and gradually improves, ending with the title poem, "The Horse Show at Midnight," which is a superb poem, beautifully written, and one "feels that tightening of the scalp that tells one an artist has made his point," as Dwight Macdonald has put it. *The Horse Show at Midnight* is imperfect and somewhat inconsistent, but its good parts are superb, and its less good spots are still not bad.

When a man writes poetry, there ought to be some reason why he sets his thoughts down in verse, rather than in sign language or hieroglyphics or Newspeak. It needn't be obvious, but the reader must sense it, either subconsciously or by that "tightening of the scalp." In this trilogy of new poetry, we can see examples of what results when this dimension is present and when it is not. It is this added and invisible factor, along with the poet's inspiration (which is half the battle), and his execution (the other half), that in the last analysis determines if he has won his war.

In *Six Mile Corner* and even in *Medical Aid* there are occasional flashes of brilliance. The mining costs, however, are not really justified by the resultant ore.

Much better to take a seat at Taylor's *Horse Show.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles that have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009. Because of space limitations we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

In my article, "Student Politics in a Democratic Society" [AS: Spring, 1967] I wrote: "Sidney Hook and others have made a powerful case on intellectual grounds against allowing Communists to teach, because they are under discipline and cannot teach the truth as they see it."

This passage may lead to misunderstanding of Professor Hook's position in three respects. First, Professor Hook always insisted on the distinction between *Communists*—those who hold Communist opinions or positions—, whose right to teach must be defended, and Communist Party *members*. Second, he did not urge automatic dismissal of Communist Party members, but rather argued that Communist Party membership constituted a *prima facie* case that professional ethics had been violated. Third, he insisted that all questions of professional ethics—such as whether Communist Party membership violated them—should be determined by faculty alone. Professor Hook's position has been so often misrepresented on this matter that I hope it is possible for you to publish this fuller statement of the position he argued.

NATHAN GLAZER
Berkeley, California

* * *

I enjoyed thoroughly Earl Rovit's article on Jewish humor in the Spring issue. His perceptiveness and dynamism I found fascinating.

WILLIAM P. BOCKOVEN
Lincoln, Massachusetts

* * *

I was much in sympathy with the views expressed by Daniel Bell in his "Sociodicy" article in the Autumn, 1966, SCHOLAR. But Mr. Bell's reply to Dwight Dean's criticism (Summer, 1967) of the manner in which he treated Mr. Dean's research has served to alienate me from those views.

Mr. Bell writes: "There is nothing wrong in an investigator's being surprised that a negative correlation or a null hypothesis is confirmed. (The interesting point in all this was that after such very ponderous effort, the only correlation he found with alienation was advancing age . . .)." Mr. Bell here manages to give two indications of his insufficient acquaintance with the statistical techniques of "ponderous and heavy-handed so-called sociological research." First, properly speaking, one never "confirms" the null hypothesis; one either rejects or retains it, but retention does not imply that it has been confirmed or in any way proved to be true. Second, it is not true that Mr. Dean found the only correlate of alienation to be advancing age. As Mr. Bell himself reports in the "Sociodicy" article, and as Mr. Dean reiterates in his comments, three statistically significant negative correlations were found in the Dean study. Mr. Bell apparently thinks that a negative correlation between two variables means that the variables are unrelated. What it in fact does mean is simply that the correlated variables are inversely related to one another. This is what Mr. Dean hypothesized, but this is certainly not a "negative hypothesis," as Mr. Bell states.

I will not dispute the fact that much jejune research is conducted by social scientists. I do, however, assume that this conclusion can be reached only if one understands the nature of that research. Rhetoric is no substitute for knowledge.

RICHARD J. ARAWAY
Graduate student
University of Illinois

* * *

Since Daniel Bell failed to respond to any of the points raised in my critique of his article, one can only assume that his plea is *nolo contendere,* and that he now regards his original article as indefensible.

Whatever the history of the idea of alienation, it is now being used by many scholars—and others—with many different connotations. An understanding of present usage, rather than the assumption of a Canutish stand and an appeal to the founding fathers, is imperative. I call attention to the progress made in other sciences when an operational definition such as erg, ohm, watt, and the like was made. The first crude measurements of light intensity were made by the use of waxed paper. Undoubtedly, present alienation scales will be replaced by more specific, better constructed ones. Yet the one under discussion has served as a common reference point for hundreds of scholars around the world.

As to Bell's specific references: The four wards of Columbus' nineteen were selected as a stratified sample to represent socio-economic classes, as clearly spelled out in the original article, and specifically on four guidelines as mentioned in an article indicated by footnote.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEGHENY
COLLEGE

The curriculum is founded on the belief that every student working in the humanities should have an acquaintance with the basic ideas of science, that every student in the sciences should have knowledge of history and literature. Students are encouraged to cut across departmental lines for course study or independent work in fields of personal interest.

Home of Eta of Pennsylvania, Phi Beta Kappa

Perhaps there is simply an unwillingness to read: Mr. Bell repeats his earlier error, "the only correlation he found with alienation was advancing age," while the table in my original article reported twenty correlation coefficients, seventeen of which were significant. As to the "heavy scholarly battery fire about alienation and 'Apathy, Conformity, . . .' ": it is customary in scholarly writing to tie in one's own research with ongoing theory. The whole purpose of the investigation, indeed, was to provide some solid ground for the numerous philosophical assumptions about the nature and effects of alienation. Whether or not one wishes to engage in empirical endeavor, the modern scholar should at least be able to understand others who do.

DWIGHT G. DEAN
Denison University

MR. BELL replies: In my Sociodicy essay, I attempted a witticism about certain pseudo-scholarly manners in the social sciences. There is an old Russian story that when some men hear a joke, they laugh three times: the first time when they hear it; the second time when it is explained to them; the third time when they understand it. This is the third time round for Mr. Dean.

One of the points of my essay was that in the modish areas of the social sciences there is a "transformational rule" that the further one gets away from the source of an idea, one must increase by a factor of ten the secondary references to it as a means of showing (a) that one is *au courant* with the literature, and (b) that one is now advancing the sum of knowledge by adding one's pebble to the moraine. In the section on "Alienation," I picked out as an example of this rule an article by Mr. Dwight Dean in the *American Sociological Review* of Ocober, 1961. There were two dozen citations to the presumed meaning of alienation, all secondhand; a discussion of some scales constructed by Mr. Dean to measure alienation; and a report of his doctoral disseration, in which 384 persons (of 1,108 who received the questionnaires) in four wards in Columbus, Ohio, responded. All this in six pages of the journal, half devoted to history and meaning, half to measurement. In all, an exemplary charade.

There was a further, biting edge to all this: to show what happens when an idea is used in woeful ignorance of intellectual history and of the philosophical presuppositions of the term. Mr. Dean, putting himself on the horse of positivism, thinks I am objecting to the operationalizing of concepts. He even wants to fight a new Battle of the Books. (Canute that I am, how can I hold back the tides of science?) The simple point, for the third time, is: I was objecting not to the attempt to measure the concept but to a wrong and hopelessly confused definition. Mr. Dean seems to assume that by creating a scale he has measured the dimensions of a term. But, *segno*. If you want to measure rain but confuse it with fog, you are not going to get much water no matter how large the pot. The idea of alienation is not going to be measurable by the mishmash of sociological, socio-psychological and philosophical categories in which the epigones have mired it.

As to the details of the study Mr. Dean, and now Mr. Araway, feel I have dealt with grievously: Mr. Araway has the purity of the novitiate. When I stated that the null hypothesis was confirmed—pardon—I simply meant that it had checked out. But as to the "statistically negative correlations" and the one positive correlation in the twenty correlation coefficients, seventeen of which were significant, what is this brouhaha all about when the highest negative correlation is —.26, and the highest positive correlation is .14—and when Mr. Dean writes, in his original article but not in his letters, that "the correlation coefficients are uniformly of such a low magnitude that it would not be feasible to predict the degree of Alienation from the score on any of the five social correlates measured"? Is this the solid ground Mr. Dean's scales have laid?

Finally, adding to all his other confusions, Mr. Dean does not understand the difference between *nolo contendere* (I always believe that the best defense is a good attack) and *nulla bona*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Index to Volume 36

The pagination of the volume is divided as follows: Winter, 1-168; Spring, 169-336; Summer 337-512; Autumn, 513-720. Listed in the *International Index.*

Aaron, Daniel, **Confrontation: The Old Left and the New** (SYMPOSIUM), 567
About Cybernesia (CONTROVERSY), 463
About Sociodicy (CONTROVERSY), 461
Academy, The: Its Covenant and Dream, *R. J. Kaufmann,* 381
Accident, The (Poem), *Melville Cane,* 54
Adams, J. Donald, **The Seventh Fold** (Poem), 220
Allen, John Alexander, **No Palinode for Mr. Bones** (Poem), 415
American Foreign Policy and Mass Democracy, *Samuel Ellenport,* 589
And We Were Left Darkling: Notes on *King Lear,* *Lawrence Raab,* 657
ART AND LETTERS, 104, 453, 646
An X to the Left of the Writer, *Richard Franko Goldman,* 104; **Enigma Variations,** *Roger du Bearn,* 453; **Criticism as Exploration,** *Geoffrey N. Berry,* 646
Artificial Paradises, *Catherine B. Osborn,* 660
Aspects of the Present, *William Jovanovich,* 33
Assassins, The (CONTROVERSY), *John Kaplan,* 271

Balaban, John, **"Faith and Practice"** (Poem), 549
Bates, Marston, **On Being Mean,** 55
Berry, Geoffrey N., **Criticism as Exploration,** (ART AND LETTERS), 646
Beyond the Man of the Year, *Marilyn Swartz,* 639
Book To Be Cherished, A (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *A. M. Tibbetts,* 312
Brief but Significant (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *George N. Shuster,* 146
Bronowski, J., **The Reach of Imagination,** 193
Burgess, Anthony, LETTER FROM ENGLAND, 261; LONDON LETTER, 636

Calisher, Hortense, **The Writer: Being and Doing** (OF WRITING AND WRITERS), 121
Cambridge (Poem), *Edward Kessler,* 613
Cameron, Ann, **Halves** (Poem), 656
Cane, Melville, **The Accident** (Poem), 54; **A Snatch, At Least** (Poem), 428; **Spring on Morningside** (Poem), 601
Cardinal (Poem), *Barbara Howes,* 41
Chase, Edward T., **Of Prime Significance** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 317
Chickering, Sherman B., **How We Got That Way,** 602
"Civil Rights Movement, The: What Good Was It?" *Alice Walker,* 550
Clark, Kenneth B., **Intelligence, the University and Society,** 23
Clendenning, John, **Time, Doubt and Vision** (REAPPRAISALS), 125
Coles, Robert, **A First-Rate Book** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 159; **We Are Also American Youths,** 608
Confrontation: The Old Left and the New (SYMPOSIUM), *Daniel Aaron, Tom Hayden, Ivanhoe Donaldson, Richard Rovere, Dwight Macdonald,* 567
Conly, Robert Leslie, **Status** (Poem), 265
CONTROVERSY, 271, 461, 463
The Assassins, *John Kaplan,* 271; **About Sociodicy,** 461; **About Cybernesia,** 463
Cornuelle, R. C., **Remembrance of the *Times:* From the Papers of Garet Garrett,** 429
Crisis in Biology, The, *George Gaylord Simpson,* 363
Criticism as Exploration (ART AND LETTERS), *Geoffrey N. Berry,* 646
Cupboard Love (Poem), *Norman Jackson,* 393

Davis, Douglas M., **Let Us Not Question** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 154
DeVoto, Mark, **A Long Look at Nabokov** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 694
Diano Marino to Aix en Provence (Poem), *Hollis Summers,* 619
"Discourse . . . Fascinating and Disquieting, A" (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *H. Stuart Hughes,* 500
Donaldson, Ivanhoe, **Confrontation: The Old Left and the New** (SYMPOSIUM), 567
Drabness of Poverty, The (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Kenneth Keniston,* 505
du Bearn, Roger, **Enigma Variations** (ART AND LETTERS), 453

Ebert, Roger, **First Novels by Young Negroes** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 682
Edgar Bogardus, Poet, Deceased (Poem), *F. D. Reeve,* 92
Ellenport, Samuel, **American Foreign Policy and Mass Democracy,** 589
Emily, Alison, Jeanie. And Joan (Poem), *John Frederick Nims,* 378
Enigma Variations (ART AND LETTERS), *Roger du Bearn,* 453
Erikson, Kai T., **A Return to Zero** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 134

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Faith and Practice" (Poem), *John Balaban,* 549
Farr, Roberta, Young Women and Fiction (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 676
First Novels by Young Negroes (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Roger Ebert,* 682
First-Rate Book, A (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Robert Coles,* 159
For Amanda (Poem), *Naomi Lazard,* 69
FOREWORD, 527
Freud on Dostoevsky (REAPPRAISALS), *Harvey Mindess,* 446
Freudian Hawthorne, The (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Henry A. Murray,* 308
Friedman, Leon, The Ginzburg Decision and the Law, 71

Ginzburg Decision and the Law, The, *Leon Friedman,* 71
Glazer, Nathan, Student Politics in a Democratic Society, 202
Gleason, Ralph J., Like A Rolling Stone, 555
Goldman, Daniel Franko, Take a Seat at the Horse Show (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 710
Goldman, Richard Franko, An X to the Left of the Writer (ART AND LETTERS), 104
Groves, W. Eugene, Who's Having the Identity Crisis: Businessmen or Students? 631

Halves (Poem), *Ann Cameron,* 656
Harvard Advocate Centennial Anthology (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Geoffrey A. Wolff,* 669
Hayden, Tom, Confrontation: The Old Left and the New (SYMPOSIUM), 567
Hopkins of Dartmouth (PORTRAIT), *Stearns Morse,* 107
How We Got That Way, *Sherman B. Chickering,* 602
Howes, Barbara, Cardinal (Poem), 41
Hughes, H. Stuart, "A Discourse . . . Fascinating and Disquieting" (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 500

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, *Joseph Wood Krutch,* 14, 186, 356, 532
Importance of Place, The (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Elizabeth Kugler,* 700
Intelligence, the University and Society, *Kenneth B. Clark,* 23
INTERVIEW, 266
W. H. Auden, *Polly Platt,* 266
Irita Van Doren, *J. B.,* 353
Is the Church Obsolete? *William Robert Miller,* 221

Jackson, Norman, Cupboard Love (Poem), 393
James Joyce (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Frank O'Connor,* 466
J. B., Irita Van Doren, 353
Jewish Humor and American Life, *Earl Rovit,* 237
Jovanovich, William, Aspects of the Present, 33

Kaminsky, Marc, Radical Affirmatives, 621
Kaplan, John, The Assassins (CONTROVERSY), 271
Kaufmann, R. J., The Academy: Its Covenant and Dream, 381
Kelman, Steven, Où est la gauche d'antan? (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 680
Keniston, Kenneth, The Drabness of Poverty (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 505
Kessler, Edward, Cambridge (Poem), 613
Knowles, George W., More Diversions from France (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 708
Kopper, Philip, On the Campus (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 696
Krutch, Joseph Wood, IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, 14, 186, 356, 532
Kugler, Elizabeth, The Importance of Place (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 700

Lazard, Naomi, Three Pictures of Amanda and For Amanda (Poems), 68
Let Us Not Question (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Douglas M. Davis,* 154
LETTER FROM ENGLAND, *Anthony Burgess,* 261
Like A Rolling Stone, *Ralph J. Gleason,* 555
Like the Bones of Dreams (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Heather Ross Miller,* 688
LONDON LETTER, *Anthony Burgess,* 636
Long Look at Nabokov, A (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Mark DeVoto,* 694

Macdonald, Dwight, Confrontation: The Old Left and the New (SYMPOSIUM), 567
May, Wong, Three Poems, 564
Medical Education and Psychoanalysis, *Richard W. Noland,* 417
Miller, Heather Ross, Like the Bones of Dreams (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 688
Miller, William Robert, Is the Church Obsolete? 221
Mindess, Harvey, Freud on Dostoevsky (REAPPRAISALS), 446
Molz, Kathleen, The Public Custody of the High Pornography, 93
More Diversions from France (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *George W. Knowles,* 708
Morse, Stearns, Hopkins of Dartmouth (PORTRAIT), 107
Movement and Educational Reform, The, *Michael Rossman,* 594
Moynihan, Daniel P., Nirvana Now, 539

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mumford, Lewis, Speculations on Prehistory, 43
Murray, Henry A., The Freudian Hawthorne (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 308
Musings of an Academic Anachronism, *Marilyn B. Noble,* 614

Nemerov, Howard, To a Scholar in the Stacks (Poem), 218; Speculative Equations: Poems, Poets, Computers, 394
Nims, John Frederick, Emily, Alison, Jeanie. And Joan (Poem), 378
Nirvana Now, *Daniel P. Moynihan,* 539
No Mystery Lost (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Harriet Zinnes,* 150
No Palinode for Mr. Bones (Poem), *John Alexander Allen,* 415
Noble, Marilyn B., Musings of an Academic Anachronism, 614
Noland, Richard W., Medical Education and Psychoanalysis, 417

O'Connor, Frank, James Joyce (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 466
Of Prime Significance (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Edward T. Chase,* 317
OF WRITING AND WRITERS, 121
The Writer: Being and Doing, *Hortense Calisher,* 121
On Being Mean, *Marston Bates,* 55
On the Campus (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Philip Kopper,* 696
Osborn, Catherine B., Artificial Paradises, 660
Où est la gauche d'antan? (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Steven Kelman,* 680

Platt, Polly, W. H. Auden (INTERVIEW), 266
PORTRAIT, 107
Hopkins of Dartmouth, *Stearns Morse,* 107
Public Custody of the High Pornography, The, *Kathleen Molz,* 93
Pull Through (THE WAY IT IS), *Walter Teller,* 456

Raab, Lawrence, And We Were Left Darkling: Notes on *King Lear,* 657
Radical Affirmatives, *Marc Kaminsky,* 621
Reach of Imagination, The, *J. Bronowski,* 193
READER REPLIES, THE, 165, 335, 510, 715
REAPPRAISALS, 125, 446
Time, Doubt and Vision, *John Clendenning,* 125; Freud on Dostoevsky, *Harvey Mindess,* 446
Reeve, F. D., Edgar Bogardus, Poet, Deceased (Poem), 92
Relevant *and* Rational (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *John R. Silber,* 490
Remembrance of the *Times:* From the Papers of Garet Garrett, *R. C. Cornuelle,* 429
Return to Zero, A (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Kai T. Erikson,* 134
REVOLVING BOOKSTAND, THE, 134, 308, 466, 669
A Return to Zero, *Kai T. Erikson,* 134, review of *Love's Body* by Norman O. Brown.
Brief but Significant, *George N. Shuster,* 146, review of *What Happened at Rome?* by Gary MacEoin.
No Mystery Lost, *Harriet Zinnes,* 150, review of *The Diary of Anaïs Nin, 1931-1934* edited by Gunther Stuhlmann.
Let Us Not Question, *Douglas M. Davis,* 154, review of *Assemblage, Environments, and Happenings* by Allan Kaprow.
A First-Rate Book, *Robert Coles,* 158, review of *Self and Society* by Nevitt Sanford.
The Freudian Hawthorne, *Henry A. Murray,* 308, review of *The Sins of Our Fathers* by Frederick C. Crews.
A Book To Be Cherished, *A. M. Tibbetts,* 312, review of *Modern American Usage* by Wilson Follett.
Of Prime Significance, *Edward T. Chase,* 317, review of *New Dimensions of Political Economy* by Walter W. Heller.
James Joyce, *Frank O'Connor,* 466.
Relevant *and* Rational, *John R. Silber,* 490, review of *The Reforming of General Education* by Daniel Bell.
"A Discourse . . . Fascinating and Disquieting," *H. Stuart Hughes,* 500, review of *The Savage Mind* by Claude Lévi-Strauss.
The Drabness of Poverty, *Kenneth Keniston,* 505, review of *La Vida* by Oscar Lewis.
Harvard Advocate Centennial Anthology, *Geoffrey A. Wolff,* 669.
Young Women and Fiction, *Roberta Farr,* 676, review of *Girl with a Zebra* by Perdita Buchan; *The Touching Hand* by Sallie Bingham; *A Killing Frost* by Sylvia Wilkinson.
Où est la gauche d'antan? Steven Kelman, 680, review of *The New Student Left* edited by Mitchell Cohen and Dennis Hale.
First Novels by Young Negroes, *Roger Ebert,* 682, review of *The Flagellants* by Carlene Hatcher Polite; *A Glance Away* by John Edgar Wideman.
Unimaginative Utopianism, *Laurence R. Veysey,* 686, review of *The Idea of a World University* by Michael Zweig.
Like the Bones of Dreams, *Heather Ross Miller,* 688, review of *Stresses in the Peaceable Kingdom* by Stephen Sandy; *The Marches* by James Scully; *The Lost Pilot* by James Tate.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tragedy at Fort Pillow, *Robert Starobin,* 692, review of *The Falling Hills* by Perry Lentz.
A Long Look at Nabokov, *Mark DeVoto,* 694, review of *Nabokov: His Life in Art* by Andrew Field.
On the Campus, *Philip Kopper,* 696, review of *Waldo* by Paul Theroux; *No Transfer* by Stephen Walton.
The Importance of Place, *Elizabeth Kugler,* 700, review of *The Attempt* by John Hopkins.
Vietnam—"Lessons" of History, *Allen Weinstein,* 702, review of *The First Vietnam Crisis* by Melvin Gurtov.
More Diversions from France, *George W. Knowles,* 708, review of *La Satyre* by Virginie des Rieux; *The Day is Dark* and *Three Travelers* by Marie-Claire Blais; *Notes of a Hypocrite* by Christiane Singer.
Take a Seat at the Horse Show, *Daniel Franko Goldman,* 710, review of *Six Mile Corner* by Robert Dawson; *Medical Aid and Other Poems* by Donald Jones; *The Horse Show at Midnight* by Henry Taylor.
Roberts, Walter Orr, **Science, A Wellspring of Our Discontent,** 246
Rossman, Michael, **The Movement and Educational Reform,** 594
Rovere, Richard, **Confrontation: The Old Left and the New** (SYMPOSIUM), 567
Rovit, Earl, **Jewish Humor and American Life,** 237

Science, A Wellspring of Our Discontent, *Walter Orr Roberts,* 246
Seventh Fold, The (Poem), *J. Donald Adams,* 220
Shuster, George N., **Brief but Significant** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 146
Silber, John R., **Relevant *and* Rational** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 490
Simpson, George Gaylord, **The Crisis in Biology,** 363
Snatch, At Least, A (Poem), *Melville Cane,* 428
Speculations on Prehistory, *Lewis Mumford,* 43
Speculative Equations: Poems, Poets, Computers, *Howard Nemerov,* 394
Spring on Morningside (Poem), *Melville Cane,* 601
Starobin, Robert, **Tragedy at Fort Pillow** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 692
Status (Poem), *Robert Leslie Conly,* 265
Student Politics in a Democratic Society, *Nathan Glazer,* 202
Summers, Hollis, **Diano Marino to Aix en Provence** (Poem), 619
Swartz, Marilyn, **Beyond the Man of the Year,** 639
SYMPOSIUM, 567
Confrontation: The Old Left and the New, *Daniel Aaron, Tom Hayden, Ivanhoe Donaldson, Richard Rovere, Dwight Macdonald,* 567

Take a Seat at the Horse Show (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Daniel Franko Goldman,* 710
Teller, Walter, THE WAY IT IS:
Thoughts and Days, 116; **Pull Through,** 456
Thoughts and Days (THE WAY IT IS), *Walter Teller,* 116
Three Pictures of Amanda (Poem), *Naomi Lazard,* 68
Three Poems, *Wong May,* 564
Tibbetts, A. M., **A Book To Be Cherished** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 312
Time, Doubt and Vision (REAPPRAISALS), *John Clendenning,* 125
To a Scholar in the Stacks (Poem), *Howard Nemerov,* 218
Tragedy at Fort Pillow (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Robert Starobin,* 692

Unimaginative Utopianism (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Laurence R. Veysey,* 686

Veysey, Laurence R., **Unimaginative Utopianism** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 686
Vietnam—"Lessons" of History (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Allen Weinstein,* 702

W. H. Auden (INTERVIEW), *Polly Platt,* 266
Walker, Alice, **"The Civil Rights Movement: What Good Was It?"** 550
WAY IT IS, THE, *Walter Teller,* 116, 456
Thoughts and Days, 116; **Pull Through,** 456
We Are Also American Youths, *Robert Coles,* 608
Weinstein, Allen, **Vietnam—"Lessons" of History** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 702
Who's Having the Identity Crisis: Businessmen or Students? *W. Eugene Groves,* 631
Wolff, Geoffrey A., **Harvard Advocate Centennial Anthology** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 669
Writer, The: Being and Doing (OF WRITING AND WRITERS), *Hortense Calisher,* 121

X to the Left of the Writer, An (ART AND LETTERS), *Richard Franko Goldman,* 104
Young Women and Fiction (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), *Roberta Farr,* 676
Zinnes, Harriet, **No Mystery Lost** (REVOLVING BOOKSTAND), 150

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Books in Bollingen Series

ON QUALITY IN ART
Criteria of Excellence, Past and Present
The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1964

Jakob Rosenberg

A search for valid criteria of excellence in art based upon an examination of the work of the critics Vasari, Roger de Piles, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Théophile Thoré, and Roger Fry. The conclusions are then applied to the drawings of Dürer, Leonardo da Vinci, Degas, Picasso, and many others. 168 illustrations (49 in color).
Bollingen Series XXXV:13 $10.00

MYTH, RELIGION, AND MOTHER RIGHT
Selected Writings of J. J. Bachofen

Translated by Ralph Manheim, with a Preface by George Boas and an Introduction by Joseph Campbell

With this volume, a selection of the work of Johann Jakob Bachofen (1815-1887), the Swiss social philosopher, is available for the first time in English. His chief preoccupations are the theory of matriarchy and the inner life as revealed through literature, language, architecture, and the other arts.
Bollingen Series LXXXIV $5.00

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF C. G. JUNG
Translated from the German by R. F. C. Hull

Vol. 13: Alchemical Studies

Five long essays, dealing with an ancient Chinese alchemical text, "The Secret of the Golden Flower"; the visions of the Greek alchemist Zosimos, of the 3rd century A. D.; the Spirit Mercurius, in a fairy-tale of the brothers Grimm; the symbol of the Philosophical Tree in patients' drawings; and the arcane speculations of Paracelsus, the Swiss pioneer of medicine. Bollingen Series XX:13 $7.50

Vol. 12: Psychology and Alchemy
(2nd edition)

A new, completely revised edition of one of Jung's most influential works, with a previously unpublished preface by Jung. Improved illustrations, new index and bibliography.
Bollingen Series XX:12 $7.50

THE I CHING, OR BOOK OF CHANGES
The Richard Wilhelm Translation from Chinese into German, rendered into English by Cary F. Baynes, with foreword by C. G. Jung and a new introduction by Hellmut Wilhelm.

This classic, one of the human mind's first efforts to place itself in the universe, is a book that has exerted a living influence in China for three thousand years, and is today becoming more widely known in the West. New compact edition.
Bollingen Series XIX $6.00

SELECTED WORKS OF MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO
Vol. 3: Our Lord Don Quixote

Edited by Anthony Kerrigan, Martin Nozick, Federico de Onís, and Herbert Read. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan.

This first systematic edition in English begins with a volume on the theme of Don Quixote, the greater part of which is devoted to *The Life of Don Quixote and Sancho*, followed by sixteen essays on diverse aspects of the Quixote motif.
Bollingen Series LXXXV:3 $6.50

sponsored by Bollingen Foundation, published by
Princeton University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Presence of the Word

Some Prolegomena for Cultural and Religious History

by Walter J. Ong, S.J.

This provocative exploration of the nature and history of the word in some of its social, psychological, literary, phenomenological, and religious dimensions argues that the word is initially aural and in the last analysis always remains sound; it cannot be reduced to any other category. **$6.95**

Poems 3

by Alan Dugan

Poems 3 presents the most recent work of Alan Dugan, whose **Poems** (1961), won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award. **Poems 2** was published in 1963; together the volumes have received high praise: "Alan Dugan . . . is a riverboat gambler, a weathercock, a gadfly, and a painfully honest moralist. . . . He is exactly what we need."—Bruce Cutler, **Poetry.** **cloth $4.50; paper $1.45**

From Time to Eternity

Essays on Dante's *Divine Comedy*

edited by Thomas G. Bergin

"This volume is one of the most noteworthy of the publications which have issued from the commemorative events of 1965. Its contents range from a masterful presentation of the role of the **Comedy** in the poet's life and in human history to a delicate and rewarding analysis of the means by which some of its finest poetic effects were achieved."—G. H. Gifford, President, Dante Society of America.

cloth $5.00; paper $1.75

The Emergent American Society

Volume I: Large-Scale Organizations

edited by W. Lloyd Warner, Darab B. Unwalla, and John H. Trimm

The authors of this integrated work, complete in itself, have analyzed the profound changes which have taken place in the social and economic structure during the past several decades. The evolution of a dominant federal government is described, along with the growth of complex large-scale corporations, the gradual centralization of unions, the trade and professional organizations, and the changing roles of the churches and schools. **$15.00**

available through your bookstore

Yale University Press YA
New Haven and London LD

in Canada: McGill University Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED